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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN
& GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

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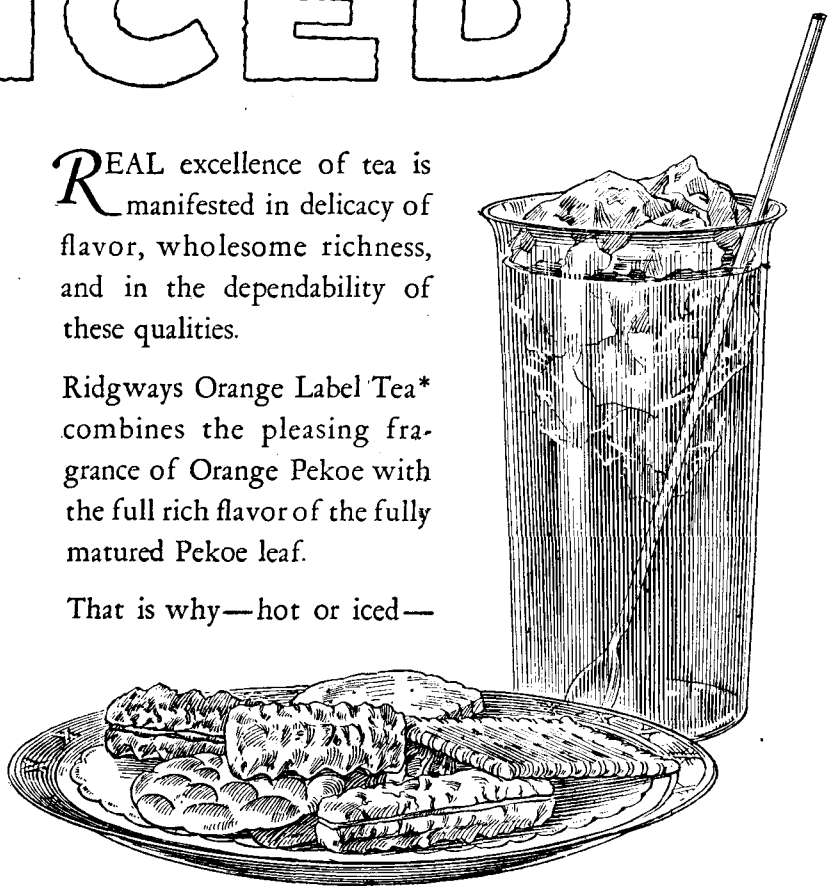

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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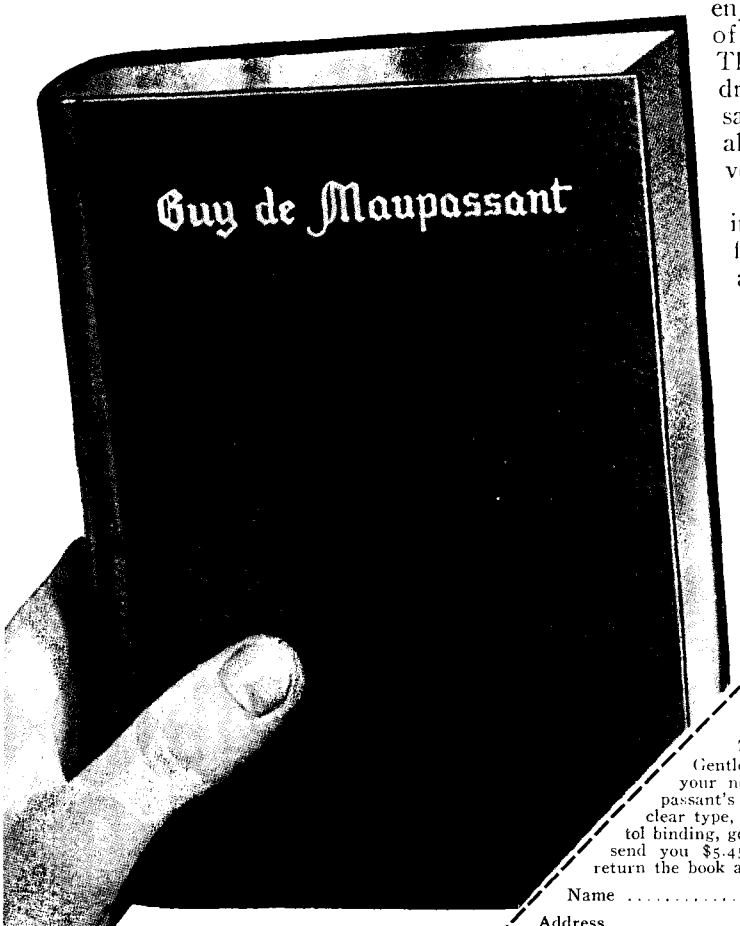

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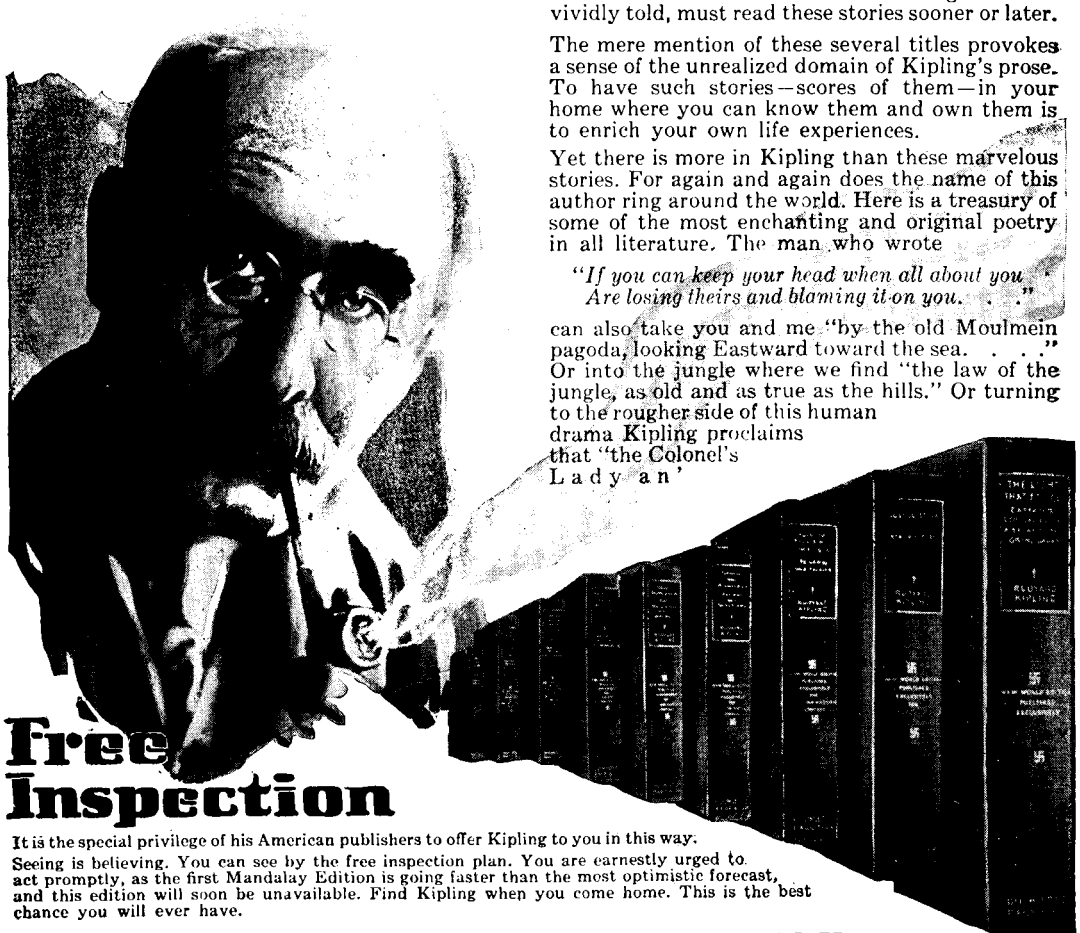

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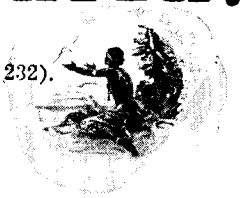

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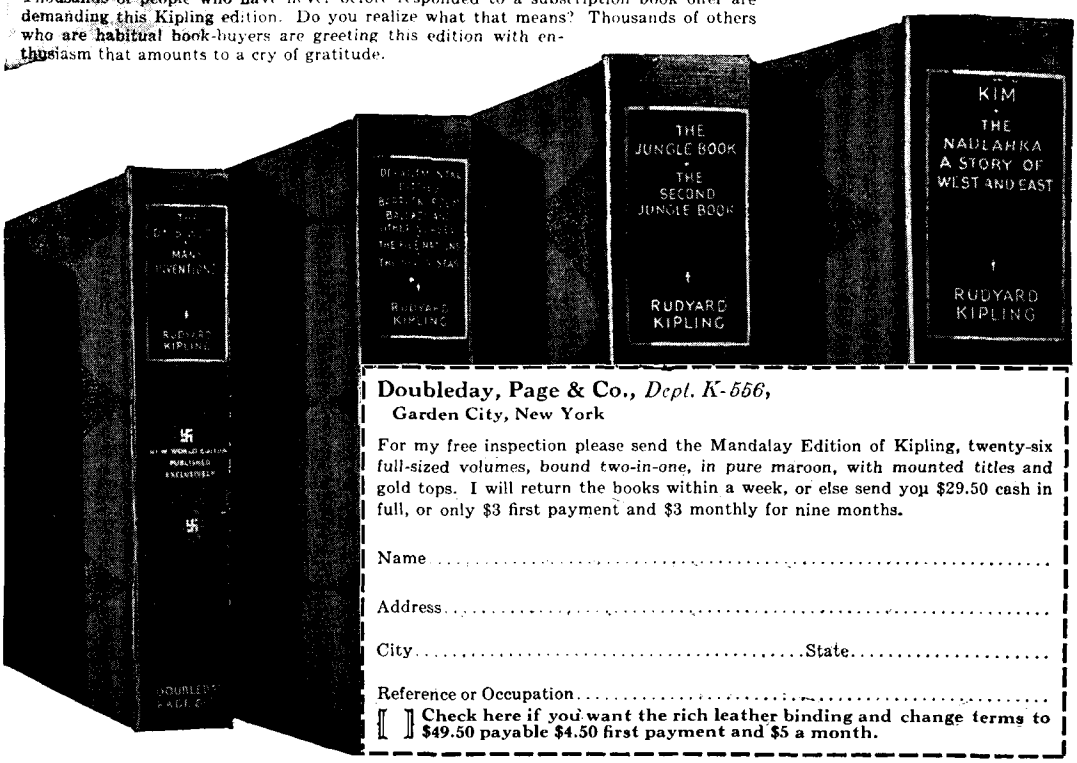

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The American
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MAKING A WRECK OF THE VETERAN

BY WILLIAM EDLER

THE American wounded in the late war have long since either joined the innumerable caravan or, through government compensation or some other rehabilitative measure, reached at least a modicum of economic stability. That some have failed to profit by the rehabilitation program is merely an evidence that the average soldier was and is the average citizen. They would have failed anywhere, war or no war, in the exact proportion of the failures in everyday life. That millions of dollars were wasted and thousands of good laborers ruined in an attempt to develop them into professional men without any regard for their educational backgrounds or mental endowments merely exemplifies how our emotional reactions outweigh our judgment. Nothing was too good for the returned soldiers. Veterans' organizations, maudlin women, and self-seeking community leaders of all descriptions raised their clamor as soon as the boys got home, and politicians, seeking to exploit the soldier vote, were soon busy distributing five hundred million dollars a year among a grateful constituency. Verily, Rome in its palmiest days dreamed not of such largess! Some of the money, of course, was spent for the legitimate needs of the disabled veteran and his dependents, but Congress little realizes that its creature, the Veterans' Bureau, has probably made wrecks of more men since the war than the war itself took in dead and maimed.

This is not theory. Many of the physicians engaged in this work admit and deplore the fact. Over three years of observation as a physician in the Veterans' Bureau, dealing exclusively with shell shocked, nervous, mentally deficient and psychopathic men of all types, have convinced me that the government has wrecked more men than it has helped, that its responsible officials know this to be true, and that its distribution of funds to veterans is based upon political expediency and not upon any scientific medical facts. If there is any doubt in the mind of Congress as to the truth of these contentions, it is herewith challenged to submit the matter to the medical profession of this country for judgment and so ascertain what competent men think about compensating "nervous" cases for their ailments. The writer has tried unsuccessfully to get the Veterans' Bureau to submit the following question to the American Neurological Association, an organization composed of the best American specialists in nervous diseases:

> Is it psychologically probable that a person suffering from a functional nervous disease will get well if he be penalized financially proportionate to the degree of his recovery?

The Veterans' Bureau will not submit the question. Its director is not a physi-

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cian, its district managers know nothing about medicine. Their function is to administer the laws made by Congress. To make recommendations to that august body that would save the nation millions of dollars and salvage thousands of human wrecks is not within their province.

But the Veterans' Bureau *does* attempt to initiate legislation. Not, however, to solve or correct medical incongruities; its legislative initiative is directed only to promoting the welfare of its personnel. For the past three years it has had before Congress a bill to establish a permanent medical corps of a military character, with all the trappings, bowings and scrapings, all the muzzlings and curbings of initiative that go to make up a military machine. Go, even now, to the neuropsychiatric department of a veterans' hospital where the physicians are trying to teach "nervous" patients to forget the war and its horrors. See the doctors in military uniforms, Sam Browne belts and all. They are so arrayed, not because the law requires it (they have had a purely civilian status since June of last year), nor because the men who actually take care of the patients have any liking for such gauds, but simply because the administrative autocracy finds the titles of major and colonel more satisfying than the simple one of doctor. The latter is leveling; it denotes no gradation in the hierarchial scale. Above all, the military atmosphere offers chances for boosts in pay, authority and prestige to the politically wise and medically inefficient who would not get them under a competitive civil régime.

II

Let us look at an everyday case. Let us assume that a patient's nervous condition has reached the point where his claim is allowed. Perhaps back pay for several years, to the amount of a thousand or two thousand dollars, accompanies the award. Now begins the see-saw! Most rating boards award a ten per cent disability in the average case of functional nervous disease, such as hysteria or neurasthenia. But the law prescribes a total or one hundred per cent disability rating if the soldier is in a hospital, regardless of what his actual disability may be, the only requirement being that the actual disability must have been contracted in the service and that it be of ten per cent or over. Thus, a nervous veteran in hospital gets $80 a month, plus board, room and entertainment, compared to the $8 a month of the man not in hospital. It does not require any deep acumen to guess which method of treatment is elected by the average claimant. I say *elected* because the physician who examines the patient prior to sending him to the hospital cannot exercise his own medical judgment in the matter. Veterans' organizations and the politicians soon teach the claimant the rules.

Very well; he has now reached the hospital. The clinic doctor who examined him is relieved of all responsibility in the case and has passed the buck to the hospital physician. The hospital physician does not see the patient casually, but is compelled to live with him. My experience as such a hospital physician is that at least seventy-five per cent of these "nervous" patients should never have been hospitalized. This is also the opinion of practically all the other physicians I know who are engaged in this type of work. When I took charge of the neuropsychiatric department of the St. Louis hospital there were over a hundred functional nervous cases in the department, not ten of which merited hospitalization. Only two patients in the whole group were sufficiently ill to be in bed. The majority were being harmed: pauperized, stimulated to helplessness by well-meaning but foolish visiting committees, and prodded to insurrection by veterans' organizations, social workers and what not.

Newspapers joined in the fray by printing the most ridiculous charges made by such persons. In one instance a mass meeting of patients was held to protest against the taking of their temperatures! The medical officer in charge of the hospital fur-

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nished the hall! It was certainly not the worst conducted hospital I have ever heard of, but its general atmosphere was that of a cheap boarding house. Drunks, fights and general chaos were the nightly routine, and woe to the physician who tried to straighten out the mess and protect such patients as really needed hospital care!

The veterans' organizations deliberately fostered the whole delirium. In the background was always $80 a month versus the alternative $8 a month, and the veterans' representatives held their positions by grace of the votes of the men who naturally wanted the higher income. Obviously, the more complaints the patient made, the greater his chances for remaining. He frequently came in pretty well and left pretty sick. I have seen patients discharged from the hospital three times in one week, to be returned as many times by the outpatient department through pressure exerted by fraternal and political leverage.

The Veterans' Bureau would hardly dare to compare its daily turnover of patients with that of any State, city or private institution. The comparison would be so odious that some reformative process would be demanded by the tax-payer. Every hindrance conceivable is placed in the physician's way. In order to discharge a patient against the patient's will it is necessary to call a board of physicians together, and its members are usually compelled to take the necessary time from the care of patients who need their attention. An elaborate report must be drawn up and submitted to the medical officer in charge of the hospital. This man is usually a political appointee who passes the buck on to the central office at Washington. In that way he escapes any criticism from the local veterans' group and manages to hold on to his job. I have seen patients hang on to a hospital status for two months after a board of physicians had discharged them.

But after the average patient has been in the hospital for a number of months and his nervous condition shows no improvement, a number of factors develop to move him on. First, there are patients on the outside clamoring to get in, and space is limited. Second, the doctor in charge of him has long since seen the futility of trying to help him with the handicaps they both work under. Third, the hospital tedium begins to pall on him. What now? Something must be offered more remunerative or at least not less remunerative than the hospital pay. It quickly appears in the form of vocational training! The pay here is from $80 to $120 a month and the hospital restraint is off.

We saw how the outpatient physician passed the buck to the hospital physician; now the hospital physician passes it on to the vocational training physician. The hospital physician marks the patient "feasible" for training, meaning that he is sufficiently recovered to work under supervision. Everyone knows, of course, that it was the intention of Congress to train a man in a new vocation *only* if his handicap was such that in his old vocation he could not enter industrial competition. If a "nervous" patient has recovered sufficiently to be "feasible" for training he is obviously fit for his old vocation; if he still has his ailment he cannot be "feasible." But despite this plain fact millions of dollars are spent in training "nervous" patients in vocations entailing far greater strain on the nervous system than the original trades of the men demanded.

The training allowed is not what the man is fitted for, but what he wants. Farm laborers with third-grade educations, many of them actually mentally deficient, have been put into special university courses and trained as expert accountants and electrical engineers. Some months ago I asked a university professor how many of the hundreds of vocational training students who had passed through his hands in a course of commerce and finance had made good. He said he could count them on the fingers of one hand. Whether he included his thumb or not I do not know. At a music conservatory where such patients were being trained as musicians the teachers

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looked upon the whole matter as a huge joke; the management, no doubt, considered the business merely as a source of income to cover overhead.

III

The gross mismanagement of the rehabilitation department of the Veterans' Bureau has been aired on a number of occasions, but these revelations have dealt wholly with the financial waste. The process of making wrecks has not been illuminated. Yet it was prophesied and warned against by competent physicians. There is no medical dispute about it now. But the money is available, the average layman knows nothing about the matter, and the physician in the Bureau is muzzled or tied to his job. To train men with palsied arms and hands as automobile mechanics, to place a lunatic in training after he has escaped from his attendants, to train men as barbers whose disability is flat feet—such cases I have personally seen.

A typical history was: outpatient clinic contact; hospitalization; training. After about a year and a half of training, there came a recurrence of the old symptoms. In the man's mind was always a vision of the income that would be shut off when the training period ended. Immediately he began efforts either to get back into the hospital, or, better still, to obtain a course of training in some other trade or profession and so keep the ball rolling. I have seen this vicious process at work until five different cycles were completed; that is, the man was trained in five different vocations, and wasted four or five years of his life, and the government spent from five to ten thousand dollars on him. Worst of all, he was a wreck at the end, hopelessly irresponsible and dependent on a monthly income to be supplied by someone, he cared not whom. He had been taught the art of shifting responsibility and any attempt to correct this drift was promptly intercepted by numerous philanthropic agencies. Almost invariably he had married during his training, and increased both his government income and his grief simultaneously. His marriage netted him $10 extra a month in government pay, and the added responsibility often changed his situation from that of a potentially curable patient to that of a hopelessly impossible one. Had he been put back or left in his original vocation he would have become as useful a citizen as the average boy is who has never heard of war.

All this, no doubt, will call forth protests. Many men with legitimate disabilities owe both their lives and their present economic independence to government aid. They were entitled to it, and some did not get their full deserts. But here I am dealing only with the rehabilitation of the "nervous" patient whose disability was and is a mental maladjustment, and whose relation to the social group, instead of being accommodated by treatment, is usually radically misaligned. The terms "goldbricker," "compensationitis," and "hospitalitis" are diagnostic terms of war-time coinage. Of the many definitely established cases of malingering, even where the patient has been trapped into a confession, none, to my knowledge, has ever resulted in a prosecution under the Sweet bill. The reason is plain. It is not politically expedient to prosecute such men.

This is the ultimate criterion of all of the Veterans' Bureau's activities: What will be the political effect? It is not even expedient to shut off a man's compensation when he is using the money he receives from the government to violate the government's own laws by purchasing narcotics. It is not expedient to prosecute ruffians who assault Veterans' Bureau officials and physicians. Witness the assault on Director Hines, and the many others throughout the country in hospitals, and district and subdistrict offices. Witness further the spectacle of the physicians in a St. Louis hospital hiring counsel to force the prosecution of two thugs who brutally assaulted an aged Veterans' Bureau physician without any provocation except that they

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thought that he was responsible for a decrease in their compensation allowances. Did the veterans' organizations help to prosecute these men? Did the rest of the hospital patients offer their testimony as witnesses for the prosecution? No.

It must be patent that all these abuses have not aided but rather demoralized the ex-service man suffering from functional nervous disease. In my experience the majority have had their maladies exaggerated; in many instances their disabilities were actually created by treatment. The excuse might be offered that the whole problem was a new one, and that in view of the lack of established data the best was done that could have been done under the circumstances. But if this were a fact at the start one would think some effort would be made by now to correct it. The Veterans' Bureau has had ample data at hand for the past three years, but, while minor corrections have been made here and there, the essential blunders are still being perpetrated. The vital fact—the folly of paying a "nervous" man a monthly income contingent on his remaining "nervous" and penalizing him financially in proportion to his recovery—was plain long before the war was thought of. The members of Congress apparently did not know this, but certainly as lawyers they should have had at least an inkling of the truth. Most of them had had damage suit cases in the civil courts where the alleged injury was a "traumatic neurosis." Let us take such a civil case and follow it through.

A man or woman is knocked off a street car or meets with some other accident through the negligence of a public service corporation. Perhaps there are bones broken or the body is bruised. Litigation develops and, although the injuries sustained are soon mended by medical skill and natural processes, still the patient remains a wreck. Allegations are made of irreparable injury to the nervous system and the patient is a pitiable spectacle. Stimulated by attorneys, friends, relatives and sometimes by physicians, the patient gradually grows worse. Neurologists are then called in and it is discovered that the bodily injuries have long since healed and that the present deplorable condition of the patient is due to a mental state—hysteria. What do these consultants advise? They usually advise the defendant to make an immediate settlement with the plaintiff—knowing from long experience that the patient will not recover until the legal irritation is removed. Most companies have thus learned to settle these cases generously, even though they know from experience that the patient will recover the moment the suit is over.

I recently reviewed my testimony in a case where a man got a judgment of $10,000 against a large corporation eight years ago. The patient was an hysteric who had some slight injury done to his head. His presence in the court room and his abject condition readily convinced the jury that he was permanently and totally disabled. He promptly recovered after the trial and is now suing another corporation for another injury, and my information is that his condition is about the same as it was when I saw him at the first trial. The layman would call him a faker; many physicians would call him a malingerer, and in army parlance he would be termed a "goldbricker." He isn't. He is an hysteric. There is a difference between the two. The malingerer deceives, or attempts to deceive, some other person. The hysteric deludes himself.

Let us assume that a civil damage suit goes to trial and reaches a jury. Let us imagine the jury bringing in the following award:

> We, the jury, find the defendant corporation guilty of negligence as charged and we decree that it shall pay the plaintiff damages at the rate of $100 a month for the next six months, but if at the end of that period no improvement is shown in the patient's condition the award shall be increased to $150 a month. Should the patient at any time thereafter show evidences of improvement, the award shall be proportionately decreased. These payments shall continue for the life of the plaintiff except for the above stipulations.

Would the patient ever recover?

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IV

Now let us glance at the analagous situation of the ex-soldier and the federal government. For practical purposes we have a plaintiff in the ex-soldier, a defendant in the government, and a court and jury in the various examining boards, rating bodies and appeal organizations. The patient alleges that he is permanently and totally disabled, due to "shell shock," exposure, injury, or disease. He is then given an examination and the conclusion is reached that his condition is due to hysteria—a mental state. This condition may be directly connected with his experiences in the war, or it may not be, but the law says that if he develops a neuropsychiatric disability sometime before January 1, 1925, the condition shall be presumed to be of service origin.

So-called "shell shock" is known by neuropsychiatrists to be nothing more nor less than the historic disease, hysteria—a mental twist and not an organic nervous disease. All of its manifestations were known ages before the war; they were exhibited by soldiers on this side quite as pronouncedly as they were by soldiers in France. Out of a hospital group of 594 patients passing through my hands at one hospital in which diagnoses of hysteria and constitutional psychopathic states were made—the latter group practically always showing hysterical manifestations—322 had never been overseas, and it is safe to estimate that of the remaining 272 at least 25 per cent had never had any actual battle experience. Of this group of 594 cases, it is significant that 198 reported the pre-war occupation of farm or other simple manual labor. Only 16 of the 594 had completed a high school education and only five were college graduates. These records are cited to show that a great deal of maudlin emotion has been wasted by those who do not know the facts. They are cited also because the neuropsychiatrists of this country who are not familiar with the government's medical activities will be astonished to learn how easy it is to change young men with unstable nervous systems into nervous wrecks by the proper kind of stimulation. To see a farm laborer with hysteria before the war was surely an oddity.

But to continue our analogy: Let us say that the rating board makes an award of from ten to one hundred per cent disability. This, in compensation terms for a single man, means from $8 to $80 a month. Now begins the fray. The $8 man is trying to get $80, and the $80 man is trying to hold his high award. The $8 man appeals his case to the District Board of Appeals, and if this board sustains the decision of the rating board, he appeals to the Central Board of Appeals at Washington. From this board he can appeal directly to the Director of the Veterans' Bureau, who, by the way, is not a physician, and hence cannot pass intelligently on the problem. If the applicant gets no relief after going through this siege of about a year and a half, he can demand a reëxamination and start the fracas all over again. Denied this in his own district, there is nothing to prevent him from going into another district, and so on almost endlessly. In each he may spend from one to six months in the hospital. Discharged from one hospital, he is free to go to another one. Formerly he could even do this at the government expense—by simply making an affidavit that he had changed his legal residence. If he is sufficiently enterprising and energetic he will sooner or later meet an easy doctor or rating board. And then he is fixed for years.

Who profits by all this? The government? No. The system has already cost it millions of dollars, worse than wasted. The ex-soldier? No again. He has been demoralized, pauperized, and looted of his best asset, his self-respect, and of his responsibility to himself, his dependents and the community. The Veterans' Bureau and its political hangers-on? Yes; and only they. Political lame ducks, professional grafters, incompetent medicos, all indorse and support the system.

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BRIGHT EYES

BY JIM TULLY

We were known as road-kids in the parlance of hoboes. And nearly a hundred of us had assembled in Chicago from every State in the nation. What a gathering we were! Embryo pickpockets, bruisers, and yeggmen, and—maybe—a few future members of Rotary Clubs, we lived, like carefree scavengers, on the very fringes of society. Out of orphanages, reform schools and jails we had come, the sniveling and the stubborn, the mongrel and the thoroughbred, the weak and the never-defeated. The youngest of us was about twelve; the oldest about fifteen. A future champion pugilist was among us, and five lads who were to serve life for murder, and fourteen others who were to be detained in different penitentiaries for lesser periods of time. One became a vaudeville head-liner; another a political boss. Some were to die fighting for a nation that, with boundless generosity, had given them but hallways and box-cars to sleep in. One became a Methodist minister, later falling from grace long enough to serve a term for forgery. He was then to climb back on the chariot of God, where he remained until he died insane. We were a variegated crew.

We lived at the Newsboys' Home—a faded, red-brick building that overlooked Lake Michigan. The most popular lad in the institution was a little Italian whose real name we never knew. Young as we were, many of us had something to hide, and he was reticent. We did not question him. His eyes were large, brown, and sparkling, so we called him Bright Eyes.

Bright Eyes and I had reached the Home on the same Winter day. Blue with the cold and very lonely, we became friends immediately. Our natures were different . . . I was the rebel in knee breeches, with tangled red hair and heavy jowl, who told life to go to hell. Bright Eyes was as calm as a June morning after the rains are done.

In those hungry, wind-whipped days I hated routine as much as I do now, and every person I met tried to mold me to fit some form. But always my head stuck out. Bright Eyes was a gentleman and rebelled against life but once. A year younger than I, he was very much wiser. He knew by instinct that which I have been many years in the learning: that it doesn't pay to fight life—that, after all, it doesn't matter. One either comes through or one doesn't, and often the thoroughbred is hamstrung in the race. Life is greater than its philosophers. Bright Eyes knew that.

I remember one evening in the Home when we assembled to meet a very wealthy lady. We all read compositions that we had written. I read my own aloud and it was greeted with applause. I had written about General Wolfe, who was my favorite hero in those days. The grey-haired and bespectacled lady was amazed. She shook my hand and turned to the matron and said, "There's literary talent displayed here," and asked my name.

It was my first literary triumph. All of us speculated as to the outcome of her remark. I lived in the clouds for three days, waiting for her carriage to come after me.

Bright Eyes said no word while I lived through that feverish dream. Reticent, as usual, he finally called me aside and said: "You'll never hear from her, Jim. Don't kid yourself. Those people can't be bothered with the likes of you and me. Look

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at last Christmas. Not a soul came near this joint all day."

He was right. I never heard from Mrs. Marshall Field again.

It was bitterly cold the week following. The wind howled from the lake for seven days and seven nights. As the Home was closed from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, Bright Eyes and I were at the mercy of the cold. We were thinly clad. We had no change of outer clothing—and no under clothing at all.

At last Bright Eyes got a job in a print-shop. He had learned something of the trade somewhere. Cold as it was, I preferred the open streets, where I sold newspapers and carried luggage for travelers going from one station to another. And so several bitter weeks passed.

One evening Bright Eyes returned wearing a bandage over his left eye. Some printers ink had got into it. The eye grew worse. A doctor was called in. Three weeks later the eye was removed. . . . Unskilled in words of sympathy, we knew not what to say. For several days a sadness hung over the Home. A patch was devised to hide the empty red socket . . . the sadness passed . . . and save for depressing moments, Bright Eyes was seemingly happy once again.

But we called him Bright Eyes no longer. With the terseness of our world we called him Blink.

II

He never returned to the print-shop. He had lost interest in work. The months drifted by until Spring. We took to the road, and our ways diverged.

But nearly all of us became hoboes, and so I would come across him now and then in the underworld of some city. He always worried for fear the loss of his eye would affect the sight of the other. It became a mania with him. Cheerful liar that I was, I told him that such a thing was impossible. I argued that one-eyed people could always see better than people with two eyes. Blink tried to believe me. He became a hopeless vagrant.

After years of wandering some of us settled in Southern California, and there I met him again. He was still worrying about blindness, and I did my usual lying. I told him about a fellow in the navy with one eye who could see further than any other man who sailed in ships. Blink listened quietly and then said:

"God, Jim, I don't want to lose my other glim. There's so much to see!"

I immediately cut in: "But hell, Blink, you like music, and you can always hear that. And you can hear engines whistlin' far off. Bein' blind ain't so damn bad."

"Don't kid me, Jim, I'm on. I'd rather be in jail for life—than blind. There ain't nothin' worse."

A Spanish girl passed in a riot of color, her lithe body alive with joy. Some red-winged blackbirds danced on the green grass of the plaza where we talked. Far away, through a rift in the Mexican tenements, we could see the mountains.

The Spanish girl returned, singing.

"That's a song about a bird with a broken wing," said Blink. "I wonder if he had just one glim too."

I believe that now and then there blossoms in the world a flower that has been a thousand years in the forming. Blink had certain qualities that could be explained in no other way. His knowledge of music was astonishing. One-eyed vagabond that he was, he knew the folk-music of all the nations, and he knew grand opera too. He would go hungry to hear music; often, indeed, he would beg his way to the top-most gallery to feed his soul.

The Spanish girl's song died away. We remained tense and silent with wonder. Two heavy-footed men approached. We knew them immediately as city detectives.

"We want you as a vag," one of them said to Blink. "You've been hangin' around here long enough."

They took him to the nearest street corner and called the patrol-wagon. Before I left him I said:

"Remember, Blink, you're not guilty—and stand trial."

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"All right, Red," he answered, with absolute unconcern.

I hurried away with the hope of helping him. We were not without friends in Los Angeles—though all of them had to be careful to avoid the trap of the law themselves. So when Blink faced the police judge the next morning, five of us were there to help him. He pleaded not guilty, and stood trial.

Two of our friends who went in and out of the court-room were opium smugglers. They had hurried from the Mexican border to help a friend. When the trial was over they hurried to their work again. It was a two-hour battle. The two detectives testified, but Blink's friends proved to their own satisfaction, and evidently the judge's, that he had worked within the past six months. The young prosecutor harangued. The judge looked bored, and kept gazing at a crookedly hung picture of Abraham Lincoln all through the trial. When the testimony was in he gave Blink six months in jail and suspended the sentence providing Blink got a job within a week.

In three days Blink had work as a printer's devil on the Los Angeles *Times*. He worked for two months at this job. But his fear of losing his other eye returned. Long weakened, it began to cause him trouble. His little band of uninfluential friends became alarmed. They persuaded him to go to the County Hospital, where he lay upon a bed for four months and underwent as many operations. When the doctors had finished there were two empty red sockets in his head instead of one.

I had encouraged him with lies for thirteen years. Now I found it hard to lie any further. After all, very little can be said to a man with two empty red sockets in his head. The thing to do was to keep him cheerful. Yet every subject I raised seemed to be an ocular one. He would lie on the bed, his raven-black hair rolling back from his forehead, and the tears welling out of the red holes in his head like water from a spring.

He was taught the Braille system of reading, but there was no way they could bring to him the sight of sun and rain and wild free places. So a beaten creature he became, until it was decided to send him to the Institution for the Blind. An incoherent letter came to me and I hurried to the hospital.

"Can't you do something, Jim? I'd rather be dead than in a jail for the blind. I don't want to be caged up any more."

Between us it was decided to write to General Harrison Gray Otis, owner of the Los Angeles *Times*. Our request would be small. Surely the great editor would use his influence to help Blink. All he wanted was the use of a street corner downtown, where he could sell newspapers.

I worked late into the night on a letter which I felt certain would touch the old general's heart. The next morning I had it typed, signed it Frank Thomas, the name Blink went by, and sent it by special delivery.

Weeks passed but no answer came. We sent another and even more urgent letter, but it too remained unanswered. Another, registered, followed. It was also ignored.

Then I decided to gain an audience with General Otis by hook or crook and then switch the conversation to Blink's plight. But that was no easy matter. Always fighting the world, and often in fear of his life, the general was no easy man to see.

After some days of consideration it dawned upon me that his wife had written many sentimental verses for his paper. I had also written sentimental verses, so it occurred to me to send samples of them to the general, telling him that Blink had written them, and praising at the same time the verses of his wife. Accordingly, I sent them with an ambitious letter begging an interview with the great man, telling him of my youth and the hard years, and also mentioning Ohio, for I had learned from "Who's Who in America" that he was born in my native State.

I must have written the one masterpiece of my life, for in two days I was invited to call at his home, "The Bivouac." A flunky

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looked at my letter to assure himself, perhaps, that I was not another labor agitator bent on murder. After some deliberation he seated me in an alcove in the hallway.

A weak-looking man sat near me. He also waited for the general, who could be heard in his library talking to two women who were begging money for the Y. W. C. A. The talk drifted to the last Sunday edition of the *Times*, and I heard the general ask one of the ladies if she had read his article on Henry E. Huntington, a local gentleman of wealth. The lady untactfully admitted that she had not read it. There was a pause. The lady made matters worse by trying to explain why she had not read the Sunday paper—and this was Wednesday. The general excused himself and went upstairs. I saw him pass, scowling.

A few moments later he sent down a hundred dollars by his secretary. I could hear one of the ladies say: "Dear, dear! The general gave two hundred the last time." The secretary explained that he felt that the one hundred was all he could now afford. The ladies then took their departure. The fact that one of them had failed to read the *Times* that fatal Sunday had cost the Y. W. C. A. one hundred dollars.

III

The secretary now invited me into the library to wait for the general. I looked about and saw many volumes of sentimental verse by such poets as Alice and Phoebe Cary, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Felicia Hemans, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mary Howitt and others of even lesser fame. Presently the general entered, followed by the weak-looking man who had waited with me in the hall. The general turned upon him and said brusquely:

"Well, what do you want?"

The little lamb of a man faced the tiger and said:

"Well, general, we are organizing an indemnity fund to protect such patriotic institutions as the *Times* against the ravages of labor agitators and socialists."

The general scowled, and said, as he paced the room restlessly:

"To hell with that damned graft! They didn't give a damn for me when my building was blown to pieces and twenty-one of my men were killed. I fought a battle, I did, for liberty and the Constitution! Without me, labor would crucify all enterprise in this State."

The lamb bleated: "But, general, Earl Rogers thinks well of our plan!" (Earl Rogers was the brilliant lawyer who had helped Clarence Darrow defend the McNamara brothers, dynamiters of the *Times* Building in 1911.)

It was a fatal bleat. The general threw his hands in the air and roared:

"He's a God damned —— ——!"

Then, pacing up and down the floor, he delivered a long harangue on the crimes of working men. The small man would rise to go, and the general would always shout: "Sit down! Sit down!" When the gentleman managed to leave at last the general turned to me and said:

"My God! Those fellows are hard to get rid of!"

I immediately committed a great social blunder. I called him *Mister* Otis. He turned upon me quickly:

"*General*, if you please! Not that I'm vain—but young men should be taught discipline."

My hand clenched. But I thought of Blink, and was humble once again, and generaled the general all over the room. I mentioned my verses, but he preferred to rave against union labor. He stood before me, an immense man, with stooping shoulders, and heavy pouches under his eyes. His frame, once a great deal over six feet, had shriveled. He was a withered giant with a bag of skin on his bones. His eyes were close together, and all the face wrinkles converged to the corners of them. There was fanatical zeal and finality in his every utterance. Unluckily for me, the departing sheep who wanted to help the tiger fight labor—for a price—had only succeeded in putting him in an evil mood. He

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raved on and on. Parrying for an opening, I shot in:

"I was reading the other day, General, some verses by your distinguished wife, General, and knowing how you must have helped her, General, I have made bold to write and ask you, General, if I might not presume upon your patience, General, not for myself, General, but for a blind boy friend of mine, General, who also writes verse, General."

"Huh!" he grunted. "But would you know a piece of news if you saw it coming down the street?"

The Irish in me was still unsubdued by so mighty a presence. I replied:

"I think so, General . . . but I'm not asking for myself, General. You see, General, I have a young friend who's blind, General. He writes verses, General, and he used to work on your paper helping printers, General. One eye was fairly good when he started there, General. We ain't blamin' anybody, General. He might have lost it, anyhow, General. Though Blink claims all the towels was full of ink around the place, General."

That was unfortunate—but I was busy generaling him, and untrained in diplomacy.

"Damn it to hell, what was wrong with the towels? Everything's one damned complaint after another, by God! What in hell do you want?"

"Well, you see, General," I shot in quickly, "Blink's blind as a bat, General, and he only wants a street corner, General."

"Only wants! Oh, hell! Only wants—They all want something!"

"But this won't cost a dime, General. The judge told Blink if he didn't work he'd send him to jail, General, and Blink wants a corner downtown where he can peddle papers, General. Why, he'll sell two *Timeses* to one *Examiner*, General. He's a white boy, General, and I've never known him to double-cross anybody."

"How long did he work for me?"

"Not long, General. His eye went gooey quick. Then it was curtains for Blink, General."

The general walked rapidly up and down the floor, withered red hands behind his back, shaggy head bent low, and long wrinkles stretching across his forehead.

"I can't do anything. There's places for blind men in this State. That's why we have government and pay taxes."

"But you see," I answered, stepping before him, no longer the humble, reformed road-kid, "you see, Blink's worse than blind. He has a head on him. I've seen him go nuts over a sunset. . . ." Seeing a scowl, my method changed for Blink's sake. "And he used to like your wife's poems, General, and he read the *Times* and believed in all you said, General. That's why he went to work for you, General. He could have started for some other paper, but he preferred to work for the *Times*, General!"

Ignoring my scramble of words he blurted out:

"We have a State Liability Act—let that take care of him. Too many blind men peddling papers on the streets now."

"But something muffed with the State Act, General. They want to railroad him to the Blind Asylum, General. And he'll croak himself before he goes, I'm sure, General. By God! *I* would! I wouldn't eat their damned bread, General, if it was smeared with honey—and Blink's been in other asylums for the poor. And so have I, General—you know what they're like."

The defiant old man, long used to the centre of the stage, was ruffled by my effrontery.

"No, and I don't give a God damn," he answered.

"But, General, you have a great soul—you just gave the Y. W. C. A. some money—Blink doesn't ask for a thin dime."

"It makes no difference. The State should take care of him. He'd be in the world's way outside. . . . There he'd be treated well."

"Maybe you're right, General—but I can't sell Blink the idea. I'd be a hypocrite if I tried."

"Well, that's enough. There's nothing I can do."

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"Thank you, General," I said, and left the room.

I strolled into Westlake Park unmindful of decorated nature everywhere. I would have to lie to Blink—would have to tell him that the General would take his case under advisement. I'd have to say: "You know, kid, whenever those big guys do that something always happens. You'll have to be patient, though, Blink—those guys have a lot on their minds—and you may even have to take a ride to the blind joint for a while, and then some of us can sign a bond and get you out. General Otis sure'll help us. He ain't nearly the mean guy everybody makes him out. Jack London and Clarence Darrow and that gang only have their side of it, Blink. You gotta remember that Otis has his side, too. Look what a lot of them guys did to his building . . ." and, so thinking, I arrived at the County Hospital.

Blink, as usual, was stretched out on his bed. His spirits were so low that he seldom had ambition enough to grope his way about the ward. To cheer him, his underworld visitors would disguise their voices and make him guess who had come to see him.

I said no word that day as I stood near his bed. He touched the muscles of my forearm—his way of recognizing me—and said with a touch of gaiety in his voice:

"That you, Jim? God! I'm glad."

"Yep, it's me, Blink, and I sure got some good news for you. Of course, it won't happen right away—but old General Debility Otis said he'd do what he could. It'll take time, though, Blink, as you know those guys are busy . . . so you'll have to be patient."

"Oh, I'll be patient, Jim. God, I'll be patient! I can't do nothin' else."

He lay back on the bed, the black tangled hair sinking into the pillow. His hand clutched mine in a feverish grasp as I looked down in his handsome face and saw, as usual, the tears gush from the holes in his head. Overcome, I leaned on his breast and sobbed, "The God damned old —— ——! . . . Blink, I wish to Christ I could give you eyes. . . . You could have one of mine if I could fix it so's you could!"

The hands patted my shoulders, "That's all right, Jim . . . maybe something'll happen."

"Sure thing, Blink, nobody knows. Maybe in a year some guy'll invent eyes you can see out of—they do funnier things than that."

Hope came into Blink's voice.

"I've been thinkin' about that, Jim. You know, maybe they can do that."

"Sure," I answered, "and I'll bet they'll be doin' it, too. I'll bet you they'll be takin' dead men's eyes, and fixing them in and tying up the nerves . . . so's it'll be like it was before people go blind. I was reading something about that the other day," I lied.

IV

Three months had passed since the interview with Otis. Christmas came. The time was drawing near for Blink's journey to the Hospital for the Blind. All his poverty-stricken friends insisted that he go to the institution until more suitable arrangements could be made.

During Christmas week we took up a collection of nearly seventy dollars. We took the money to him with much forced banter and the words, "We're loaning you this, Blink, till you get a good corner downtown."

Always eager for news, he inquired what word had come from General Otis. I told him that I had heard from the general's secretary the day before, and that the general was taking the matter up with the City Council. This false news appeased him somewhat, and we talked of old times until it was time for me to go.

The hospital, situated as it was on a busy thoroughfare, was no easy place for a blind man to escape from. Yet Blink did escape—after the lights had been put out, the night before he was to be sent to the asylum. The city of Los Angeles was four miles away, and the path taken there by a

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blind man must have been a devious one.

But Blink found his way to a cheap hotel, where the landlady gave him a room with another blind man. In the center of this room was an oil-cloth covered table. She asked Blink to be as tidy as possible and place everything on it. She let her little boy lead him about the next afternoon.

He asked the lad to go to a motion picture theatre with him—"where there was music." It was a continuous show and they remained for hours. The youngster became restless, so Blink paid him a dollar to remain another hour. Then he asked to be led to a pawnshop.

When I found that Blink had escaped I inquired in his old haunts. No one knew where he had gone. I spent the afternoon looking for him, without success, but felt reassured because of the money he had.

That evening a package came by special messenger. It was wrapped about with many rubber bands. They ran in every direction. The address was written with lead pencil and was hardly legible.

Inside the package of brown paper was fifty-one dollars in paper, gold and silver, of different denominations. The bills were crunched, the silver and gold loose among the paper. The letter said:

"I thought I'd send this back to you guys so the dicks won't get it when they search the room. I won't need it any more."

It was badly scrawled and some of the lines overlapped.

I hurried to the address the messenger gave me. Blink, gentleman to the end, had placed his head on the oil-cloth covered table before he drilled a hole through it with the revolver the pawnbroker had sold him.

The next morning the *Times* carried a little story to the effect that Frank Thomas, a printer, had committed suicide in a cheap hotel.

There was no funeral for Blink and no headstone. I did not believe in such things. A young Irish burglar wanted to pray for him every night. I told him to go ahead. He was later sentenced for life as an habitual criminal. I hope it has not interfered with his praying for Blink's soul. For I believe he had one.

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BALLADS OF KIT CARSON

BY STANLEY VESTAL

'Rapaho Gal

It was on old Green River,
The trappers' rendezvous—
Bully Shunar just for fun
Thrashed a man or two.

"All Americans are cowards—
Leave 'em in the ditch;
Any skunk that interferes
I'll cut a stick and switch!"

Kit Carson's ears heard Bully's talk;
Kit's cold blue eye could see
The threat was meant for himself alone
On account of his bride-to-be.

Her spotted pony through the ford
Waded splash and splash;
The sleigh bells on her bridle rein
At every pace went chink and clash;

Her glossy hair shone rifle-bright,
Her face was painted fair to see;
The fringes over her silver belt
Hung down below her knee.

'Rapaho Gal sat in the lodge:
"Where are you going, my lover Kit?"
"I'm going to pistol a rattlesnake—
One of my friends is bit."

"Beware of his fangs, my lover Kit—
He's treacherous and low—
The orn'riest snake of a mountain man
Ever worked a woman woe!"

"'Rapaho Gal, for you I fight—
He craves you for his bed;
There will never be peace on old Green River
'Til him or me is dead."

Kit jumped onto his buffalo horse,
The swiftest in his band;
He went looking for Bully Shunar
With his pistol in his hand.

Bully Shunar was no coward—
He raced across the land
With his rifle laid along his thigh
Ready to shoot offhand.

"Where are you ridin' so fast, Bully?
Maybe you're lookin' for me?"
The dirty liar answered, "No!"
And fired along his knee.

Though Kit was quick, the bullet grazed,
The powder burned his cheek:
But Bully Shunar tumbled down
And never more will speak.

"My lover Kit, my heart is good
To see you safe and sound;
Come into the lodge, my lover dear,
And I will dress your wound."

"'Rapaho Gal, no more you'll go
In terror of your life;
The rattlesnake is cold and dead,
And you're Kit Carson's wife!"

Little Chief

"Thar's Injun sign along the trail,
And Stone Calf's band is out;
Come day, them Cheyennes will be hyar—
Of that I make no doubt.

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"If I had just ten o' my Carson men—
As now I have but three—
With fifteen greenhorns from Kansas City
I should not worried be."

"Say, Kit, don't try to frighten us
And give our women a false alarm.
Why should the Indians bother us?
We never done them harm."

"Stone Calf is out against the whites;
It's little he will care.
When he went down to the Army post,
The drunken Captain flogged him thar.

"Sol Silver, you must ride tonight
Harder a heap than ever you fowt;
Tell the dragoons at the Rayado
'Twas Stone Calf wiped us out."

"But Kit, that is two hundred mile,
And it will soon be day;
I'd liefer stay with you and fight
Than mount and ride away."

Come day, Kit sat upon the grass
And smoked with Stone Calf's braves;
The chief was painted fit to kill;
His cap with feathers waves.

"Smoke the pipe in peace, my braves,
Three times around the ring.
Then send the bullet from the gun,
The arrow from the string!"

Kit Carson knew their tongue as well
As if it were his native speech;
He sat and puffed the pipe with them—
His rifle was in reach.

The first time that the pipe went round
The women all began to cry;
The second time the pipe went round,
The men with fear were like to die;

The third time that the pipe went round,
Kit raised his rifle to his breast;
He jammed it in the chief's brown belly—
His courage bluffed the rest.

"Dogs!" Kit said, "Do you know me now?
Little Chief was the name you gave
When I was the hunter for Bent's Fort;
Many's the buck I've sent to his grave!

"You are many; we are few;
You can kill us if you try:
Lift a finger, if you dare;
I'll not be the first to die!

"Go look for sign when we are dead—
Go find Sol Silver's trail!
He's gone to call the bold dragoons—
They'll find you without fail!

"There'll be an empty lodge of yours
For every scalp you take this day;
Sol knows you—every Stone Calf brave—
He'll tell them who to shoot and slay!"

At Taos the greenhorns gave Kit choice
Of any present they could make.
Says Kit, "I'm hungry as a boy—
I think I'll take a johnny cake!"

San Pascual

Kearny sat trapped at San Pascual;
His men had neither drink nor bread.
"If we cannot get word to San Diego,
We are all as good as dead!"

Up and spoke Lieutenant Beale—
A sailor bold was he—
"I'll carry the word to San Diego;
My Indian boy will go with me."

"You be a bold sailor, Beale;
A bold sailor sure you be;
But now we need a crafty plainsman—"
Kit Carson said, "Send me!"

They tucked their shoes into their belts
And crawled along the rocky ground;
For two long miles through the evening dusk
The Spanish sentries rode around.

The foremost sentry that they passed,
They heard the Spanish captain say,

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"Scour every foot of the hillside, men,
For that wolf Kit will get away!"

The second sentry that they passed,
They left their canteens by the trail;
Kit heard Beale's heart-beat miss a jump—
His own heart did not fail.

The very last sentry that they passed
Stopped to light a cigarette
With a blazing match that showed them plain—
That night they'll not forget!

Beale whispered, "Kit, let's jump and fight—
Our time has come to die!"
But Kit said, "No. I've seen worse times;
Our friends on us rely."

For two long miles they crept and crawled
To reach the shelter of the trees.
Their feet were full of cactus spines;
The cactus spines were in their knees.

"Once among the sheltering trees,
Our way we cannot lose."
But when they reached the trees at last—
They had lost their shoes!

Thirty miles they limped that night;
The road was rocks or cactus-bed;
When they saw the lights of San Diego,
Beale was almost out of his head.

Kit said, "We cannot run nor fight;
If we are taken, all is lost:
Each one must try his luck alone;
I'll go the long way—you're hurt most."

Kearny sat with his starving men
And dreamed of distant scenes.
He heard the tramp of a column coming:
"Thank God! Kit made it! The marines!"

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JACQUES LOEB

BY PAUL DE KRUIF

"No—but that doesn't mean that I believe Eve was created out of Adam's rib!"

As he said this—and, so saying, silenced me—Jacques Loeb glared at me across the lunch table and his eyes opened until the ten thousand tiny crowsfeet around them were smoothed away. That is how his eyes always behaved at such times. Those eyes that, in repose, smiled, just showing between narrow lids, now suddenly became round with a dark enormous glow. Their gesture was a triumphant exclamation point for his unanswerable epigrams.

You will wonder why such a free-thinking atheistical searcher—for that was what Jacques Loeb was—should think that I suspected him of taking the twenty-second verse of the second chapter of Genesis literally. As a matter of fact, he did not think so; his reference to Adam's rib was simply his way of putting me in my place for protesting against his sardonic jabs at Darwinians. In that solemn refectory of ours at the Rockefeller Institute he often made the lunch table gay with salty remarks about them and sometimes he did not even spare Saint Darwin himself. I laughed with the others at his ribaldries about so sacred a scientific subject as Organic Evolution, but just the same such evil comments (coming from so great a man as I knew Jacques Loeb to be) disturbed me mightily. I was only thirty and I believed with a holy fervor in Darwin. Wasn't he the Moses who had led me out of the stern land of the Calvinists? Yet here was Loeb inciting me to think of him as a sort of tin horn Moses! My intellectual house began to come down around my ears.

That was essentially what Jacques Loeb was—a wrecker of cozy intellectual houses in which folks like to put their brains to sleep. Prince of priers into the machinery of living things, he was almost alone among biologists as a heretic against the Theory of Evolution. How he mixed me up at first, that Jacques Loeb! Of course I could never again believe in the legendary Old Gentleman who said "Let there be light!" three days before He created the sun, moon and stars. But I felt that for my spiritual comfort my brain needed to know where Eve and the rest of living things came from, and, without too close an examination of the evidence, I had swallowed what Darwin had told me about Eve being eighth cousin to a baboon. After listening to Loeb's digs at Darwinism that day at the laboratory lunch table, I said, with an innocent boldness that I blush for now:

"But surely, Doctor Loeb—you *know* there is such a thing as Evolution—"

It was then he blew me up with that answer about Adam's rib. . . . Right here I hasten to put in a parenthetical self-defence, both for Jacques Loeb and for myself. It is necessary because I can hear the tramp of ten thousand biologists and intelligent laymen coming toward me—they come with half-bricks in their hands, hurrying to the succor of Jacques Loeb's scientific respectability, and eager to demolish me once and for all. Drop your missiles, defenders of the faith! It is admitted that for certain excellences Loeb admired Darwin. There was, for example, Darwin's great service as Antigod. Loeb was enthusiastic for that, just as he wor-

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shiped Copernicus and Galileo for demonstrating that the sun and planets do not march around the heavens for the delectation of man. Now Copernicus and Galileo —they had proved their stuff; but Darwin, well, that was something else again! . . . But let Jacques Loeb praise Darwin in his own words:

> . . . Darwin rendered a similar service by his insistence that accidental and not purposeful variations gave rise to the variety of organisms.

It was as a great insister on the lack of purpose in creation that Loeb thought of Darwin. It was thus that he admired the Darwin who put into people's heads a dreadful disbelief in God as the manager of a protoplasm factory in which were turned out a million different models of living beings—in a delicately varied but none the less stupendous standardized production. But now, alas, Darwin's followers had turned their master's irreligion into a new form of worship, and it was Loeb who turned destroyer, with epigrams of an Eighteenth Century smack and by experiments that were entirely his own. No one has ever made finer theory-destroying experiments than Loeb made.

II

More noons I passed very merry with him at that lunch table, a dozen noons, a hundred noons maybe, and long afternoons too in his little office where he sat at a plain desk before a high confusion of sheets of paper pot-hooked with experimental data. Gradually his heretical ideas about the Theory of Evolution became clear to me. It was experiments to prove the yes or no that Loeb wanted. Always he was in his laboratory experimenting, on week-days and Sundays, forty years ago in Germany and Naples, and then year after year in Philadelphia, and Chicago, and San Francisco, and New York, and Woods Hole. Never has there been a man of note who spent so little time in frivolous pomposities. Three hundred and sixty-five days of the year he was in his laboratory taking nature apart, and improving on it, and putting his nose into some dark corner where sat the enigmas of life. Loeb long ago, in his first years as a searcher, had tried to convince himself of Evolution in his laboratory: in endless godless experiments he had groped at trying to change one species into another—and always he had failed. Now, dogmatic and epigrammatic as he was, he was a great skeptic too, about any theory that told of events in nature—happenings he could not make come off by experiment in his laboratory. So he dismissed the whole excitement about Evolution with:

> . . . We cannot consider any theory of evolution as proved unless it permits us to transform at desire one species into another, and this has not yet been accomplished.

Professors of biology might come bringing him plausible theories about better and better fishes, and larger and larger whales, and schematic diagrams showing (said they) that little five-toed *Eohippus* had evolved into the magnificent one-toed brewery horse of today. Such tales the professors might come telling Loeb, stories these were, yarns they had made up after studious sincere bendings over bits of bones dug up out of ancient rocks—but all their histories left him cold. It might, he thought, be amusing to speculate about monkeys improving gloriously into men, and he was not above the confection of sour and grisly humors in which he told of men reverting to monkeys. (Privately, and with sinister chuckles during the late war, he had appointed Roosevelt Bishop of the Church of St. Simian.) But to be serious about such stuff? No . . . these supposed events, alas, had happened ages ago, and—you can imagine Jacques Loeb looking at the professors until his eyes grew round with that dark enormous glow—how was it possible to experiment with the past?

That was what Loeb was always demanding of the serious men who arrange sets of bones to fit a theory. He would have been quick to propose huzzahs for the

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professor who first really imitated what nature is supposed to have done; he would have stretched out his hands to the searcher who first, by experiment, changed monkeys into men. . . .

Not, of course—let me hurry to tell you—that Loeb had any traffic with Jennings Bryan and the Fundamentalists. On the contrary, he railed at them with the cheerful bitterness of a Voltaire administering sarcastic spankings to that Infamy which the ridicule of a thousand Voltaires will never crush. He detested all religions much more than he abominated the historians and morphologists of science; but he had no time for the latter because his thoughts ran all the time on the machinery by which living things develop and grow and have their being *now*—there never was such a maniac for mechanism! If he had been called to the stand and asked about the history of living things on this earth for the past ten million years, I can imagine him saying, as Ford said: "Such history is bunk!"

His views of the workings of the world of living creatures, the ideas that he distilled in a kind of excited brooding before his rows of test-tubes and his baths of sea-urchins—these notions were quite as epigrammatic and as paradoxical as his most frivolous passages of wit. He had an impish (I say impish with my hat off) way of looking at things from a point of view not before thought of by anyone. It has always seemed to me that the high God Loeb did not believe in, fashioned his brain to look at the phenomena of nature in a way to confound the best beliefs of the professors and pastors who served that God. Loeb was always spouting short embarrassing objections—which rose not so much from his love of truth (whatever that may be) as from his hatred of empty words. How Jacques Loeb hated words! At all times, even when he had to jump fearful chasms of logic to do it, he thought of the intricate workings of plants and animals in terms of pretty tables of figures where the observed results of his experiments agreed more or less closely with the values calculated from his theories. For him breeding and loving and growing old and dying, the whole struggle for existence, was only to be thought of in terms of figures, and after peering at charts graceful with curves upon which the dots of his observed results fitted with a sufficient neatness. As you will see, after dreaming of such mathematical reductions of romance to absurdity, he made some of his dreams come true in the last ten years of his life. A lucky man, this Jacques Loeb, for how many poets live to see their dreams come true?

III

But long before he realized his dream of reasoning about life only in terms of precise figures he was a very devil at finding experiments and fishing up facts to flabbergast the gentlemen he called "verbalists." Take the idea, for example, of animals adapting themselves to their environment in order to survive. The organs and appendages and instincts of animals are all there for that purpose, say the evolutionists; a beast's color is supposed to have been evolved to protect him from his enemies and his sight and smell developed to lead him to his food. These things, in brief, are supposed to have been evolved because they are for his highest interest. But Loeb asked:

"Why, on the contrary, is it not just as plausible to think that an animal has survived because his species happened to be equipped with these instincts . . . ?"

For Loeb wandered in a world where there are no such words as "interest" and "purpose"; for him, trying always to formulate the mathematical laws by which animals and plants are born and live and die, "interest" and "purpose" were as much out of place as they would be in Newton's Laws of Motion.

But are there actually instances, you will ask, of species equipped with instincts for which they have no use—instincts of which they were already in possession before it

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was necessary for them to adapt themselves? Jacques Loeb was ready to come back at you with such instances, not one but many, all gathered during the feverish years of his experimenting. He told how he put a shrimp into a trough of water and shot an electric current through that water, and how the shrimp moved like an automaton toward the positive pole at one end of the trough. That shrimp and every brother shrimp of his species had to move in that direction—it was their instinct to move that way and no other way in an electric current—just as it is the instinct of flies to settle on molasses. But where did shrimps get this preference for positive poles and what good can it do them now? Said Loeb:

> Except for a few individuals of this species who happen to have fallen during the last few years into the hands of physiologists, there is not an animal who has ever had occasion to be under the influence of an electric current. . . . It would be hard to find a fact more directly in contradiction with the opinion that animal reactions are determined by their needs or by natural selection.

And then he brought forward the goat moth larvæ that live under the bark of trees, miserable larvæ that die when they chance to come into the light. But take them from under the bark of their tree and they travel in an inexorable bee-line toward the very light that is their doom! . . . It was no gentle world, this world of Jacques Loeb, and on melancholy Sunday afternoons his mechanistic universe often makes me ponder sourly on the millions of marvellous species—some of a beauty and an excellence that by comparison would make *Homo sapiens* fit only for the ash can—species that have died a-borning because they *happened* to possess self-exterminating instincts.

So Jacques Loeb made hash of the word *adaptation;* and by other incessant messings with pipettes and troughs of sea-urchins and crabs and barnacles he reduced the sonorous word *environment* to a term fit only for use by Modernist pastors with sociological tendencies. His common sense made him see clear the futility of trying to use the word *environment* in any but a loosely literary sense—this environment that is made up of a thousand subtle shifting factors.

Environment indeed! For him it seemed as nonsensical to speak of the effect of the environment as it would be for astronomical physicists to talk of the effect of the cosmos on the movements of the heavenly bodies. But the separate components that made up the environment—that was another thing! And so, for more than forty years, Loeb made hundreds of thousands of experiments; he made a beginning, in short, at the dreadful (and impossible) task of taking the environment apart. At Bryn Mawr, where he taught young ladies who were trying to be intellectual; at Chicago, where strange publicities tormented him and where jealous victims of his wit charged him with not being a regular professor at all; in California, where he knew a fine saloon in which to eat meals on Saturday nights; and in the fine austerity of a great institute of applied medical science in New York—in all these places Jacques Loeb was every day and at all hours in his laboratory, pinning down one after another of the tangled components of this hopelessly complex environment and testing the effect of now this and then that factor upon a given species of plant or animal. And never in any of these places did he stumble on any experiment that pointed to the reality of what the professors call Evolution!

What a parade of strange results these experiments made as they passed before his excited and always curious eyes. He altered the degree of acidity of sea water and produced weird hybrids between species that under ordinary conditions would never cross. Eggs of other marine animals he put for a while into solutions with a certain concentration of the salts of calcium and potassium; then he returned them to common sea water and watched them develop fantastically into twins. There was, too, that notorious business of soak-

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ing the unfertilized eggs of a mother sea-urchin in a series of solutions of different salts. These eggs (with no possible chance for sperm to get at them, remember) grew strangely into sea-urchins without fathers, or rather into beasts whose fathers were the salt solutions of Jacques Loeb.

This last research spilled over into the newspapers—to Loeb's great disgust, for there was something old-fashioned about him—and wild rumors went abroad that he had succeeded in making living things from dead stuff, and there was excitement among the Olive Schreiner-like ladies who believed human fathers to be nuisances. That was a grandstand time for him, and I believed him when he said later that the annoyance of it took several years off his life. . . .

IV

But presently he was back at his cloistered work again, forgotten by the newspapers. Temperature, as we know, is a factor in the environment of all living things; by lowering by ten degrees the temperature of the water in which certain beasts lived he increased the duration of their lives a thousand times. Light is a part of the environment and he showed—with a disgusting mathematical preciseness—how certain creatures are slaves of the light, how they are drawn to it by an inexorable chemical mechanism in which there is no room for whims or purposes or desires.

I have heard him praising the beauty of paintings, but I never heard him (though he may have done so) mention any enchantment at some beauty of nature. I believe the beauty that he was after (for he was at bottom a poet seeking for loveliness) was that of the thermodynamical laws which lay beneath the quivering mystery that is life. Loeb felt those hard, lovely laws there—he almost, you might say, smelled them, like some strangely intellectual hound—and that is one of the chief reasons he was such a lonely man. Most people—and this includes biologists—detest the idea that the shimmering surface beauty of life and its often gay capriciousness are only masks for a rigid determinism. . . .

Jacques Loeb knew the novelist Dreiser and told him these things and even Dreiser—who, God knows, is disillusioned enough—even Dreiser was made uneasy by these mechanistic laws. For Dreiser wrote, after coming out of the remorseless hissings and poundings of the engine room of a transatlantic liner:

> I shouldn't like that, I think. . . . Life is better than rigidity and fixed motion, I hope. I trust the universe is not mechanical, but mystically blind. Let's hope it's a vague, uncertain, but divine idea. We know it is beautiful. It must be so.

Ponder these mutterings of the novelist and you will understand why the philosophy that follows from Loeb's researches will never be popular, like Darwinism.

He showed a strange erratic sort of impatience at his work and he had a way of his own of circumnavigating those swamps of experimental failure that so often bog even first-rate searchers and bring them years barren of results. "I like to have two or three things going at the same time," he told me one day. "When you get stuck in some problem, de Kruif, try something else—that is the way. If, for example, my colloid experiments go wrong, I go down and fuss with my plants in the green-house for a few days—and usually all at once I find my way around the troubles with my colloids."

His was one of those strange heads that can play thirty games of chess at the same time. His brain, without his knowing it, solved difficulties while his hands were working far afield. So he was always in a state of mental eruption, the despair of those technicians who were his slaves: for he would get them to start vast experiments in the morning and then come in the afternoon with sheets covered with entirely different plans. . . .

"But, Doctor Loeb, we have already started—"

"Never mind that!" he would cry, aghast at their stupid reasonableness.

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"This is what I want you to do now!" Often what he asked them to do were experiments that looked foolish to a merely rational person. Sometimes his plans seemed impossible to accomplish; at other times they *were* impossible. But always those technician slaves managed to do them somehow. They had to, for Doctor Loeb, who was above all natural limitations, had ordered them to be done. Never was there a searcher having less of that clear reasonableness or that glacier-like patience with which legend endows men of science.

But just the same no plodding, precise mathematical investigator could have stuck more closely than Jacques Loeb stuck to one guiding idea: and that was the belief —it was a sort of fixed atheistical faith and not what ordinarily would be called a scientific theory—that all living things are machines run by the same law that lifeless mechanisms obey. The whirling electrons of the atoms of the protein molecules of the brain of a child at play—those electrons (so knew Jacques Loeb) are driven and guided by the same remorseless forces that drive the earth around the sun. What a bold man he was—not merely to affirm this, for one need only be a philosopher to affirm it—but to set out to try to prove it by experiment!

He was always insisting that the only results worth anything were those that could be expressed in figures. To a physicist this preaching would be platitudinous, but such talk, you may be sure, especially ten years or so ago, stepped on the scientific toes of most biologists. Science is so much easier and certainly more satisfying if you simply pour some of this into a little of that! But such was Loeb's mad demand for quantitative work that figures, and all men working rationally with figures, took on a peculiar excellence in his mind.

"There will be universal peace," he once told us, "only when the entire population of the world is made up of physicists—they are the only people who have nothing to fight about!"

Then his eyes almost disappeared in the slits made by his wrinkly smile and he added: "Or maybe there may be peace also when England has finished conquering the whole world."

This weighing and measuring obsessed him so that he carried it over into his comments (which I must admit were always tinged with a bit of sardonic ribaldry) upon all the affairs of human society. Although he admitted in his later years to taking two or three cocktails per annum—what his rations were in that good saloon in San Francisco I never asked him—, yet he was a violent advocate (privately) of temperance, and even of Prohibition. And he would make arguments with pseudo-quantitative data to back them. "In Bavaria the drinking of alcoholic beverages has caused dreadful conditions," he would exclaim. "The curves of beer-drinking and brutality have been shown to run parallel!" I remember guffawing at this, but Loeb never smiled; he opened his eyes wide and insisted it was so.

He used to make sardonic jokes too, at himself, about the irrational romance that his life was.

"I have lived my life topsy-turvy," he exclaimed once. "I have lived my whole scientific career backwards. I began trying to do exact work with sharks and dogs, and here I am at the end finding colloids—they are not even living stuff—too complicated. I started with dogs and always I have been forced to work with simpler and simpler animals, and now . . ."

This ironic view of his own life he used to toy with (though he was never very serious about it) in his last years,—when, at the age of sixty, but with the concentrated, alert fury of a boy at play, he was at his brilliant job of bringing order out of the sticky chaos of colloidal chemistry. For the Jacques Loeb who started life as a very lazy bank-clerk and read "Candida" when he should have been studying pathology, and poked about brilliantly if inexpertly with the brains of sharks, and messed with solutions of salts until he

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made them the fathers of sea-urchins—this man ended his life as a chemist who went a long way toward reducing the tangled empiricism of the study of colloids to the simple laws of classical chemistry.

"But you see—that is where I should have *begun*—I should have studied the stuff living things are made of before I tried to explain life itself. . . ."

V

Just the same, Jacques Loeb was not, fundamentally, what you would call a man who underestimated his own power; though when face to face with lesser men it was his fine custom to show a modest kindness toward them. But he knew, I am sure, that he did not belong in their ranks. At those moments when his eyes grew round with that dark glow and on those afternoons when he kicked aside intricate experiments already under way in order to start new ones—he was aware of his superiority then. His chief heroes among men were the encyclopedists of France, Diderot and D'Alembert and their godless crew, and he was a kind of anachronistic experimenting encyclopedist himself. Like them he was a materialist down to his spleen and pancreas, and I have no doubt he would have liked to have heard applied to himself the words of John Morley on Diderot:

> He was one of those simple, disinterested, and intellectually sterling workers to whom their own personality is as nothing in the presence of the vast subjects that engage the thoughts of their lives.

But Jacques Loeb could never be quite that, at least, so it seems to me; he could not be that to those fortunate ones who were close to him and knew him well. To me it was not his work but the man himself who was the miracle to be gaped at.

Loeb—and how this warms my memory of him—was never a systematically eminent man; he did not belong to that class of great men who smile carefully and laugh in a 4-4 rhythm; he would talk as eagerly and guffaw as boisterously with a twenty-five-year-old novice of science as with a university president—*more* eagerly, in fact, for these worthies ranked in Loeb's category of *bêtes noires* just below the vitalists and verbalists whom he detested most of all.

"They are for the most part windbags [he pronounced it *vindtbacks*] and in the next war it would be wise to draft college presidents for the dirigible balloon corps—then there would be no need to make helium. . . ."

Dreadful words to be spoken in that frivolously solemn refectory of ours, and even I—already marked as a potential nuisance—felt just alarmed enough to pull my laugh a bit. Let it be said to the credit of those in whose hands the economic fate of Loeb reposed that they never did more than wince a little at his geysers of scalding ribaldry. But then, who could have touched him? He towered too much. Strangest of all things about him, his heart belied the cold deterministic faiths that nature put into his head. Despite this tongue of his that was sometimes a rapier and at others a dreadful bludgeon, Loeb face to face with his victims was gentle and so kind and generous. Had one of those detested college presidents been caught in *flagrante delicto* and chased by a mob, Jacques Loeb would have jumped in front of him and faced his persecutors.

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ALLIE

BY WINIFRED SANFORD

One day, when I was a little girl, my mother came home in the greatest excitement. She said that Mr. Wright had run off with all the money in his bank, . . . and what was going to become of Allie? She said it was bad enough for a girl to grow up without any mother, and lose her lover in a train wreck, without having this to happen.

After that we were all a little afraid of Allie. I don't mean that we suspected her of stealing,—she was the kind that wouldn't hurt a fly,—but we didn't know what to say to her when we met her anywhere. If we sat next her at the soda fountain in the drug store, for instance, we didn't like to say, "Nice day, Miss Allie," or "Will you buy a couple of tickets to the Senior Play?" because it didn't seem appropriate to say such things to a girl whose lover had been pinned under a Pullman car and roasted alive and whose father was a fugitive from justice. It didn't seem adequate. And then, if you said "a couple of tickets," as you were sure to from long habit, why, you were just rubbing it in. For when Allie went anywhere, she went alone.

She lived in a furnished room over the drug store, and ate most of her meals at the soda fountain. She said it was the cheapest place in town, and of course she didn't have any money because the bank creditors took the house and everything Mr. Wright had left behind. Allie got a job as clerk in Mr. Stickney's dry goods store. Mr. Stickney put her at the notion counter, which was in a dark corner under the stairs. Even on bright days they had to keep the electric light burning, though Allie said it gave her a headache. And her back hurt because she had to stand up all the time. Everybody said it must be awful for Allie when you remembered all the things she used to have.

We girls used to march along through town, with our arms on each other's shoulders, singing. Every now and then we'd meet Allie Wright going home from work. She had the funniest way of walking without swinging her arms. They just hung down, and her black cotton gloves looked as if they were stuffed with sand. I don't believe she ever bought any new clothes. She kept on wearing the clothes her father had bought for her when he was in the bank. We were always afraid, when we passed her like that, that she was going to cry. And we always stopped singing when we saw her.

"How do, Miss Allie?"

"Good evening."

It was just as if a cloud had blown over the sun.

The worst of it was that she knew how we felt. So we were always trying to make it up to her. When our Sunday-school teacher moved away, we begged Allie to take our class. We said, "Please, please, Miss Allie. We'd rather have you than anybody." Of course, we wouldn't have asked her to chaperone a party or anything like that, but Sunday-school didn't matter so much. We didn't go there for fun. Besides, it made us feel as if we were doing a lot of good.

Once Allie invited us up to her room over the drug store. It was supposed to be a party. Some of the girls had dates, but we made them come anyway. It would

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have been too awful if they hadn't. Her room was about ten feet square, and it didn't have anything in it except a cot and a golden oak dresser and one of those small square tables on legs that slant outwards and have brass claws at the bottom, and a lot of chairs she had borrowed from the drug store,—the kind with wire backs that stick into you, and wire legs. She had a picture of her dead lover on the dresser, and we all took turns fixing our hair so that we could look at him. Afterwards we agreed that he didn't look like much, but you can never tell.

Allie wanted it to be a very gay party. We played charades and "Twenty Questions" and "Pass the Ring," and she called us "dear," and smiled at us, and hoped we'd have lots of good times together. Later she showed us some picture postals she had, and a silk handkerchief somebody had sent her from Japan, with a mountain painted on it, and a red wine glass that said "World's Fair, Chicago" in white letters. At half past nine she served ice-cream from the drug store and cake from the bakery. Because it was a Sunday-school party she thought we ought to bow our heads and say a little prayer before going home.

I was never so glad to get away from anywhere in my life. We all went down to another drug store and had chocolate nut sundaes, with marshmallow sauce, and we made so much noise laughing and singing that they nearly put us out. But all the time we remembered how excited and happy Allie had been when she kissed us good-bye. That kind of spoiled our fun.

II

A year or two after that, she got married. Mr. Stickney, of all people! He was ever so much older than she, and a widower, and his reputation wasn't any too good. There was a lot of talk about them. Some people thought it was wonderful of him to marry Allie, when he didn't have to. Other people said it was no such thing, and that anybody could see that the baby came before its time by looking at its little finger nails. They said it was a shame to talk like that about Allie. After that we all managed to get a look at the baby's finger nails when we met Allie wheeling him in his buggy, and because we felt guilty about it, we'd say, "He has such darling little fingers, Miss Allie."

"Do you notice how long they are?" she would ask us. "And how they taper? The palmistry book says that's a sign of genius."

Allie certainly was crazy about that baby.

The Stickney house was the ugliest in the world,—one of those ginger-bread houses, with spires and wooden filigree all over it,—very tall and narrow, standing all by itself in the middle of the block, without a tree or a bush around it. Inside it was dark, and cold, because the furnace wouldn't draw. All the furnishings had belonged to the first Mrs. Stickney. The first thing you saw when you went in was one of those things made of bamboo straws that people used to hang in doorways. I don't know what you call them. It always rustled when you went through. The rugs were a fright, and so was the furniture. There must have been a ton of bric-a-brac.

As her baby grew older, Allie began to go out to places. She told my mother that she owed it to Lloyd. That was what she had named him,—Lloyd, because she thought it was pretty. She nearly killed herself serving church suppers and selling tickets for lectures and organizing classes to study the budget system. That was all right, but finally she started going to parties. She always came the first of all, in a dress from Stickney's that was about twenty years too young. She was so solemn and so polite that it made us all uncomfortable.

You see, we had reason to feel sorry for her again because her marriage wasn't very happy. The whole town knew that Mr. Stickney had taken his stenographer

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to New York with him on a buying trip. One of our men had seen them at Rector's, all dolled up and drinking. He never went anywhere with Allie, and he didn't even stay at home evenings. The neighbors told a lot about what went on.

So that was one reason why we hated to see her at a party. It was just the way it had been before: we didn't know what to talk about. Other people talked about their husbands and the latest show and where they were going on their vacations, but the only safe topic with Allie was Lloyd, and that got to be a bore because Allie didn't know where to stop. She worshipped him so much that she kind of choked up while she talked.

And her bridge! Heavens! She used to get her hearts in with her diamonds, she dropped cards, she got mixed up on the deal, and when she made a wrong play,—well, it was pitiful. Her face and ears and neck would turn dark red and we would all hold our breaths for fear she was going to cry. She'd say, "I'm awfully sorry. . . I can't understand how it happened," and we'd say, "Oh, that's all right. We're just playing for the fun of it, anyway." But we were always glad to move on.

When Lloyd was about ten years old, a dreadful thing happened. Mr. Stickney died of heart failure. I don't mean that his dying was so dreadful, but the place where he died . . . with that woman and all! And the whole story coming out on the front page! We hadn't had such a scandal since Mr. Wright ran off with the bank funds. Of course we had to call on Allie, two or three of us at a time, and believe me, that was an ordeal. It didn't seem just right to say nice things about him, so we talked rather vaguely about how bravely she bore up under her troubles and how we did wish we could do something. "My son is my great comfort," Allie kept saying.

Nobody knew why Lloyd was such a comfort, especially when he grew older. He was a sort of moody boy, who didn't do well in high-school, and wasn't very popular. In some ways he was like his father; he never went anywhere with his mother, or seemed to pay any attention to her. She baked cakes for him, and gave him a bigger allowance than any of the other boys, and even bought a car, which he drove everywhere. I doubt if she rode in it more than once.

III

One day she dropped in to see me on her way down town. I could see she was tickled about something, and pretty soon she told me. She had found a poem on Lloyd's dresser, scribbled on a scrap of paper. "I can't help but feel," she said, "that Lloyd is a born writer. He has always been a remarkable child, though I am sorry to say he hasn't been appreciated. Listen to this:

"I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door, . . ."

I think that's the way it went. Of course, I told her I thought it was lovely and that she ought to be proud of him, but all the time I had the funniest feeling about it. I don't really know how to describe it, except that I felt more sorry for her when she was happy than when she wasn't. It depressed me just terribly. For her to get all excited because Lloyd wrote a poem! . . . He was so homely, and so—oh, morbid, I guess you'd call it.

I told the other girls about it, and they almost killed themselves being nice to her. They'd say, "Well, I hear Lloyd is awfully talented. We always knew he'd amount to a lot, Mrs. Stickney." And then, as likely as not, they'd wink at each other behind her back. That was sort of mean, but you can't blame them much. And she never suspected anything.

Lloyd lived up to his reputation, all right. At least he left poems around his room. Allie used to copy them and learn them by heart, but she didn't mention them to Lloyd. She said it was too sacred. She said he had the artistic temperament, anybody could see that; he was so sensi-

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tive, and he liked to be by himself. She said she used to watch for his light to go out, and sometimes it would be two in the morning before he went to bed. She wouldn't have disturbed him for anything while he was writing.

When Allie had collected about a hundred poems, she had an idea. She thought of it in the night, and she came down right after breakfast to consult me about it. "It's that Literary Club programme," she explained. "You know the club meets with me next month . . ."

I knew that all right, because I had been on the programme committee, and we had given her the meeting just before Christmas, when almost everybody was too busy to come.

"Now I've had an idea," she went on. "It means a great deal to me. Don't you think the ladies would appreciate it if I read them Lloyd's poems? It don't seem right," she said, "for us to neglect our own talent, and Lloyd needs encouragement so bad. I know a little recognition would mean a lot to him. And the ladies might be interested enough to help him get his work published. I haven't had much education," she said, "but nobody could help thinking that Lloyd's poems are lovely."

Well, I didn't know what to do. I asked her if Lloyd knew about the plan, and she said no: that he was so sensitive that she didn't suppose he would ever consent to it. "But when he finds out how much you all like them," she kept saying . . . and I said, "Oh yes, I'm sure the ladies will like them." I just had to let her go ahead. The rest of us agreed to go, and be nice, and praise his poems up to the skies, although we were all counting on a good laugh when we got home.

So Allie cleaned her house and trimmed it up for the great day. It was so near Christmas that she used holly and ground pine and mistletoe, and so much of it that the bric-a-brac was hidden and the place looked almost pretty for once. She lighted all the gas grates to make it cheery, and she stood in the hall in a new red dress with lots of gold trimming and little gold buttons up and down the front. She was all a-flutter.

We tried not to look at each other when she started the programme. She made a little speech about Lloyd, and then she began to read the poems. They had funny names, like "To a Waterfowl" and "Break, Break, Break," and she didn't know how to pronounce all the words. And of course she read abominably. One of them was about something called a nautilus, and I've always wondered about that because it sounded like a poem I read a long time ago in school. Maybe not, though. We all sat there with our hands in our laps, trying to look soulful. Once or twice I nearly laughed, but on the whole we were behaving ourselves pretty well when a funny thing happened.

Lloyd came in the front door. Allie didn't hear him. She was reading:

> At midnight, in the silence of the sleep time
> When you set your fancies free . . .

When she got to the end, she stopped and said, "Ladies, can you imagine what it means to a mother to have her son write lines like these? Ladies, when I found these lines I have been reading to you in my son's room, I fell on my knees and thanked God that He had made it possible."

IV

Lloyd stood in the hall behind the bamboo curtain, and everybody saw him except Allie. Afterwards I thought we ought to have called him in and congratulated him, or something like that, but he looked so wild and funny that none of us said a word. Allie picked up another poem. "I think Lloyd must have been listening to a bird when he wrote this," she said.

> "Hark! ah, the nightingale—
> The tawny-throated. . . ."

Lloyd stared and stared. He didn't seem to see any of us except his mother. His face was perfectly awful, dead white, and

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all puckered around his mouth. Before she finished, he went out, and we heard him go down the front steps.

"I'm not going to read any more," said Allie, "but if any of the ladies wish to look them over . . ."

The rest is so dreadful that I hardly know how to tell it. Allie was passing the refreshments, all trembly and proud and wiping her eyes, when a man ran into the house. Of course, he didn't know which was Allie, and so he blurted out: "A boy has just shot himself down here. They're taking him to the hospital, though I guess it ain't much use. . . . Right through the head."

We all looked at Allie. Somebody screamed and a lot of us began to cry. She didn't move, not even her eyes. She just stood staring at that man with her mouth half open. If it had been anyone but Allie, we would have gone up to her and kissed her and patted her hands and tried to comfort her. But we couldn't . . . with Allie. I suppose we all remembered how we had laughed about the poems, and how we always hated to have her around on account of all the troubles she had had.

The man said, "Come with me. My car's just outside," and he led her out of the house. She walked like one of those dolls you see sometimes. Only her feet moved. The rest of her was like wood.

And there we sat, feeling perfectly awful, but not doing a thing.

The last I saw of Allie was that hideous red dress being hoisted into the man's car.

"For goodness sake!" I said, "She's forgot her dress!"

Of course, I meant to say that she had forgotten her coat, and everybody knew it. There wasn't anything funny about it, either. But we were all so keyed up about it that we began to giggle.

We didn't look at each other, because I suppose we were the least little bit ashamed. I remember biting my lips and chewing my handkerchief, but I couldn't stop giggling. After a minute we put on our wraps and ran home, not in groups, as we usually did, but one by one. And when I opened my front door, and saw the babies playing in front of the fire, all safe and sound, I flopped down on the floor and had regular hysterics. I couldn't help it.

And now, whenever I see Allie coming, I can't help remembering how we sat in her house and laughed. Probably that's why I always cross the street to avoid meeting her. I wouldn't know what to say.

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WAR PAINT

BY HENRY TETLOW

A FEW months ago the New Hampshire legislature tried to legislate cosmetics out of the State. Before making the attempt the law-makers should have consulted any good work on the life and times of Girolamo Savonarola. At the height of his career Savonarola succeeded in persuading the ladies of Florence to renounce all cosmetics. They brought their rouge pots and powder boxes to one of the great public squares and flung them on a bonfire. But then Savonarola mistakenly persuaded the Medici to back up the cause of purity with a prohibitory edict. Instantly the ladies switched from docility to rebellion, the cosmeticians reopened for business, and the new prohibition went the way of all sumptuary legislation, at all times and everywhere.

Cosmetics, it appears, have always been held in a certain disrepute. For centuries they have been lawful game for the do-gooders, and, it may be added, for the revenue getters. They paid more than their fair share of the cost of the Civil War; they paid heavily for the imperialistic jamboree of '98; they paid for the Democratic tariff fiasco of 1912-1914, and they helped win the World War. Withal, and strangely, they have seldom been subjected to downright prohibition. This will probably come as New Hampshire indicates, with the change in the public's attitude toward them. It is not true that more are used today than ever before; it is only true that they are bought and applied more openly. Until, let us say, the beginning of the present century public opinion ran so strongly against their use that their manufacture and sale was a sort of bootleg business. Wives hid rouge and powder boxes from husbands: none but the bravest dared be fair. The cosmetician who advertised invariably assured his readers that his samples would be sent in plain, unmarked packages. Fifty years ago an American woman who yearned to be fair would whisper in the druggist's ear that she would like a nickel's worth of precipitated chalk. With this and a fresh cut slice of beet root, she could adorn herself without jarring the æsthetic sensibilities or spiritual canons of her men folk.

Men are naturally the keenest anti-cosmetic crusaders. Seven American men out of ten, even today, will declare that they prefer their women barefaced, and three of the seven probably actually believe that there is One Woman who never uses any makeup. At least one of the three imagines that there are women who can appear on a blindingly lighted stage without the aid of artificial coloring. Surely nothing in the world that could more brilliantly display the extreme gullibility of men! When the truth comes out at last the men who Really Believed will get awfully sore. There will be gnashing of teeth and, following it, prohibitory persecution. Heretofore, the social regulators have avoided the moral issue in their attacks on cosmetics. They have grounded their case on the pernicious effect of paint and powder on the human skin.

That effect, of course, is purely imaginary. The accumulated evidence of four generations shows that, aside from making the wearer look more attractive, cosmetics have no effect upon the skin at all. If they did, there can be little doubt that their

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makers would be the first to hear about it. Nevertheless the do-gooders proclaim indefinitely but emphatically that "paint and powder will ruin your skin," and legislate accordingly. Thus, under the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906 (You had forgotten that there ever was such a thing! Do you remember all it was going to do for you?) the much enduring cosmetician was required to register and guarantee his goods. What they were guaranteed for or against is not clear yet. No formulæ were revealed nor required to be altered. But the guarantee was surcharged on all the labels and the hellish work of Jezebel went merrily on.

There is reason to believe that the reformers of that era hoped to legislate the lead out of face powder and rouge. There may have been a time when lead was actually used in the manufacture of these necessities, but it was certainly not within the memory of the present generation nor, as far as the records show, of the preceding dozen generations. Lead is much too expensive to put into such things. Fifty to seventy-five years ago bismuth salts were used as the base of face powder and rouge. Bismuth makes a beautiful powder, but, like lead, it is too costly. Besides, it possesses the embarrassing faculty of turning black. The belle who made herself up with it for gas light ran the risk of seeing her pink and white complexion turn brown and gray before the evening was fairly started.

II

Since the Civil War all American face powders and rouges have been made with oxide of zinc, or zinc stearate and talc. The proportions vary according to whether a light powder or a heavy one is desired, and a small percentage of some other material—usually starch—is always added. The proportions may vary from ten to thirty per cent of any one ingredient, but the formula of every face powder now in use remains essentially the formula invented by the writer's grandfather some sixty years ago. It is not secret. It can be found in every technical treatise on cosmetics and in the British and United States Pharmacopœias. Its initial success arose from its substitution of zinc for bismuth. Oxide of zinc is the stuff from which zinc ointment is made—the same that is rubbed on tender or bedridden skins to build them up. When applied dry in the form of face powder, however, it is neutral and inert. It is relatively cheap, although not so cheap as talc; but its chief superiority as a base for face powder or rouge lies in the fact that it sticks to the skin, which talc alone does not do.

New England is the backbone of the talcum powder market. Talcum powder is one thing that region buys generously. But the face powder manufacturer who depended on New England would starve to death. Puritanism persists in spite of bootlegging and the radio. There are thousands of New England women who, believing face powder to be a token of abandonment, buy talcum powder and try to use it for facial adornment.

Talcum powder is made of talc alone. That is, it is magnesium silicate, dug out of the ground in hunks, and then crushed and bolted. It is a dusting or drying powder; it rubs or falls off the skin almost as quickly as it is shaken on. Although an occasional manufacturer may add a little borax and an incantation for the sake of a medicinal talking point, talcum powder has no more effect on the skin than face powder or rouge. Under slight pressure it can be made to rub up a pronounced sheen; its use as a substitute for face powder is thus grossly inadvisable. But the addition of zinc dulls the finish and makes the mixture adherent. Thus talcum becomes a true face powder.

No perfectly pure magnesium silicate has been discovered anywhere to date. All the deposits now known contain traces of lime and iron; in addition, certain American talcs contain mica. There is only one first-rate deposit of talc in the United States, and that unfortunately runs directly under the Fear river and can only be quarried at

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a prohibitive cost for pumping. The best talc—from the cosmetician's standpoint—is quarried in Italy. It costs more than either French or American talc, but its freedom from glittering mica particles and its superior whiteness and unctuousness, due to its very small content of iron and lime, make it the only proper talc for cosmetics. The question of talc is here treated in some detail in the hope that it may steer a few of the eighty-odd million Americans who own land containing undeveloped talc mines away from the cosmetics trade. The right market for a low-grade talc is either the rubber goods or the candy trade, both of which use vast quantities of it as an adulterant.

Starch, the other ingredient of face powder or rouge, is usually present only in insignificant quantities. It is harmless enough, yet it must be employed with caution. If the perfume that goes into the powder has been mixed with alcohol, and most perfumes are, there is always the risk that the alcohol may sour the starch and ruin the powder. Wheat starch is most generally used. Back in 1906 the makers of *poudre de riz* ludicrously tried to comply with the new Pure Food Act by using rice starch. But ground rice was never intended to go on the human skin. It will not grind smooth, but breaks up into tiny sharp particles, like cinders, that get caught in the pores and have to be blasted out. No *poudre de riz* was ever intended to contain actual rice starch. The phrase is an exact French translation of the English "face powder." There is no such thing in France as a *poudre pour la visage* or *pour la figure*. There is only *poudre de riz*.

One more word about the Pure Food and Drug Act may be enlightening. It had been in force a few years when a certain gentleman who had acquired merit through its enforcement was hired by a certain woman's magazine to purify its pages—to protect the defenseless female public from unscrupulous manufacturers of adulterated or misbranded goods. Every article coming within the intent of the Act had to be passed by this expert before it could have advertising space in the magazine. Articles of exceptional merit were starred *à la* Baedeker.

Now, a certain manufacturer made two brands of face powder, which we will designate A and B. And it came to pass that he received a neat little card saying that brand A had been submitted to exhaustive and gruelling tests, and had been passed into the topmost rank by the high-minded savant. Brand A might wear the star, should the manufacturer care to advertise it in the high-minded magazine. About two years later the manufacturer received formal and curt notice that brand B had been examined and rejected. Henceforth brand B was barred from the pure white space of that great periodical. The manufacturer put the card rejecting brand B away with the card rejoicing over brand A. For fifty years brands A and B had been coming out of the same bin! They were in all respects, other than of name, package and price, identical!

III

Along with downright cosmetics there has always gone a host of creams, lotions and concoctions guaranteed to make the user beautiful. The craze for these touchstones of beauty is not new. The search for the combination that will do the trick is one of the oldest dream quests in human history. Here is a recipe for a preparation that never failed to make a lady's face lovelier than the moon:

> Take a young raven from the nest, feed it on hard eggs for forty days, kill it, and distill it with myrtle leaves, talc, and almond oil.

It is taken from "The Secrets of Master Alexis the Piedmontese," and probably dates back to the middle of the Fifteenth Century. Today—or yesterday—we have the face clays or mud packs. These engender the same highly satisfactory psychological reaction as a blackface makeup. Anyone who has been in a minstrel show knows how extraordinarily clean, pink and fresh the skin looks after it has been washed

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up. It is the mere effect of contrast. At no expense, the same beautifying result can be got out of a burnt cork as out of a four dollar jar of face clay. But it won't feel the same; it isn't as hard to take!

There is no use trying to have a good complexion if you have not got one, but there is one genuine recipe for keeping what you have: cleanliness. So far the combined brains of business and science have been unable to produce any satisfactory substitutes for soap, hot water and elbow grease. The recipe requires lots of all three. A face is subjected to almost as much dirt and hard usage as a pair of hands. Who would expect to keep the hands clean by sousing them in cold cream once a day and smearing them from time to time with mud? Yet that is the way millions of American women treat their faces. When their complexions begin to crack under the strain they blame it on their powder instead of on themselves. The only legitimate use for cold cream is to remove grease paint or an equivalent smudge; after it must come soap, hot water and elbow grease. Face clay has no legitimate use.

It is astonishing how many people imagine that the manufacture of face powder and rouge—or, indeed, of any cosmetic—is a complicated and mysterious business. The reverse is true. Anyone who possesses a spoon, a barrel and a sieve can go into quantity production without further preparation or previous experience. All that is necessary is to strain the various ingredients into the barrel, pour in the perfume, stir the mixture, and then scoop it out into little boxes. Rouge is made the same way as face powder. Rouge cakes and the little tablets of face powder known as compacts are made either by wetting the dry compound and moulding it, or by subjecting the dry powder to tremendous pressure under a steel die carved in the desired shape. When powder is made by the ton it is usually mixed in bakers' bread mixing machines and run through silk bolters. The machinery makes an impressive spectacle, but it does no more than the handicraftman with his spoon, barrel and sieve; it serves only to handle a larger quantity of material in a given length of time.

The art, or craft of cosmetic making lies in the manipulation of the perfume. Pouring the perfume into the powder or rouge or cream or soap is easy enough; it is finding the combination that will give the desired odor that takes doing. Perfumes are sensitive and instable things. It can be accepted as invariable that one will always dry out differently when mixed in a cosmetic than when applied in liquid form to the clothing or the skin. Then there are the extraneous odors to be overcome. Soap requires the rankest perfuming to make it smell of anything but soap; creams, especially if they are perfumed before they are cooled, need something to cover their native smell. Talcum and face powder and rouge have only a faint metallic or earthy odor, but it must be taken up. In addition there is the smell of the container. Pottery and glass have no odor, but tin plate and box board have; and the lithographing, printing, and gluing all contribute to the potpourri. Rubber offset cannot be used for printing cosmetic labels because it smells so. So when the perfumer sets out to put the same odor into a complete assortment of cosmetics, he is faced with a score of different problems. Probably he will have to use a different formula for each item in the line. He may never succeed in matching exactly any two items. There are, indeed, not a half dozen cosmeticians among the thousand or more in this country and France who take any pains to match an odor accurately throughout a line of cosmetics. Mostly they hit as near as they can and take up the difference in advertising; but the trained nose can detect the differences.

Coloring is the only other operation that gives the cosmetician any trouble; and coloring it is that doth excruciate the very substance of his vexed soul. On the score of purity and safety it is perhaps enough to say that the colors used in cosmetics are those used also in foods. The riddle that

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forever baffles the cosmetician is what color to make his colors. His customers are no help to him: only a few women know anything at all about coloring their complexions.

The human being with a perfectly white skin does not exist. If you esteem yourself to be white, compare the color of your hand with that of the cigarette you hold. Nevertheless, more white face powder is consumed than all the various shades combined. The Latins will use nothing else. But in Great Britain, in Northern Europe and in all the British possessions except Canada, which follows the United States in cosmetic styles, a yellow tinted powder, known variously cream, rachel, etc., is now widely used. Here in North America the preference is for pink, generally—and erroneously—called flesh-tint. But wherever colored powders are used at all, all shades of red and yellow are used to some extent. And there is everywhere a steady, unpredictable fluctuation in the demand for the different shades. It is not quite the same thing as a style fluctuation, because no one color ever goes completely off the counter, but it carries with it all the maddening uncertainty of style change, plus the absence of any hint or warning of what to expect next. The only thing that saves the cosmetician's reason is that no single fluctuation is universal; if his market is wide enough the sum of all the changes will strike a fairly steady average demand.

One of the curiosities of the powder trade in this country is that while white and pink are the predominant shades, a great deal of brunette is used for daubing noses. Brunette is a yellow powder, a sort of dirty pinkish brown, somewhat lighter than the freshly clipped coat of a Chincoteague pony. To put brunette powder on the nose, and white or pink or both on the rest of the face, is supremely illogical and inartistic. Yet it is done.

Equally illogical is the blonde who enhances her charms with red, white and pink. A pink and white blonde is something rarer than an albino. Almost all blondes have decidedly yellow skins: they have much more color than brunettes. But only the occasional courageous and clear-sighted blonde accentuates her natural color with a rich reddish-yellow powder—not the house-beautiful tint popularized by recent excavations in Egypt, but the shade best described by the word ochre. This blonde, daring to laugh off the fetters of the pink-and-white convention, invariably scores a knockout.

IV

Nearly all American women use make-up; don't let them tell you different! Most of them do not use nearly enough. Many, of course, use too much at the wrong time, but that is another matter. Fifteen minutes observation at a congested street crossing will convince the most skeptical that there are more women who do not use enough make-up than there are who use too much; and that goes for any street crossing. The trouble is with our climate. The sunlight on this side of the world burns the natural color out of the human skin. The ruddy-cheeked immigrant quickly fades, and succeeding generations never recover. The native North American is characteristically a revolting shade of gray. Hence, although they still do not use enough, American women use more rouge and face powder per capita than their European cousins. And, parenthetically, because they get perfume in their powders, they use correspondingly less liquid perfume than the women of Europe. But the characteristic North American complexion will absorb more color than a brown wall paper, and millions of American women remain afraid of color. They are afraid of overdoing their make-up. They prefer to make themselves and all who see them wretched by appearing flat and under-done.

On the other hand, there are the dear girls who overdo it—bless their hearts! Generally they are quite unaware that they are overdoing it: they are the victims of their own ignorance. The majority of them have put on their war paint in either an

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artificial or a bad natural light, without considering the difference between either of them and the full light of day. This is what makes so many actresses look inhuman off the stage. They may appreciate the difference between a stage and a street make-up, but they try to put on both under the same light. Most of what actresses know about make-up is wrong. There are only a dozen or so on the American stage who do not move the cosmetician out in front to tears, and only six of these know how to make up their hands. As to making up for the street: the proper thing to do is to use a hand mirror and stand facing, as close as possible, the nearest and brightest window.

All this about the color of face powder goes double for rouges and lip salves, except that here, instead of fluctuations, there are definite style changes in shades. Some of the present rouge colors are quite hideous, especially the nameless drowned-blue and the Orangeman's Delight. Color styles in lip rouges conform to those of face rouges, but it would be more advantageous to the public welfare if the reverse were true. Face rouge is always partly masked by powder, so that an unsuitable color can be concealed. But a poor lip rouge will play the dickens. The appropriate shade is that which does the right thing by the teeth. No dentifrice is so important in whitening the teeth as lip rouge. Some reds will absorb all the color in a given set of teeth, leaving them as white as snow. Others will make the same teeth look like those of a tobacco-chewer. Let every woman look to her own teeth—no cosmetician can supply a rule.

But after all is said that may be about what the dear girls should or should not do, it still remains a hard problem to find the right shade of powder or rouge or lip stick, for the colors of cosmetics have not been standardized. Many American cosmeticians appreciate this obstacle to the attainment of perfect beauty, and have set up their own standards. So if, for example, you have found John Jones's pink appropriate to your pigmentation, you can be reasonably sure that the next box of his pink powder you buy will be the same shade of pink as the last, and so on. But should you tire of Jones's products and want to take up another brand, you will have a time of it matching that exact shade of pink. When Jones becomes Jean Duval the problem is further complicated, for the French make no attempt at color standardization. Each batch of powder or rouge that comes through Jean Duval's mill has an assortment of colors all its own.

A few half-hearted attempts have been made in America to establish a set of national color standards, but they have all failed. Every cosmetician clings to the idea that by sticking to his own standard he will strengthen his cliéntèle. It is a fond idea, indeed. For once the initial sale is passed the color and quality of powder and rouge and lip salve sink to minor importance. Quality really has nothing to do with popularity, for nearly all cosmetics are equally good. Regardless of prices and appearances they are all just about alike, and it is as difficult and expensive to make bad face powders and rouges as it is to make the best—if not more so. As long as they will stick on and are not rough they satisfy all the requirements of quality. It is the perfume that makes or breaks a cosmetic. The question whether one will buy John Jones's or Jean Duval's goods becomes a question of the preference for the perfume in the one or the other. And it is a question that can never be decided once and for all. For no perfume has yet been discovered that will please all women all the time.

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THE CAVALRY OF TOMORROW

BY E. L. M. BURNS

It seems, at first sight, unnecessary to argue at length that cavalry must one day abandon the horse, and take to a machine. All the armies of today move rapidly toward mechanicalization (as such movements go in peace time) and no arm can remain unchanged in the general revolution. One is, therefore, somewhat astonished when one learns that the cavalry of the world is now practically in the same state as it was in 1914, although almost all other arms have been reorganized as a consequence of the appearance of new weapons and new conditions. No cavalryman seems to see any necessity for increasing and developing the power of his arm; those who are articulate roar themselves hoarse trying to convince other soldiers that cavalry is as effective as it ever was; that in the Great War it did everything that was expected of it, and more; and that in the next war it will do even better, still mounted on its ramping and snorting chargers.

But what was the actual record of the cavalry in the late war? On the western front, a melancholy one, indeed. It accomplished very little, even before barbed wire and trenches began to stretch unbrokenly across France. The higher commanders, though still distrustful of air reconnaissance when hostilities opened, soon learned to depend on the flying corps for the greater part of their strategical information. Von der Marwitz, with his Second Cavalry Corps operating with von Kluck's First Army on the right of the German line during the wheel through Belgium and France, probably had the best opportunity to prove the efficacy of his arm that any cavalry commander had in the whole course of the war. Von Kluck wanted him to get around the flank of the British Expeditionary Force, to threaten its line of communications, which he supposed ran west to Calais and Boulogne, and by this means to force Sir John French to stand and fight. But von der Marwitz allowed himself to be held in check by weak forces of French Territorials—practically cripples and grandfathers—and never succeeded even in finding out that the British line of communications ran southwest to Havre. Von Kluck got this information eventually from the Supreme Command; meanwhile his conduct of operations had suffered very considerably from his bad guess.

The French cavalry were even worse: they got no information whatever, and spent their time charging valiantly at squadrons of Uhlans who drew them into ambuscades of machine-guns manned by jägers, brought up in motor-lorries. General Sordet's cavalry corps rode 220 miles in eight days, after which, the horses being exhausted, it lapsed into practical immobility, and remained that way until after the Aisne. The French were so disgusted that they radically altered their conception of the action of cavalry; its present tactics are those of straight mounted infantry. It is most amusing to contrast these performances with the cavalrymen's gaudy pre-war promises of a cavalry battle which should precede and largely determine the outcome of the shock of the main bodies. One is very much reminded of Stephen Leacock's horseman who "rode madly off in all directions." Of the rest of the struggle in the West it is not necessary to

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speak. Massed machine-guns, trenches and barbed-wire give the horse no chance; not even cavalrymen pretend that he can be effective under such conditions.

The only part of the Great War which the cavalry can really contemplate with satisfaction was the conclusion of the Palestine campaign. Here, indeed, there was an example of the classical cavalry action: a large force of mounted men sweeping around a flank and hurling themselves on the enemy's communications. The plan was entirely successful; the rout and surrender of the enemy followed, with little hard fighting for the cavalry or the infantry attacking frontally. At the same time, the following facts should not be lost sight of: the British outnumbered the Turks more than two to one; the Turks were dispirited, badly munitioned and badly fed; control of the Ottoman armies was divided between Liman von Sanders and jealous and incompetent pashas; the long continuance of "linear" trench tactics had paralyzed the defending commanders when open warfare began, with its necessity for quick decisions. Is it likely that such a combination of circumstances will occur again in first-class warfare? Nevertheless, the success was so complete, compared with the other "victories" of the war, that the means which produced it are unquestionably worth studying.

The decision was obtained by the power of rapid movement which the Australian and British mounted infantry possessed. (The men that did the work were not, strictly speaking, cavalry, that is, men trained for mounted shock action.) Before the Turks, hotly engaged in front, knew where they were, the Aussies and yeomanry were in their rear, in occupation of some of the important road junctions, and threatening others, and driving Liman von Sanders out of Nazareth in his night-shirt. There was little fighting; occasional groups of stout-hearted German machine-gunners caused delays of five or six hours, but they were too few to affect the issue. The mobility of the mounted divisions had beaten Jacko, who had always fought gallantly while he thought he had a chance.

II

Its mobility is precisely what gives cavalry its power. This is an extremely obvious axiom—but see how the orthodox cavalryman interprets it. He equates "horse" to "mobility." See the Regulations for Cavalry Training of the British Army: "The cavalryman's first and best weapon is his horse." This statement contains no more truth than the saying that "the infantryman's first and best weapon is the long-bow" would have contained in 1525. The horse is obsolescent now, as the long-bow was then. He loses ground steadily in civil life. Where a horse was used twenty-five years ago, a motor-car or tractor is used now, to the great increase of efficiency. It is only in the most primitive kinds of agricultural operations that anyone attempts to defend the use of the horse today on grounds of economy. The transport of armies is gradually becoming mechanicalized. For a while it was objected that horses could get along roads and over country, pulling wagons, that no automobile[1] could negotiate, but now caterpillar tractors have removed that disability. If money and army conservatism permitted, all transport for baggage, supplies, ammunition and the haulage of guns could be mechanicalized tomorrow. The machines giving the necessary performance are in existence. Such a transformation in the locomotive power of armies would be approved by all soldiers, I am convinced, once they got used to the idea, which now disconcerts them only by its novelty.

But it is remarkable that no one seems to have given any serious thought to the replacement of the horses of the cavalry by automobiles. There is, of course, no movement in this direction by cavalrymen themselves, and enthusiasts for mechanical warfare seem to believe that the arm is des-

[1]Where the word automobile occurs in this article, it is intended to signify any self-propelled vehicle.

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tined to be superseded altogether by aircraft and tanks, and so pay no attention to it save to bestow an occasional sneer upon it. But it seems to me to be very improbable that either of these new arms will be able to carry out the duties of cavalry efficiently for a good many years yet. Æroplanes can't land wherever they choose; therefore, they cannot exercise cavalry functions, which involve holding ground. They may find the enemy, but they can't be sure of keeping touch with him. Æroplanes, too, as is well known, have their usefulness much limited by wet or foggy weather, and when it is dark, even if they fly low and drop flares, enemy troops can remain concealed from them. They can't see people hidden in woods or villages. A rather exaggerated idea of their usefulness for the collection of information was formed during the trench warfare period of the late war, for it is easy for an æroplane observer to see a trench or gun emplacement. But it is quite difficult for him to see infantry carefully disposed in the open, taking advantage of all shadows cast by trees and bushes. The tank was designed for overcoming thick machine-gun resistance, but its heavy armor lessens its mobility; the crew is unable to see out of it very well. Tanks as now built are easy to ambush, and can't work without the protection of other troops. They can't hold ground, as they are very vulnerable to artillery fire when stationary.

Nevertheless, though the cavalry can't be replaced by tanks or aircraft, it will always suffer from many disadvantages in modern war so long as it depends on the horse for getting about. The chief of these disadvantages is that the horse is very vulnerable on account of his bulk. He offers an easy target to riflemen and machine-gunners at ranges where men would be hard to see. It is almost impossible to hide him; he only finds safety in movement, preferably away from the enemy. If he is to be well looked after when he isn't working, he must be concentrated in standings, and these are hard to conceal, and attract bombing planes. A bomb in the middle of one of these groups of horses will kill and disable a great number of them, for horses can't lie flat on the ground like men. For their protection against splinters (which do most of the damage) it is necessary to build earth walls about five feet high and two feet thick, and this means arduous labor for many men. Also, when a horse has been killed, he has to be buried. More digging for the unfortunates who have charge of him, or, perhaps, even more unjustly, for the poor infantrymen whose home he dies near.

The rations he must have to keep him in condition are very bulky and inconvenient to handle. In the British cavalry some 1000 horses and mules are needed to move a force which can put one field gun, four machine-guns, seven light machine-guns and ninety-four riflemen into the firing line. These thousand horses devour twelve tons of forage daily. A horse also needs a great deal of water, about eight gallons a day, and if he doesn't get it he soon becomes unfit for work. Providing this water in such drought-stricken theatres of war as Palestine is usually the most harassing problem of the staff. A horse, obviously, cannot get through a barbed-wire obstacle. No cavalryman would think of attempting it. I was once told that it is possible to jump barbed-wire fences by dismounting first and laying a handkerchief on the top strand, so that the horse knows how high he has to jump, but I don't believe this ever proved practicable under battle conditions.

A cavalry charger needs a great deal of training and conditioning before he is efficient. Only superior types of horses can do the work. Getting remounts was difficult enough in the late war, and will be still more difficult in the future, as there will be far smaller reserves of horses to draw from, owing to their elimination from the economic life of the world. And then, how is the horse to be protected from the effects

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of gas—which, in spite of the pious resolutions of the League of Nations, will certainly be used to a much greater extent in the next war than it was in the last? Try to get a bag over a horse's head when he is frightened, and if you succeed, try to get him to work! Finally, horse manure, as everyone knows, is the favorite incubator and *crèche* of flies. In the field, it is very difficult to dispose of it in accordance with sound hygienic principles. Getting rid of it would be another step towards the elimination of disease-wastage in fighting forces.

III

The above chronicle of defects ought to be enough to convince anyone who has not had a cavalry training that the horse is not to be depended on for warfare in this enlightened age. How, then, shall we replace him? Simply, I believe, by using an automobile that will go anywhere he can go, at the same or a better speed. Such a machine should not be hard to devise. Competent mechanical engineers could produce a model in a month. It is merely a question of adapting the devices already evolved for traversing rough ground to the particular requirements of cavalry. Let me describe the cavalry automobile as I think it should be.

It should be capable of travelling on fair roads at an average rate of twenty miles an hour over distances up to one hundred miles, and to move at fifteen miles an hour over good cavalry country, *i. e.*, terrain permitting mounted men to manœuvre at a gallop. Its structure should be such that it could break through a medium wire entanglement, and also cross ditches of the sort dug for the drainage of fields or roads, say up to six feet wide. It should carry four or five men, including the driver, and have a light machine-gun which could be fired in any direction while the machine was in motion, and be taken off and fired from the ground when the detachment was fighting dismounted. The seating of the men would have to be arranged so that they could get off and away from the machine instantly; on this would depend their safety if they came under heavy fire. The vehicle should be as low and as narrow as possible—low, so as to present a smaller target in the open, and narrow, so as to be able to go along tracks through woods, and other defiles. It would be useful if the most vulnerable parts of the machinery could be brought close together, and protected by armor; a dual driving control might also be advisable. The whole should move, of course, on caterpillar tracks, or on some combination of wheels and tracks.

There are now many vehicles past the experimental stage coming close to these specifications in one respect or another. Tanks, carrying heavy armor, can now go across country at fifteen miles an hour, and of course break through obstacles, and cross wide ditches. Special six- or eight-wheeled French motor-cars cross the Sahara. Citroen makes a small wheel and track motor-car which may be used as the mount of the commander of a mechanically drawn field battery, and has been found satisfactory for this purpose by the British army. A company has been formed to utilize the system of springing caterpillar tracks invented by the men who designed the fast-moving British tanks. It has produced a "roadless traction" motor-truck for civil use, and has shown it before the United States War Department. The test, I understand, was a success for the machine: it was certainly impressive to see it, in moving pictures, slithering unconcernedly through loose sand on side-hills, and deep muddy pools in hollows.

Very little change in such a machine would render it most effective for cavalry purposes. It made the trip from New York to Washington as easily as a wheeled motor-truck. The makers claim that it will eventually replace wheeled trucks for road work, even, as it does not destroy the surface. Ford cars, with Lewis guns mounted on them and carrying a crew of four, were used by the Australians in Pal-

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estine for cavalry duties. They escorted Lord Allenby on many of his reconnaissances before the second battle of Gaza, and acted as rear-guard, very usefully, to a cavalry brigade retreating, on one occasion. They were active too, in the final advance.

These examples, I think, will show that there is nothing outrageously visionary in the notion of a machine which will move men wherever a horse will, and more rapidly. It seems to me that a mechanical cavalry would have very considerable advantages over horse cavalry. A great many of the troubles of the mounted arm would disappear immediately: the remount difficulty, the problems of keeping horses fighting fit on active service, teaching recruits to ride and look after their horses, and so on. The vulnerability of cavalry would be very much reduced. Instead of the considerable mass of five horses, the machine gunner or rifleman would have as a target a car of about the plan dimensions of a Ford, but only two-thirds as high. A hit almost anywhere on a horse will stop him, or at least eventually need attention, but hits in non-vital parts of the machine would not matter. It would be much easier to conceal it from the air; it could carry a camouflage net.

Offensively, the machine should be far more dangerous than the horse. Its long range mobility would be greater. I believe it could successfully attack unshaken infantry by reason of its capacity for sustained speed (no matter whether it had made an approach march of five miles or five hundred), its power of breaking through obstacles, and firing while in motion. (Machine-gun fire from rapidly moving tanks has proven quite effective.) For dismounted action, mechanical cavalry would also be superior; one man could take it back from the firing line and bring it up again faster and under better control than he could four horses. It would be easier to conceal than the horses, too.

It may be thought that there would be compensating disadvantages in the adoption of automobiles. Skilled mechanics would be needed to replace the skilled horsemen; if horses play out, machines break down: the horse consumes bulky rations and needs a lot of water; the machine would require a lot of gasoline, which would be hard to supply if it were operating far from its base. However, these mechanical and fuel difficulties could be overcome by good organization, and it will be easier to organize in the future for the maintenance of mechanism than for the maintenance of horseflesh. Mechanical cavalry at first might not be much more efficient than horsemen, but, as experience was gained, the automobile would almost certainly be improved in speed, manœuvring power, and reliability. That, to my mind, is the deciding argument: a machine could be improved, the horse cannot.

It may also be objected that this proposal is merely for the production of an inferior kind of tank, and that if the army is to be mechanicalized it will be better to concentrate effort on the perfection of the armored type. Perhaps so, but even if it is granted that every arm of the service will turn into some kind of tank, as Col. J. F. C. Fuller predicts, experiment with light cross-country automobiles will still be of value. They will cost very much less than tanks; a given amount of money expended working with the cavalry machine will teach us more about cross-country transport at high speeds than if it is spent building tanks. Moving troops across country at high speeds is the fundamental problem which soldiers and scientists who deal in destruction have to solve. The mass of national armies is too great to allow their being moved by road and rail at a speed which permits surprise, and without surprise it is very difficult to defeat even an inferior force on the defensive.

Mobility has not increased with fire power; it has rather declined. A modern army could not make the marches Marlborough's soldiers did. All this increases the power of the defensive; decisions are

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delayed, and it is now almost impossible for skill in strategy or tactics to achieve anything. If war is ever to be an art again, armies must be put on wheels. With a rapid-moving, hard-hitting force, such as mechanical cavalry might be, a commander would have a weapon with which he could effect surprise, and perhaps win great victories at small loss.

IV

By now, probably, the reader is getting suspicious. With all these weighty arguments for the abolition of the cavalry horse, and the adoption of an automobile, why is the change not made? Soldiers are not altogether fools, whatever Bernard Shaw may say; there must be some reasons, unmentioned so far, why the horse is still on the establishment.

The reason, as I see it, is this: No mechanically propelled vehicle is actually in existence which will exactly fulfil the cavalry requirements. Therefore the orthodox cavalryman, who is a fellow of little imagination, thinks the horse is the best possible mount for him. He knows the tank can cross country and defeat infantry, but it is blind, and is not mobile over long distances; that rules it out for his work. The motor-car is very mobile over long distances on tolerable roads, but it can't very well go off them to fight. That rules it out, too. There are no other types of automobile that he knows; *ergo*, there never *will* be any others, and it is not desirable that there should be. But if only a model machine were constructed, and shown to the Gadsbys, they would be converted at once—or all of them except the last rank of die-hard horsemen.

The influence of this last rank—the fanatical worshippers of *Equus caballus*—is not to be discounted by any means. They are, in general, the cavalry officers of longest service, those who have attained the highest ranks; consequently, their prejudices are the laws of those under their authority. Take away their horses, they feel, and there remains nothing; the soul whereby they live is destroyed. Horsemen first, and soldiers afterward, they are unable to separate the concept "cavalry"—a highly mobile fighting arm—from the concept "horse"—an extremely stupid quadruped with long legs. They regard any reflections against the usefulness of their idolized beasts as the most impious kind of blasphemy. The smell of the stable is as incense to their nostrils; at heart they are all Barney Googles, slobbering over their Spark Plugs. They look on the horse as a romantic symbol of personal superiority; it is a knightly privilege to ride one.

Such convictions are not easily changed. While those who hold to them are still in the majority in high places, no progress will be made in the modernization of cavalry, but unless the arm is to die outright, sooner or later the horse must give place to the machine. The army that makes the change soonest may expect to have the best cavalry in the next war, and possibly it may have a surprisingly efficient instrument, giving it an advantage over its enemies comparable to that which the tanks gave to the Allies.

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AMERICANA

ALABAMA

PRIZES for the encouragement of literary endeavor in Alabama, announced through the State Federation of Women's Clubs:

1. Press and Authors Club, Montgomery: $10 for the best rondeau.
2. Mildred Reynolds Saffold: loving cup, to be known as the Mary Whiting Barrington Memorial Cup, to be presented each year to the person writing the best sonnet.
3. Mrs. G. H. Tatus, Greenville: $5 for the best love story.
4. Kate Slaughter McKinney (Katydid): $5 for the one who writes the most poetry during the year, including herself.
5. Student Writers, Selma: $10 for the best storiette.
6. Scribblers Club, Selma: $5 for the best sonnet or brief story.
7. Mrs. Val Taylor, Uniontown: $10 for the best essay on "Higher Education of Women."
8. Bessemer Writers' Club: $10 for the best short story.
9. Maud Lindsay, Sheffield: a prize for the best ballad of not more than 64 lines. Subject, "Jinny Bean's Ride at the Battle of King's Mountain."
10. Mrs. C. B. Jaynes: $10 for metrical verse.
11. Mrs. J. E. Penny: $10 for the best short story.
12. Mrs. Mant Hood (through the Exclusive Furniture Shop): $10 for the best essay on "Home Decoration."
13. Birmingham Quill Club: $10 for the best article of a devotional nature, not to exceed 1,000 words.

ARKANSAS

PLATFORM of the Missionary Baptists of Oakland:

> We do not allow our members to dance, play cards, get drunk, or play ball or golf on Sunday; or men and women to go bathing together. These things should not be practiced by a Christian person. . . .
>
> O. L. LIERLY, *Pastor*

CALIFORNIA

STRONG and sarcastic words of the Hon. Ted W. Goodyear, of Lankershim, directed at him who stripped his automobile, as set forth in the Los Angeles *Times:*

> Mere words are incapable of expressing my heartfelt thanks to you for leaving the paint on my car, and the air in the tires.
>
> But I double dare you to return for that. If there is in you any of the spirit of Jesse James and Rube Burrows, whom you so earnestly try to emulate, and you should try to return and get the dust and bills on the car, you will find an automatic shotgun that can empty five charges of buckshot over ninety degrees of Lankershim in nothing flat. If that isn't hospitality enough for you, maybe some soft noses will suffice.
>
> In my estimation you are lower than whale tracks on the bottom of the ocean. You would sell your dead grandmother's skin for sausage casings.
>
> Only the censorship of this newspaper prevents me from stating how, why and just what I really think of you.
>
> Mispah, Kismet, Selah and Auf Wiedersehen! May the Lord forgive you as I do—not! I hope I have made myself sufficiently clear.

COLORADO

REASSURING news for tourists from the Rev. James Thomas, a gifted Denver divine, as reported in the eminent *News* of the same up-and-coming metropolis:

> Denver is wet, exceedingly wet. Anybody can get liquor here—boys and girls as well as adults.

HEADLINE from the same great public journal:

> ROTARY CLUB WILL LEAD CITY
> IN GENERAL PRAYERS FOR RAIN
>
> RESOLUTION SETS TWO MINUTES OF NEXT
> WEDNESDAY'S NOON HOUR FOR INVOCATION

CONNECTICUT

INDIGNANT outburst of the Waterbury *Democrat*, a Christian newspaper:

> Even the beasts of the field have a better conception of their duties towards life and for what they were created than these so-called people advocating birth control. . . . If there are those who believe and practice such a custom, it would indeed be a great relief to society in general if they kept their opinions and dirty tricks to themselves and not try to get laws passed whereby every decent citizen in Connecticut will by their very passage have to give his sanction to their barnyard antics.

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

LUGUBRIOUS picture of the end-results of years of moral endeavor in the Republic, from an appeal for funds issued by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

> Fifteen years ago, race gambling had been practically outlawed and suppressed in the United States. Today it flourishes. . . . A great new track has just been opened at Miami, Florida.
>
> A generation ago the literature being read by our young people may have been mushy but it was not vicious. Today . . . Hendrik Willem van Loon says: "At the nearest news-stand, you will find available for common use and at small cost, the foulest collection of smut, dirt and plain pornography ever offered to an unsuspecting public in the name of literature." . . .
>
> Of the motion picture problem, it is hardly necessary to speak. . . .
>
> Of the stage Hamlin Garland says, "The woman libertine is in process of glorification." And in further protest against the character of dancing now common in many of our high-schools, he declares: "The men and women who made America, who cleared the forests, founded cities and established schools, did not dance suggestive dances to the sound of a jazz band."
>
> Half a generation ago, prize-fighting had been driven from America by the clean sport instinct of the people. Today we have it everywhere. . . .
>
> In the matter of Prohibition, we are . . . not reaching the people as we should. We are not succeeding in securing control of the executive and judicial branches of the government for friends of law.

FLORIDA

RECREATIONS of the rev. clergy at Palm Beach, as described by the learned *Post* of that charming Sodom:

> The Rev. Felix J. Clarkson, of St. Ann's Catholic Church, and the Rev. L. M. Broyles, of the First Methodist Church of this city, made a decided hit with an impromptu song and dance before about 100 members of the West Palm Beach Rotary Club. . . . They, in company with E. J. Booth, confectioner, and A. L. Matthews, developer, sang one verse of "I'm a Little Prairie Flower, Growing Wilder Every Hour," and in conclusion executed a neat whirl.

GEORGIA

DISQUIETING note by the Hon. James M. Rogers, lay leader of the South Georgia Methodist Conference, in the eminent *Wesleyan Christian Advocate:*

> The city of Savannah recently put on an admirable scheme called the Savannah Home Visitation. In accordance with the plan, every home was visited and a card indicating certain facts, including church preference, was signed by the inmate of the home. One of the cards stated a preference for Trinity Methodist Church, and the card went under the plan to the pastor of that church. One of the stewards of Trinity called at the home shown on the card and was smilingly greeted by a Negro woman.

SPECIMEN of music criticism from the Atlanta *Constitution:*

> "Lohengrin," Wagner's lovely opera, has reached every nook and corner of the civilized world, the strains of the wedding march having rung out for thousands of happy brides. The other lovely Grail harmonies—the Swan motive, the Prayer of the King, *the Pilgrim's chorus* and *the Spinning song* are played the world over.

APOTHEGMS of Mrs. Mary Harris Armour, president of the Georgia State W. C. T. U., as reported by the *Georgia Cracker:*

> The Volstead Act is a part of God's plan.
>
> Prayer is a greater force than electricity.
>
> When the Bible speaks favorably of wine, it means unfermented wine. When it speaks unfavorably of wine, it means fermented wine.

WHAT the editorial writer of the distinguished Savannah *News* can do when the blood leaps within him and he spits on his hands:

> Who should have faith in Georgia? The other States of the Union, when they know Georgia, have faith in Georgia; the people of other sections, as soon as they learn Georgia, express faith in Georgia; foreigners, when they visit Georgia, are positive and cordial in their statement of faith in Georgia—the Georgia of the yesterdays, the Georgia of the future, and the Georgia of the vital today! Who should have faith in Georgia? Certainly Georgians. All Georgians. Every Georgian. . . . "Have Faith in Georgia." It is worthy!

How the lovers of the drama in white, Protestant, 100% Atlanta received the boob-shocker, "Simon Called Peter," as described by the moral *Georgian:*

> The audience sat there all quivering for situations, and on every occasion—and there were many of them—when it seemed likely that the bounds of decency were to be overstepped, it noisily voiced its approval with certain intimate ejaculations, such as "Oh, boy!", to make it very plain that it understood the very minutest detail of what was going forward.

THE final adjournment of Art in the Invisible Empire, as shown by a headline in the same paper:

> GUTZON BORGLUM DISMISSAL
> IS APPROVED BY ROTARIANS

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PROGRESS of lawlessness among the Oglethorpe county blackamoors, as reported in a dispatch from Lexington to the Atlanta prints:

> Singlehanded, W. T. Patton, well known Oglethorpe county farmer, Monday afternoon held off a crowd of white citizens who demanded that he turn over to them Bob Waller and Julie Wise, two Negroes who earlier in the day *had prevented two white men from robbing them.*

HAWAII

How Christians are made in the Sandwich Islands, as revealed by the erudite Honolulu *Star-Bulletin:*

> Honolulu will be warned within the next few weeks that the people of the city are turning away from God; and that warning will come in the shape of a large number of sudden deaths among those who are unbelievers, was the statement made Sunday night by Dr. French E. Oliver, evangelist, speaking at the Oliver Tabernacle on Punchbowl street, to a crowd of Honolulans, who almost filled the building. "During the past twelve months there has been a rapid increase in the number of sudden and violent deaths," said Dr. Oliver. "Between 95 and 98 per cent of those who were killed have been shown by statistics to have been non-professed Christians."

ILLINOIS

THE process of Americanization before David, J., of the Chicago bench, as described by the distinguished *Abendpost:*

> Solch schöne Vornamen wie Konstantinopopolos, Kakalowitschki und Jazefizz haben wenig Aussicht, vor den Amerikanisierungsbestrebungen Richter Davids bestehen zu bleiben. Dies deutete er an, als gestern an die 200 Bewerber um das Bürgerrecht vor ihm erschienen und der diensttuende Schreiber die schier endlose Liste von Jazefizzen, Stanisläusen und Kakalowitschkis zu verlesen begann.
>
> "Ich glaube," so sagte Richter David, "dasz es erheblich leichter ist, ein guter amerikanischer Bürger zu werden, wenn man auch einen guten amerikanischen Vornamen besitzt."
>
> Jazefizz Skawskonie, der in Begleitung seines bereits längere Zeit in Amerika weilenden Vaters erschienen war, zeigte sich damit einverstanden, das "Jazefizz" an den Nagel zu hängen und dafür den weniger an ein Antiprohibitionsgetränt erinnernden Namen "Joseph" zu adoptieren.
>
> Als Richter David aber Anstalten machte, ihm auch noch "Coolidge" als Mittelnamen aufzuhängen, protestierte der ältere Skawskonie mit der Erklärung, er sei ein Demokrat und wünsche keinen "Coolidge" in der Familie zu haben.

ROUSING literary note from a critical reader of the Chicago *Tribune:*

> Michael Arlen . . . is greater than Shakespeare, greater than all—and the greatest goes unnoticed. Wake up, you would-be intellectuals, and strain your throats in demand for the genius of all the ages!
>
> GLEN BAHNE

INDIANA

LESSON in 100% Americanism, credited to Travis, C. J., of the Supreme Court of Indiana, by the learned Indianapolis *News:*

> Young people, do not be led astray by the theory of voting for the man and not for the party. Vote the straight Republican ticket regardless of the qualifications of the candidate for office. If your parents told you, and you knew it to be true, that the mail carrier who delivers letters at your door was an immoral man, would that prevent you from accepting a letter from him? The same proposition holds in politics. Even though you know a man to be incompetent, even though you know him to be immoral, vote for him because he represents the Republican ticket.

IOWA

FAILURE of the Americanization movement in the Bonus Belt, as reported by the watchful *Iowa Legionaire:*

> Some Iowa teachers are opposed to teaching "The Star-Spangled Banner," say that nationalism should never be stressed and internationalism should be, do not believe in awarding prizes for essay contests on Americanism, and defy the State Americanization laws as far as they dare when they feel so disposed. . . . A certain minister of an Iowa church has been in this country thirty years without becoming a citizen, and says he never will be. . . .

KANSAS

PROGRESS of the New Morality on the steppes, as revealed by the enterprising Kinsley *Graphic:*

> Boys are forbidden to play marbles in McPherson, because it teaches them gambling.

KENTUCKY

DEDICATION of a work entitled "Evolution —A Menace," by the Rev. J. W. Porter of Springfield:

> Dedicated to my beloved and womanly wife, on whose brow is stamped the likeness of Him in whose image she was created, and whose pure and noble blood is untainted by that of insect, reptile, fowl, or beast.

THE New Jurisprudence in the feud country:

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Ward Lankford, a . . . mountaineer near Harland, has been sentenced to ten years in State's prison for stealing 50 cents from visitors in jail. . . . The same term was given to John Wyatt, convicted of murdering a woman.

LOUISIANA

TRIUMPH of Fundamentalism in the swamps along the Mississippi, as reported from New Orleans:

Louisiana planters, facing another year of drought, have decided to rely once more upon the prayers of Christians and the nocturnal rites of voodoo doctors to bring rain, rather than spend their shrinking funds buying showers from Charles Hatfield, rain maker of the Imperial Valley of California.

A PRESS dispatch from Shreveport:

Details of a flogging in which John Barker, 60 years old, of Cedar Grove, was the victim were made public today at the office of Sheriff Hughes. . . . Disapproval of the style of dress worn by Barker's 15-year-old daughter, Jewel, is said to have been the motive for the attack upon Barker, who was brutally beaten with a leather strap. The Barker girl had been wearing bloomers while riding a bicycle.

MARYLAND

NEW world's champion discovered in Baltimore by the eminent *Evening Sunpaper:*

Mrs. Eugene Cordell represented the Gold Star Mothers at the funeral services. Today's, she said, was the 253rd such ceremony she has attended.

CONTRIBUTION to medical science from a reader of the same great journal:

My mother was sick four years with the dropsy. She was tapped three times and the doctors took sixteen gallons of water from her. Then she died at the age of 40 years. I am now 74 years old. When I was at the age of 40 I had the dropsy. The doctor attended me eight weeks and then he told me he could not do anything more for me; that my mother had dropsy and I had taken it from her. The more medicine I took the worse I got. I had a wife and six small children and I did not want to die and leave my family. I took all the dropsy cures I knew of; none did any good. At last I found the only remedy that will cure dropsy.

I took a pint of common table salt and put it in the bathtub with about six gallons of warm water; kept all my underclothing on; got in the tub and soaked them good with the salt water and then went to bed and slept soundly. The next morning when I got out of bed the dropsy and the swelling were all gone. That was thirty-four years ago and I have never had any return of the dropsy.

WESLEY F. BANKARD

MASSACHUSETTS

CHRISTIAN advice to the corrupt youth of Boston, from the Rev. J. C. Massee, D.D., of the Tremont Temple Baptist Church:

Petting is adultery. Petting is a social device of the devil for turning the body into a brothel for the excitation and indulgence of sensual emotions, and the revelling in mental enjoyment of the physical indulgence of unholy desire. You cannot be a Christian and pet.

FURTHER proof that a Harvard education sharpens the mind and cultivates good taste, gleaned from a report in the *Crimson*, the college daily:

What does the Harvard man read? . . . The *Saturday Evening Post* . . . leads with about 1000 copies a month sold on the Square. The sales of *Liberty* are of about half that volume. . . . Among the monthly periodicals, over 300 *Cosmopolitans* are sold each issue. The *Red Book's* sales figures hover near the 225 mark. . . . The *Atlantic Monthly* just fails to reach 50, while 25 of *Harper's* leave the counter meantime, and about a dozen of *Scribner's*.

MICHIGAN

How souls are saved in Kalamazoo, as disclosed by an advertisement in the celebrated *Gazette:*

SOAP AND SALVATION FREE

14TH JOYOUS GIFT NIGHT

*10 CENT SIZE "IDEAL" TOILET SOAP FREE TO EVERY LADY

LIVELY RE-JOY-SING AT 7 SHARP

Gospel Sermon Subject:

"THE MUDDY LIVES OF AMERICAN MEN"

That old sweet song

"WHITER THAN SNOW"

sung by Mr. Klump

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

*Handed to you by smiling young ladies in the lower lobby, on your way out.

MINNESOTA

EDITORIAL amenities along the Rum river, as revealed by a front page leader in the esteemed Osseo *Press:*

J. T. G. Roe, editor of the Anoka *Beacon*, should be lynched, parboiled, vitriolized, quartered and his remains hung on a fence to dry. In flaming headlines he accuses us of attempted suicide in his last issue of his 2x4 measly, mangy sheet.

This long, lean, lanky, lantern-jawed, lop-eared, lop-sided, long-faced, hollow-eyed, pot-bellied, carping, whimpering wampus, this

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cross between a jelly-fish and a cur will answer to us, not in a libel suit, but personally.

We admit that we were ill last Wednesday evening. But to accuse us of self-destruction could only originate in the mind of an imbecile.

We have always safeguarded our health. It has been our custom after a hard day's work to step to the kitchen cabinet and take a tonic before retiring and upon arising in the morning.

We were about to retire and from custom reached into the cabinet and took a large, healthy swig and after quite a draught we noticed that the taste was off. Our better half had been housecleaning and accidently placed a bottle of O'Cedar in the cabinet. This is what we got hold of, but we wish to say that we were only slightly indisposed for a short interval.

MISSISSIPPI

How the Christian law-makers at Jackson prepare for their noble and profound labors:

In the Department of Education every Monday morning the State officials gather, along with the large staff of stenographers, secretaries and clerks, and for fifteen minutes they participate in . . . a State prayer meeting. . . .

MISSOURI

CONTRIBUTION to political science from the learned editorial writer of the St. Louis *Censor:*

Another and quite as serious an objection to Mr. Igoe [candidate for mayor] is that he has never taken enough interest in his country's welfare to get married. He is a bachelor . . . and as such has small claim on the mayor's office. . . . No bachelor can be a good mayor.

NEBRASKA

GUARDING the morals of the female students of Union College:

Co-eds of Union College . . . were ordered by President Prescott to garb themselves in clothing in no way conspicuous. He prescribed the following: Skirts not more than nine inches from the ground, elbow-length sleeves, closely-fitting collars and rougeless faces. . . . Girls who fail to comply with the ruling will not be permitted to attend classes, he said.

NEW JERSEY

REWARDS of the heroes of democracy in seaboard New Jersey, as revealed by the Somers Point correspondent of the Atlantic City *Gazette-Review:*

The ladies of the Civic Club have been planning for a long time to erect some kind of a memorial to the boys of the Point who lost their lives in the World War. Several prominent ladies suggested that a comfort station would be a fitting memorial.

THE rise of literary passion in the shadow of Whitman's tomb, as evidenced by a leading article in the distinguished Camden *Courier:*

There are still some folks who read poetry, and philosophy, and learned essays. Perhaps they are getting more real-life stuff than the millions who jazz down Fiction Highway. But for good reading, live reading, *reading that does something to you,* give us the advertisements in which the life of the day is reflected. The real estate ads, for example.

NEW YORK

PROUD boast of the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton:

Calvary Baptist Church . . . was the first church to put in a radio broadcasting station of its own, and is the first church in saving souls in New York City.

The process of saving them, as revealed by a news report of a recent corporation meeting at Dr. Straton's church:

Men and women leaped to their feet trying to shout each other down, men were pushed back into their chairs, private quarrels raged, charges of fraudulent voting were hurled. . . . Mr. R. Buzbee, the church's attorney, left the auditorium . . . after Supreme Court Justice William Harmon Black, head of the Board of Trustees, roared: "If he won't go out, we will put him out."

NORTH CAROLINA

FURTHER proof of the efficacy of prayer, gathered from a Burlington dispatch to the Raleigh *News and Observer:*

Evangelist Ham was just concluding his sermon to a congregation of approximately 3,000 persons when a rather heavy shower of rain began to beat a lively tattoo on the roof of the immense pine tabernacle which is housing the campaign here.

"Lord, if consistent with Thy will, stop the rain and give these folks an opportunity to get home" were the closing words of the evangelist's prayer of dismissal. By the time the crowd had reached the doors the rain had completely stopped. . . . Many are offering this in support of their claim that God answers such prayers. It is cited that Evangelist Ham on two occasions in his campaign in Durham two years ago offered such prayers, even omitting the qualifying phrase "if it be Thy will" and that in both instances the rain stopped immediately.

OHIO

MASTERPIECE of euphemism in the columns of the eminent Cleveland *Star-Reporter:*

Battling for her honor with her whole strength and screaming in terror as she felt herself being overpowered, a Dane street house-

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wife was rescued by police this week when they entered just as a burly brute had forced the woman into an illicit liaison.

A BILL recently introduced in the Ohio General Assembly by the Hon. Mr. Bender:

A BILL

To drive hypocrites out of public life

Whoever, being a duly elected member of any legislative body, or being any other duly elected or appointed officer of the State, or of any county, township, municipality, or school district and having taken an oath of office to support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of Ohio, drinks intoxicating liquor as a beverage during his term of office shall be guilty of a felony and shall be fined not more than five thousand dollars and imprisoned in the penitentiary not less than one year nor more than five years.

THE Cincinnati *Times-Star* in defense of the county's men of vision:

It is too bad to record . . . that . . . there is a rising tide of antagonism to the luncheon clubs in which American business men meet once a week to discuss over a rather simple meal matters of interest to them and their communities. Rotarians, Kiwanians and similar groups writhe under the lash of the "younger intellectuals"; . . . Why are the younger intellectuals so scornful? Only on the surface is the matter puzzling. Sit in at one of these luncheons and you have the answer. The men you meet there are successful men with a vent to the practical. . . . No wild women dance on the table. No synthetic gin is served. If there is a piano in the room and the custom of choral singing, the songs in which the members join are likely to be standard things, with little jazz stuff and almost no "blues." They tell no off-color stories. They do not read Ben Hecht, or James Joyce, . . .

Actual behavior of the same men of vision in Ohio, as revealed by a letter in the *Buckeye*, official bulletin of the State Kiwanis District:

At the Youngstown meet . . . some of the visitors acted as though the Eighteenth Amendment were not a part of the law. In addition to general rowdyism, throwing of food, putting water in toy balloons, and spewing on the floor . . . they had a noise producing instrument which was an absolute nuisance. . . . At one meeting in Alliance the members of one visiting club wrecked the industrial exhibit and the cloak room, pushing the attendants aside and throwing all apparel not theirs on the floor in heaps.

OREGON

LITERARY note from the eminent Portland *Oregonian:*

Miss Anne M. Mulheron, librarian of the city . . . declared that the readers of the best books in Portland were those incarcerated in the county jail.

SOUTH DAKOTA

ÆSTHETIC appreciation among the lawmakers of this sterling American State, as disclosed in the enterprising Sioux Falls *Press:*

Discussing a proposed appropriation of $10,000 for the purchase of land for a State experimental rose garden, Representative Berry remarked: "If the money was for grounds for raising beans, I might be for it, but I don't see any use in buying ground to raise flowers on."

TEXAS

TRIUMPH of Fundamentalism among the Texas *Gelehrten*, as revealed by a resolution of the Board of Regents of the State University:

Be It Resolved by the Board of Regents that no infidel, atheist, or agnostic be employed in any capacity in the University of Texas.

UTAH

How God is served among the Gentiles, as revealed by the *Standard-Examiner* of Ogden:

CROSSWORD PUZZLE SERVICE

The puzzle will be solved by the congregation during the service.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

TWENTY-FOURTH STREET AND MADISON AVENUE

Sunday 7:30

WASHINGTON

FROM the report of a divorce suit in Spokane:

Because at breakfast her husband milked milk from the goat's udder directly into his coffee, the wife is suing for divorce. She insists that neither she nor any other person of refinement can stand such table manners.

WISCONSIN

WORKINGS of the Holy Spirit in the faubourgs of Fond du Lac, as disclosed in a United Press dispatch from that fair city:

The little village of St. Nazianz is in a turmoil of excitement over a seemingly superhuman occurrence reported to the parish priest by a dozen relatives and the nurse who were watching at the death bed of Mrs. William Broeket. According to the story, at the moment of the woman's death the whole house was enveloped in a blinding light and watchers say they heard a faint noise resembling the fluttering of wings.

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NAPOLEON BREAKS THOMAS JEFFERSON

BY WILLIAM E. DODD

"Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God."—THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Works* (P. L. Ford) IV, 85.

BRUSK and buoyant John Adams cheerfully took upon his shoulders the mantle which Washington threw down with so much disgust in 1797, only to yield four years later, in a towering rage, to the gentle, insinuating Thomas Jefferson, tall and lean, sallow of look and freckle-faced; a big-boned farmer from the high hills of Virginia, dressed in brownish, well-worn coat, red waistcoat, baggy trousers and drab, yarn stockings always slipping down from his meagre calves; a man just approaching his sixtieth year, experienced in all the ways of politics, American and European; a radical who had confiscated rich men's lands, broken up established churches and turned privileged oldest sons out of their estates; a cheerful sunny man, withal, who could say: "Let us never go so long as twenty years without a revolution"; one of the strange and marvelous products of the rising farmer empire which the world was soon to fear as America; more popular in his day than Washington ever dreamed of being, more of a king of his five million subjects than Napoleon was master of the turbulent, changeful population of France. I think of no figure in all the throng of politicians and statesmen who have broken their heads and hearts trying to reach the White House that matches the gentle philosopher whom history in 1801 made the peer and rival of Napoleon and William Pitt.

It was a critical moment in the history of the world. Napoleon was just taking upon himself the leadership of France and drawing to a close one of his most brilliant military campaigns, with Italy, Austria and Germany at his feet and with Great Britain about to sign the agreement of Amiens in the hope of winning a breathing spell, and getting time to cast about for other means of breaking the power of the impudent Corsican. All the world looked with interest and anxiety upon the great stage of Europe, well aware that the destinies of the smallest republic might be determined by sudden decisions made on German battlefields.

Three remarkable men then held within their grasp the fortunes of the peoples of western civilization: Napoleon, short, sour, sallow of mien, ill-educated, a consummate actor, feeding by day and by night upon imperial schemes for the rearrangement of the map of the world. He was, at the moment, undisputed master of revolutionary and energetic France, with a million fighting men at his call. His chief opponent was William Pitt, Prime Minister of England, the director of a net-work of trade and naval arrangements, and the head of an oligarchy of privileged noblemen and crafty tradesmen unmatched since the days of the ancient Roman Senate; ill-educated, arbitrary, as autocratic as Napoleon himself, but master of a thousand ships of war which muddied the waters of every sea in the world. Napoleon would rearrange, consolidate and command continental Europe; Pitt, already commanding the seas, would thwart, defeat and dethrone Napoleon. That was the issue; and neither principle, nor treasures nor the lives of millions of men mattered.

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With neither of these would Jefferson have aught to do. To him Europe was the cockpit of the ages, the ruin of all who were drawn into it. To him Napoleon was the Attila of the Continent and Pitt the tyrant of the seas. "Thank God, the Atlantic is three thousand miles wide; if it were only a sea of fire"—then might his beloved race of farmers build anew the civilization of which he dreamed. Not by the sword would he conquer, but by the ax, the plow, the sickle and the flail. As he looked westward from his beautiful Monticello he contemplated the vast wilderness that stretched before him to the Pacific and imagined it yielding to the sturdy hands of pioneers, a vast garden one day of plenty, contentment and human happiness. "Out of this fruitful nest we shall people the continent. Let tyrants war upon their kind; we shall cherish the spirit of the people, stimulating their industry and enlightening their ignorance." Keep out of Europe! was his slogan—the oft-repeated slogan of many a less scrupulous and more ignorant American leader.

He set about his work, gathering around him a remarkable group of assistants. One was James Madison of Virginia, learned in all the books, dressed in such immaculate taste and behaving with such perfect decorum that he won from the French minister the nickname of "the cardinal"—an interesting little four-square figure, author of many political screed and pamphlets signed by the names of the Roman tribunes. He was Secretary of State. Of different type, less fidgety, less learned and more practical was the Secretary of the Treasury, Albert Gallatin, the "damned Genevan" who had but recently headed the Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania and worried Washington out of many an honest night's sleep—a man whom Jefferson could hardly have got on without, long-nosed, tall, awkward, with great penetrating, blue eyes, a sharp intellect and plenty of conscious power; but poor, too poor to own slaves and yet married to a wife who had been used to keeping her hands soft and clean, free of that dirty housework which then, as now, is the bane of womankind. Gallatin hated the institution of slavery like his master Jefferson, and he did not know what he should do in little Washington among the southern gentry with their black servants and pretentious manners. He put it to his wife whether he should accept high office at the cost of her doing the chores of the house and kitchen, or decline and stick to his farm on the western slope of the Alleghanies, near Pittsburgh. The wife decided, like all wives, to take the risk, and they became a part of the most interesting régime ever seen in the American capital. I am afraid they bought some black servants.

Such were two of the ministers of state with whom Jefferson would seek to outwit Napoleon and build his empire of God's chosen people. There was another significant man in the group, little known to our day in spite of all the books. Nathaniel Macon, six feet tall, of Huguenot ancestry, owner of a big tobacco farm in North Carolina, where he worked with his own hands among his score of slaves, was picked for Speaker of the House of Representatives by the man in red waistcoat long before Congress assembled. Few American politicians have made a more unique appearance in the life of the country than this homespun Macon, with his navy blue suit, generally well-worn and cut after the fashion plates of 1776, his fair-top boots, well-polished by his own hands, his big cane and his sententious manner of speech: an intimate of Jefferson, the terror of reactionaries in his own State and an enemy of oratory, a rare combination, but a man who was rising in the South to the position of a tribune himself, with men naming counties and towns for him all over the Mississippi valley. Jefferson liked to have popular men about him: Albert Gallatin held wild and woolly Pennsylvania in the hollow of his hand; Macon was the idol of North Carolina.

Of different mold was John Randolph, twenty-seven years old, six feet long and

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six inches in diameter, popular only among his tobacco-growing neighbors of southern Virginia, an orator unmatched in America to this day, a politician as clever as Aaron Burr, the Tammany boss of the time, a terrible wit who might any day turn upon his friends the lashings he loved to pour upon his enemies, a cousin of Jefferson, shrill of voice and despotic in temper. He was to be the leader of the House of Representatives. And in the group, too, soon to begin their fight for democracy and their wrestle with Europe, was Burr himself, diminutive, precise in movement, ambitious, unscrupulous and eloquent, Vice-President through the unwilling influence of Jefferson, and feared and even hated by most men who were in the confidence of the President. The last of the notables who must either make or mar the new régime was William B. Giles, of Virginia, thick-set, rounded in form, beetle-browed, irascible, imperious as became the master of a great estate and many slaves, a debater after the style of Stephen A. Douglas of later times, ready and waiting for Jefferson to give the signal, but no more of a democrat than John Randolph. He was the leader of the Senate. These were the instruments with which Jefferson would work out the reforms that were to save democracy. They were interesting men, high-strung, difficult, arbitrary, doubting Thomases and disagreeing in their views of life, all avowed followers of the man of Monticello.

II

Jefferson spoke for them, as for himself, when he said in his inaugural:

> We are a rising nation spread over a wide and fruitful land, engaged in commerce with nations who feel power and forget right, yet with peace and honest friendship with all, entangling alliances with none.

That was what Washington had said and meant, that is what every succeeding President has said, with more or less appreciation of the facts. What Jefferson and his colleagues meant to do was to keep out of Europe—and still, every year, a hundred million dollars' worth of forest and farm products went to Europe. These hundred million dollars' worth of exports would bring back a hundred and ten millions, worth of European goods; and upon these imports duties were collected, duties that paid the cost of the government, and were, in Jefferson's scheme of things, to cover the payment, in fifteen years of peace, of the national debt, about eighty million dollars. With peace on the western shores of the Atlantic and the accustomed turmoil in Europe, these tariff returns alone would discharge the most burdensome debt ever contracted on this continent until the recent great war came to show men new and unprecedented things.

Turning quickly to his task, Jefferson reduced the army by half, took most of the navy off the ocean and discharged officers and men as fast as circumstances would allow. In wiping out the debt, he would not only take away the burden of the annual interest, he would also shake off the little army of dependents and speculators who looked to the treasury for their incomes. To Jefferson a "monied aristocracy" would be the ruin of the republic. Within the short term of eight years he did pay nearly half the debt.

The next menace to democracy was the far-flung Federal court system: the Supreme Court, with his enemy, John Marshall, at its head; the circuit courts, recently created in anticipation of the needs of the far-future and with all their positions filled by opponents of Jefferson, if not enemies of democracy; and the district courts, with local judges and officers, generally professing violent opinions about the new President and his dangerous schemes. When Congress assembled, Jefferson at once urged the repeal of the judiciary act that covered the court system. The act was repealed; and by clever jugglery, of which Jefferson was master when he chose to be, Chief Justice Marshall was prevented from holding court in Washington nearly two years. That was the second undertaking. It was

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successful in two ways: the circuit courts were abolished as useless, since there were no cases before them; and the people were brought to understand that the courts were the enemies of democracy. Jefferson's popularity mounted at every move he made. In 1802 his friends in every State increased in numbers and in official strength.

At this time the judges everywhere, State and national, began to assume the right to apply the English Common Law to American cases when there were no statutes to cover them. This might have proved most beneficial, but it was judge-made law, which the people disliked, and the judges were already up in arms against the people's President. Thus it was the signal for war. In 1802 Judge Addison, an arbitrary judge of western Pennsylvania, was impeached and removed on popular demand. He had declared acts of the State legislature unconstitutional. There was all over the country a growing demand for the curbing of the powers and the pretensions of the judges; while the judges everywhere felt called upon to resist and defy the public sentiment with bitter truculency, as if they were not the servants of the people. Impeachments, convictions and removals from office were the talk of the day.

The movement became official in the Winter of 1803 when the House of Representatives, upon the advice of Jefferson, impeached and the Senate removed from office John Pickering, a half-deranged or drunken judge of the United States district court of New Hampshire. He was unfit for any office of responsibility, but the Federalists and their judicial allies made a bitter fight on the untenable ground of "once a judge always a judge," a doctrine not apt to win popularity in a country like the United States. At the moment of Pickering's impeachment, Chief Justice Marshall, once more at his post in Washington, made ready his dictum, famous in history as Marbury vs. Madison. In that dictum Marshall ordered Madison to appoint a man to office against the President's will, and then went on to declare that the courts might declare an act of Congress unconstitutional, and that if they did it would be unconstitutional. He marked clearly the metes and bounds of the President and his ministers. It was a sort of papal decree.

There can be no doubt of the purpose of Marshall; and the judges of the country, State as well as Federal, followed his lead. The President accepted the challenge. He had made up his mind to curb once for all the pretensions of the judiciary; but the moment for carrying his campaign to its conclusion seemed not opportune. The call and menace of Europe were imminent.

III

When the five or six clever gentlemen who were so close to the first Democratic President witnessed the inauguration of their chief on March 4, 1801, and heard his declaration about "honest friendship with all, entangling alliances with none," they already knew that Napoleon had tricked Spain out of Louisiana and that that fact meant either a war with France or an alliance with England to avoid the war. But American public men have ever clung to illusions. Jefferson talked serenely of isolation, honest friendship and spreading commerce. But it was still an illusion. Napoleon meant to make of Louisiana and the neighboring West India islands a great colonial empire; and that would fix narrow bounds to the empire which Jefferson saw opening wide before the multiplying hordes of farmers fighting their way over the mountains and out into the valleys of the upper Mississippi. He must stop Napoleon.

He sent John Breckinridge on a mission to the western settlements to prevent their falling upon New Orleans unawares and spoiling the game. He put John Randolph to plying members of Congress, immediately upon their assembly in 1801, begging them for a secret gift of two million dollars to the President to spend as he chose and without accountability! Jefferson and Macon, Madison and Giles were as busy

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as bees and as silent as sphinxes. They secured the promise of the money. Angry leaders of the Federalist opposition could hardly contain themselves. They were sure of some skulduggery. They urged war upon the President, thinking he would never go to war. They charged him with turning the other cheek like a Christian. Jefferson made no reply; his friends gave out no hint of their designs. Jefferson would secure New Orleans with the two millions, taking no chance of war if he could avoid it, and then avow his game. Rarely has secret diplomacy been played with more consummate success. And so, in April, James Monroe, a close friend of Jefferson and an aspirant for the presidency, appeared in Paris with the two millions in his pocket and with instructions to tell Napoleon:

> There is on the globe one single spot the possessor of which is our natural enemy. The day that France takes possession of New Orleans seals the union of two nations who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. We must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation.

The pacifist was taking all his enemies by surprise. Jefferson was as deep in the game of European politics as ever Washington or Hamilton had been. But a lucky turn saved him. Napoleon suddenly turned his attention from his grand scheme of a French colonial empire in America. He would fight England directly across the channel; and a few million dollars for his bargain with Spain would build many barges for the channel trip. Monroe never delivered his ultimatum. He and Livingston, the regular minister at Paris, agreed at once to accept Napoleon's offer of all Louisiana for the sum of fifteen millions and quickly dispatched a messenger to Washington. The stars in their courses were playing into Jefferson's hands.

In the latter days of June, 1803, when the Federalists of New England were sharpening their weapons for attack upon the man who would quietly allow the French despot to seize the "vast and prosperous region" of Louisiana, news reached the Boston *Chronicle* that the aforesaid vast region was already American territory, barring the small matter of ratifying the treaty! Many a Fourth of July dinner had to be eaten in silence that year. There was no fit speech to be delivered; nobody is known to have made one.

Statesmanship plays strange gymnastics. Jefferson won his greatest triumph in the purchase of the Louisiana which he had not intended to purchase, made therewith his strongest appeal for popularity, and yet felt in his heart that he had done wrong. It had been quite right to buy New Orleans and its reluctant Frenchmen; it was quite wrong to buy a million square miles on which few reluctant Frenchmen lived. But whatever his compunctions his opponents had none; the very men who had endeavored to drive him to war because he did not seize New Orleans, now turned upon him with fierce invective when they learned he had bought all Louisiana for a song. Jefferson soothed his conscience as best he could in the Summer and Autumn of 1803, leaving Napoleon to make whatever use he could of the proceeds of the huge sale and listening, as he said, to the uproar of the New Englanders. When the election of 1804 came he received nearly all the votes that were cast, which one must not take as proof that he was either right or a statesman. He was simply popular—popular beyond all expectation.

That was the moment for him to take heed lest he fall. No American President has ever been able to hold his followers after his election to a second term. Washington was the first to learn this; Jefferson was the first to find the dilemma impossible of resolution; Lincoln never lived to learn the completeness of his own undoing; Wilson saw a whole world fall about him when he thought himself master of Europe. There were many subtle turns to the Jefferson debâcle, but I shall seek to give only enough of them to show how the most popular of all American leaders was speedily made the most helpless.

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IV

The news of the overwhelming victory of the President had hardly reached the distant confines of the Republic before John Randolph and William B. Giles, ablest of parliamentary leaders, began to waver in their loyalty; nor may one wholly condemn them. In 1795 the State of Georgia sold her rights to vast tracts of lands in Mississippi to a group of speculators. It was soon found that every member of the legislature but one had been bribed into voting for the sale. A judge of the United States Supreme Court and a chum of Marshall was one of the speculators and one of the chief bribe-givers. But the sale was made. To be sure the United States had rights in the lands of Mississippi, and there were thousands of Indians whose titles the Federal government must quiet. But everyone took it for granted that these obstacles would speedily be removed. Consequently, the lands were resold in the Middle States and New England by the million at fourteen cents an acre. Here was a problem. It immediately became a more difficult one when, in 1796, the next legislature of Georgia repealed the law of 1795 whereby the lands had been corruptly granted away. But this second act of the Georgia people made little difference to the speculators in the lands. They procured at once an opinion from Alexander Hamilton that no State could repeal a contract and that the Federal courts must award the lands to the beneficiaries of the original fraud. The sales continued till thousands of people became involved.

Washington had kept his hands off the Georgia scandal, and John Adams was too busy with Europe to serve as President of the United States in its domestic relations, but Jefferson, whose impatience with land speculators was well known, was pressed to take the matter into consideration. There was always a group of lobbyists about Washington "making interest" for the New England speculators, the honest as well as the dishonest. Jefferson, in 1804, agreed to a scheme of compromise which most historians have considered reasonable and not notoriously unfair to any of the contestants. It was proposed by Gideon Granger, the Postmaster General, a New Englander who was doing his utmost to win his erring brethren to the peaceful fold of Jeffersonian democracy. The Senate seemed to favor the compromise and a thousand and one complainants big and little, in New England and on the banks of the Yazoo, were about to be satisfied.

But John Randolph broke out of the party harness and went upon a rampage till then unparalleled in American political history. He rose in his place when the measure was about to pass and, I think, with the approval of Nathaniel Macon, the Speaker, denounced the whole scheme as a crime, as an insult to the people more heinous than the Stamp Act which had set the Revolution going:

> This thing is sanctified by pollution. The press is gagged. An act of stupendous villainy is now offered as a cover for thievery. Granger buys and sells corruption by the gross; he gambles in the patrimony of the people. [And, pointing his long, bony finger at the Postmaster General, then on the floor of the house]: And this officer of the government presents himself at your bar, at once a party and an advocate.

Randolph's name was instantly on every tongue. He had broken with his party and denounced a member of the Cabinet. The President's compromise was dead from that day. Giles, the leader of Jefferson's forces in the Senate, said that no man could stand for office in Virginia if he disagreed with Randolph on the subject of the land frauds. It had all come like a bolt from a clear sky.

The next day the greatest of Jefferson's policies came before the Senate. As a culmination of the campaign against the claims of the national judiciary, Judge Samuel Chase of Maryland, one of the worst of judges, was arraigned before the Senate upon the formal demand of the House of Representatives. Randolph was the manager of the impeachment for the House. If he failed to convict Chase, the

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administration would suffer the worst blow it had suffered since the bright day when it took office. And between Randolph and the President there was a deep chasm. The manager for the House bungled the indictment. There was a declining enthusiasm for the President's cause. The trial of Chase was one of those tests that politicians do not relish. Jefferson would remove Chase because he was a bad judge. He would then prepare to have Marshall removed because he was notoriously partisan. The two removals would settle forever the question whether the courts in the young Republic were to be supreme or whether the people were to be supreme, but politicians rarely carry their principles so far.

Jefferson's followers decided that he must prove Chase guilty of crime, not mere wrong-doing; and the Senate refused for want of that sort of proof to convict the judge. From Jefferson's point of view it was an absurd position to take, for if a judge must be convicted of stealing a horse before he could be impeached, there would never be any impeachment. The local courts would already have all such judges in jail before the Senate could take cognizance of their cases. Jefferson was thus beaten in the greatest fight of his presidency. From that day to the present the process of impeachment has rarely been resorted to. Jefferson said it "was not even a scarecrow."

Randolph had caused the defeat, Giles was in doubt in any future fight, and even Macon might desert! The President wrote,

> The divisions among the republicans are distressing. The opinions of men are as various as their faces.

Was his star going into eclipse?

V

Aaron Burr, the unwelcome Vice President, had begged Jefferson in 1804 for a renomination. The request was refused. Then Burr undertook to make himself Governor of New York and thus keep himself in the line of succession for the presidency in 1808. Alexander Hamilton, inveterate enemy of the President, balked Burr in that endeavor; and Burr challenged and killed the great Federalist in a duel. It was done in a manner and a temper that made the ambitious Vice President, in the eyes of simple folk everywhere, a plain murderer. But Burr returned to his position as president of the Senate, there to watch in silence the clever maneuvers of politicians who sought to break or lame the power of Jefferson. He was at the same time in close communion with the ministers of England and France, seeking with their aid to build for himself an empire in the lower end of the immense Louisiana purchase, with New Orleans for his capital. The example of Napoleon was working upon the quick and fertile imagination of the Vice President.

As the next Winter drew on Burr became active in the West, seeking to take away from Jefferson the idolatrous loyalty of that turbulent region. For a moment he succeeded and the Clays and the Breckinridges of Kentucky felt themselves honored by the attentions of the dethroned politician. General James Wilkinson, of the United States Army at Saint Louis, was at Burr's command, for a consideration, and Andrew Jackson of Tennessee seemed ready to aid him. It was a romantic adventure, designed to close in a brilliant *régime*, with the beautiful Theodosia Burr Allston of South Carolina as a princess in her father's realm. But the sleuths of Jefferson fell upon Burr in northern Mississippi early in 1807 and took him, humiliated and bedraggled, to Richmond for imprisonment and trial as a traitor.

The most prominent of Richmond women sent flowers to Burr, and delicate hands prepared the most appetizing of delicacies for the distinguished prisoner. He was the hero of dinner parties and a welcome guest in the most exclusive parlors. Chief Justice Marshall did not hesitate to sit down at table with the prisoner ar-

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raigned before him for one of the most serious of crimes. Marshall may not have loved the slayer of Hamilton, but he so deeply hated and feared Jefferson that the trial was rather an inquest upon the President of the United States than the determination of a case of treaon or felony.

George Hay, an honest man of mediocre parts, was the attorney for the government, but William Wirt, the orator and novelist, hardly warm in his place in the little city, was the ablest of the prosecution. John Randolph, now an implacable enemy of Jefferson, headed the grand jury, while Luther Martin, the "bull-dog of Maryland" and hater of the President these twenty years, made the occasion one of jibes at the expense of democracy and its silly chief in Washington. From the first moment to the last dreary day, the trial was but a series of wrangles over technicalities. It was a great joke played under the nose of the greatest judge in American history. Yet the public was deeply exercised. Burr himself was afraid to travel alone when he was ready to return to New York, lest he be lynched. But as the Spring passed and the Summer wore on, the country became weary as it was expected to become; and Jefferson was disgusted. All the powers of the most powerful of Presidents were unequal to the contest. It was almost certain that the Government would be defeated.

At this discouraging moment other news was brought to the Mansion. Instead of employing the fifteen millions Jefferson had paid for Louisiana in a war upon Great Britain, Napoleon had suddenly turned, in December, 1805, upon Austria, Britain's ally, and struck her down at a single stroke —Austerlitz. That was bad news, indeed, to Jefferson, three thousand miles away. There quickly ensued the campaign which broke Bavaria and Prussia in 1806. In 1807 Napoleon was moving toward Russia with every evidence that he would subdue the monarch of that dim and hazy empire. What was to stop the course of Attila?

VI

That might have been an American question but for two facts: The rising demand for American products kept all the farmers busy raising foodstuffs, and the tense activity of the New Englanders upon the ocean carried these products to every port of Europe. Jefferson might wish to hinder his unconverted New Englanders in their prosperous course, but he could hardly take the ships that carried farm products off the ocean without disturbing his whole programme of farmer prosperity and debt-paying. What brought the United States into the turmoil officially was the fact that the British, in desperate need of sailors, came into the very harbors of the United States, overhauled American ships and took off whom they would as deserters. In the Jefferson philosophy, there could hardly be a deserter, for every man had a right to abandon his country at will.

Where the rewards of trade were so great, the New Englanders, whose soil denied them the gentle joys of farming, put their ships upon every sea and made fortunes upon single cargoes, albeit ten thousand of them languished in British prisons on the presumption that they had deserted from the English navy. The New Englanders had built the nation a merchant marine that outsailed the British and which might easily turn the scales in the world-wide struggle between Napoleon and all his enemies. The United States was thus made an unwilling first-rate Power. Jefferson could not, if he would, sit still in Washington and let "the tyrants" fight it out. Neither Napoleon nor Pitt's resolute successors would allow that. Napoleon issued from Berlin in 1806 a decree which forbade American ship captains to submit to British maritime law if they wished to deliver goods to continental customers. The British issued a like decree in which they forbade the captains of American ships to observe Napoleon's regulations if they wished to trade at English ports. So the Americans must take sides, and Jeffer-

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son, willing or unwilling, must decide the conflict or have his prosperous subjects suffer the loss of their prosperity—Jefferson, whose one ambition upon the ocean was a free and lively trade with all parties!

The decrees might have been evaded by fast-sailing ships, and prisoners might have continued to languish in filthy dungeons, had not the captain of the British war vessel, the *Leopard*, fallen almost unawares upon the American frigate, *Chesapeake*, on June 22, 1807, and shot it to pieces. Three sailors were taken on the plea that they were deserters. The victorious English and the disabled American ship put quietly into Norfolk harbor. The news was carried posthaste to Washington, and the countryside rose in arms and prepared to march upon Norfolk to make a demonstration and perchance lynch any Englishman who happened to be ashore. The drawling cries of the sheriffs and lackeys of the court at Richmond were drowned in the uproar. Companies of horse and regiments of foot soldiers—to fight a naval war!—were offered to Jefferson day after day. He calmly read the official dispatches and returned polite answers to his sweating, volunteering and angry countrymen, well aware that if he could not hang Aaron Burr for endeavoring to disrupt the nation, he could hardly expect to beat eight hundred British war vessels for taking three deserters, one a Negro, from an American ship. Jefferson was not a humorous man, but his very want of humor discovered to him his sorry plight and the plight of a country that had hardly a ship that could put to sea.

That was his dilemma in the Summer of 1807, with a country crying aloud for war. He delayed; he talked of the Greek poets; he rode quietly about the woods that now make Rock Creek Park; and he dropped in informally, after his custom, to take tea with mere nobodies by the way. Such was Thomas Jefferson, "greater master of men for all that than was Napoleon, Emperor of all the French." Weeks passed and the people began to see the plight of a little nation with a great commerce; months came and went before Congress gathered in special session. Early in October, while Burr, acquitted of all the charges preferred against him, sneaked into New York to begin serving the long sentence pronounced by History upon him, Jefferson made his last great scheme ready. He submitted it to a Congress in which he had for enemies only four or five die-hard Senators and perhaps a half dozen impotent representatives. The last congressional election had all but finished the opposition.

The scheme involved an embargo, neutrality, and isolation—the same in essentials that Washington had hit upon in 1793, and tried with might and main to enforce during the four years when his popularity slipped away like a thief in the night. It was now Jefferson's turn. He held caucuses, mulled over all the dull diplomatic dispatches, kept little Jimmie Madison looking up the facts, and learned from the heavy, clumsy Gallatin what the effects upon the Treasury would be. Then they put out their embargo, their hyper-neutrality, their "honest friendship for all, entangling alliances with none." John Randolph was not summoned. William B. Giles was in harness still, but not what he had been. Macon was still the Speaker, but soon to be replaced at Jefferson's order by Joseph Varnum of Massachusetts. But John Quincy, the son of John Adams, a Senator from Massachusetts, was there nibbling at the good things in the Mansion; and Joseph Story was there, ready to assist Senator Adams to put the embargo through Congress. New England icebergs were melting away before the warming sun of Jefferson's unabated popularity. Had not the farmer of Albemarle come to stay?

The embargo proposed to take all merchant ships off the ocean, a simple device. That would compel all farmers to hold their crops. It was October. If nothing went across the ocean before the next May, the struggle would be over, for the Europeans could not feed their peoples another Summer without American wheat. Eng-

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land and Napoleon had struck at Jefferson. They would compel intervention on the one side or the other. Jefferson struck back. He would starve warring Europe into peace; and when it was ready, he would write that peace—I will not say in fourteen points of Christian charity, but it would be a Jeffersonian peace safeguarding the right of men everywhere to migrate, the right to disavow their allegiance to any country at will, the freedom of the seas for all who would sail them in time of war as in time of peace, and the abandonment of armies and navies.

Congress went into secret session; not a man was to give out a word of what was happening, lest a hundred ship captains get to sea and make millions of dollars out of their information. The Senate passed the embargo in forty-eight hours; the House of Representatives within four days; and Gallatin dispatched his messengers to every port: let every ship tie herself fast to her wharf posts. In due time notice to sail would be given. That was the story.

VII

Napoleon looked on and declared that he would help Jefferson, thinking England would starve first. The English, less humorous than the rest of the Europeans, were puzzled. They waited; they might yield to the foolish farmer in Washington. But the English were not given time to ponder. The enforcement of the embargo depended upon the Americans themselves; and the Americans faithfully observed it for a few weeks. But it was burdensome to men so accustomed to profit from the war, and when two months passed they began to complain that it was they, and not the Europeans, who would starve. New Orleans, that had its wheat down the Mississippi by the shipload, made a loud outcry for flour by sea. Jefferson, dubious, permitted shipments from Virginia mills. The flour found its way to British merchants in the West Indies. Then it appeared that the people of Boston were about to perish like flies in Autumn for the want of breadstuffs. Jefferson licensed ships to carry flour from the storehouses along the Delaware. The ships, loaded to the water's edge, weighed anchor and were next heard from at Halifax, driving bargains with the British Commissary Department! Then the New Yorkers opened a lively trade in beeves over the border to Montreal, and the British were quickly informed. The embargo, in spite of the autocratic powers of the democratic President, was becoming a farce before the first days of March, 1808. In April Jefferson saw humiliation and defeat ahead of him. Congress was quarreling; the farmers were angry; and the shipowners put their cargoes to sea in spite of all vigilance. All groups were pronouncing maledictions upon the President. He was in worse case than Washington had been, for he had more to lose. But he would not surrender.

It was a presidential year. He stayed in Washington long enough to force the nomination of Madison upon his party. Then he ran off to Monticello. There he found Virginia in a rage, and John Randolph pouring out his wrath and contempt in torrents that no mild man in yarn stockings could hinder. James Monroe, whom he had sent off to Paris in 1803 in the hope of giving him publicity and making him President in due time, was abetting violent attacks and seeking alliances in New York to defeat Madison, the Virginia nominee. It was bad. South Carolina disavowed the radical chief whom it had never loved, and poor Pennsylvania, torn by every faction that wicked men could invent, knew not where to take her stand. A popularity that knew no bounds two years before was now vanished into thin air.

In October, Jefferson returned to Washington where he had left Gallatin and Madison to hold things together. There he found hardly a friend. Gallatin was ready to retreat; Madison brought only bad news from Europe. In New England things had come to such a pass that John Quincy Adams was hardly safe on the streets of

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Boston. He had voted for the embargo and supported Anti-Christ. A young boy, William Cullen Bryant by name, wrote a doggerel which began:

> Go wretch; resign the presidential chair,
> Disclose thy secret measures, foul or fair;
> Go search with curious eye for horned frogs
> 'Mid the wild waste of Louisiana bogs.

The screed was reprinted up and down the land and lives today as the initial work of one of the great poets of the country. Jefferson held on from October to November. He then learned that his friend Madison was to be his successor. Poor consolation, for Madison had already agreed that he would repeal the embargo. He was making ready to appease New England to prevent its imminent secession.

After the result of the elections was known Jefferson refused to serve as President longer. "Let Madison manage things, only leave the embargo unrepealed till my day is done." A dreary Winter of complaints, of resistance to the law, of warlike contests with the New Yorkers and the New Englanders who would not obey the law. War to end war! Surely men are strange beings. In this state of things British ministers looked on and laughed. Napoleon did more; he seized American ships, as he said, to enforce the embargo in French ports! But all things have an end. The inauguration came. Madison was ready to try where his master had failed. John Marshall was there to administer the oath, while Jefferson looked on with what philosophy a philosopher could command.

Jeffersonian democracy had failed when Judge Chase escaped conviction in March, 1805. Again Jeffersonian democracy was flouted when Marshall made a mockery of the trial of Aaron Burr. Finally, Napoleon, the "Attila of the age," intervened at Austerlitz, and in consequence the back of Thomas Jefferson was broken—broken by the very people who had shouted huzzahs in his honor for seven years. Ancient Europe had intervened. Jefferson climbed upon his little sorrel on a cold snowy day about the middle of March and wound his way slowly over the watery bogs and muddy hills that men called the road to Monticello. It was a lonely *via dolorosa* that did not lead past Mount Vernon. The chief of all the democrats had failed just as Washington, leader of the "rich, the wise and the good," had failed. Jefferson was no more. He never again visited the scenes of his disasters. Monticello was enough for him.

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LEMON PIE

BY GREGORY MASON

ALTHOUGH we hated his course, we rather liked Snorum Romanorum, as Dirty Broadhurst had nicknamed Austin Gallatin for a rumbling way he had of intoning Horace or Catullus, or whatever it was we read. Even on the pittance an assistant professor drew down in those days he managed to garb his lean, round-shouldered form rather nattily, except that his collars were considered too low for a fellow with a long, thin neck and large, active Adam's apple. Still, his small, sandy moustache never looked straggly, and in most ways he was spick enough to be one of us at a house party. Other things in his favor were that he threw a mean in-shoot on the faculty nine and that he had publicly admitted that he liked dark beer. In short, he came decidedly nearer being human than the pompous parrots and automatic cut-markers who made up the rest of the Greek and Latin departments.

This was his first year of teaching upperclassmen and it brought him a rude jolt. I guess the Freshmen and Sophomores in his other classes took his instruction as an inevitable evil—that is, front rows with trots propped up inside text books, back rows frankly asleep. But we Juniors and Seniors in his new Latin 16 who saw our degrees practically in hand were finding leisure to wonder how the compulsory Latin and Greek which dogged us still would help us sell bonds or solicit advertising.

Dirty Broadhurst was the first of us to express the impious doubt which brought that hurt, dazed look into Gallatin's dull, blue eyes which we were to see there so often.

"You don't seem to take much interest in your work, Mr. Broadhurst," ventured Gallatin, after Dirty, reading a quotation in a footnote, had translated *Carthago delenda est* as "Carthage is delirious."

"No, Sir," grunted Broadhurst.

"Perhaps you don't appreciate beauty in words," suggested Snorum Romanorum, in a tone matched by the thin blue scorn of his glance.

Broadhurst grinned amiably. Despite his squat figure and flat, unshaved face, there crept out on him the ingratiating quality which had earned him his longer sobriquet, Soiled but Sociable.

"I can't see, Sir, what good there is in wasting time on these dead languages," he hazarded.

We saw that shocked expression come over Gallatin's features.

"Mr. Broadhurst," he said finally, "a knowledge of Latin and Greek is of incalculable value to an American who would master his own language."

"That may be so for some, but I'll bet if I'd put in on English the time I've wasted on Latin and Greek I'd be a regular Webster. Why not leave the dead languages to the dead ones?"

Gallatin's thin nostrils trembled. His dull eyes lighted in a way I'd never noticed before. He hitched up in his chair to say something, hesitated, slumped back. His lean shoulders sagged. His scrawny Adam's apple showed he was swallowing hard. At last he ran his eyes over all of us and they were cloudy again, like the cheap marbles poor kids buy.

"Do any of the rest of you feel like Mr. Broadhurst?"

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"Yes, sir." . . . "Same here." . . . "I do." . . . "Me too," a dozen of us spoke up.

That was the end of that recitation. Gallatin couldn't seem to collect his wits. He picked up his book, looked at us helplessly like a dog I ran over once—no reproach in his eyes, just surprise and helplessness. Then, though the hour had fifteen minutes to go, he dismissed us.

We saw how we'd got his goat, and we decided to make the most of our knowledge. In short, from then on we resorted frequently to the old trick which Dirty Broadhurst called, "throwing the anise bag." It was just this: when the turn came for a man to recite who hadn't cracked a book for a week he, or the fellow just before him, would try to divert the Prof into an extemporaneous lecture. Grierson, head of the "Ec" department, could nearly always be distracted in this way by an allusion to protective tariffs. Grierson was a fanatical Free Trader. In the same way you could generally get the young frogs imported by the French department to go off into a time-killing oratorical frenzy by merely asking an innocent question about the alleged unchastity of French wives and mothers.

So we hammered Snorum Romanorum about the uselessness of dead languages to live Americans. He had swallowed the hook at the first gulp and he tore this way and that in his grief and anger. Soiled but Sociable's discovery of this wonderful anise bag occurred right after the Easter vacation. We didn't get through more than six pages of the Latin poets during the rest of the semester. It was a joyous cinch. All fear of the final exam was removed, for any bonehead with enough wit to learn the Lord's Prayer for chapel and the hit-and-run signal for a man on first could memorize the trot and notes on the little Latin we'd covered between the beginning of the course in February and the permanent interruption at Easter, which came early that year. Of course, we were all willing to plug a reasonable amount—the seniors for their degrees and the juniors to keep eligible for baseball or football or for the five hundred Papa had promised for a semester without a single flunk. Since we had no daily recitations to prepare, a little plugging for the exam was only reasonable to expect, even of Jackpot Rooney, who had already burned six years of midnight oil in acquiring that "broad acquaintance among the sort of contemporaries whose friendship will be useful in after life," as the imported commencement orators say. The grinds didn't object to the inauguration of Dirty Broadhurst's debates with Snorum Romanorum, for now they could concentrate on other courses and make sure of grabbing those keys. In fact, the only man who clung to the right to air his delicate handling of Horatian meters was Wilted Lily Mayhew, poet of my class.

II

One day, when some of us were enjoying the blend of Spring air and Bull Durham on the outside steps of Eastern Hall before Gallatin had shown up, Mayhew protested against our cunctatory tactics. The next morning Wilted Lily, who lived on the ground floor of College Hall, arose to find a cow hitched to his door knob. The following evening he retired to find a dead skunk between his sheets. Thereafter, if he caressed Horace's exquisite syllables at all, he did it in the dim quiet of his own lovely, bebatiked chamber.

Snorum Romanorum probably went to some of his classical colleagues for advice. At least, his dazed look of a crippled dog became rarer, and patient, earnest arguments were the order of the hour in Eastern Hall, while warm afternoon sunshine flaked down our grateful necks. I almost said impassioned arguments, but Austin Gallatin never got really passionate about anything —even a spondee. At least not till later. He wrestled with us and he pleaded, but his ardor was always patient, restrained.

At first his best bet was the familiar contention of the classicists that the study of Latin Trains the Young Mind.

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"I grant that, Professor Gallatin," said Broadhurst. The expanse of jersey under his corduroy coat was a very dirty white, but his voice was flatteringly respectful and he put on his most engaging smile. "Nevertheless, what I maintain is that there are equally efficient ways of training the mind which are decidedly pleasanter. For instance, Sir, if you will permit me another word to pursue a subject so vital to us all—" he waved a fat brown hand inclusively—"I contend that to learn that *hujus hujus hujus* follows *hic haec hoc* is no better training for the mind than to stamp on the retina of consciousness an awareness of the fact that sixteen-seventy seven-forty eight-five means the left half back will take the ball around right end."

Soiled but Sociable was proud of the long words he had aired in the presence of his intellectual superior. He leaned back in his chair with the manner of a youth well pleased with himself. He leaned against a wad of gum just affixed to his seat by the man behind him. When he tried to bend forward an instant later in simulating an eager and respectful attention to the professor's next words he became aware of the restraining gum, and there was a moment of confusion while he disentangled his veteran corduroys.

"I share," began Snorum Romanorum, and stopped, perplexed by the flounderings of Broadhurst and the wide smiles of the latter's neighbors.

Gallatin's delicately bony hand straightened the impeccable black crocheted tie under the Adam's apple, prominent as the beak of a Roman galley. He coughed twice, with the reserve of the true aristocrat.

"Mr. Broadhurst," he began again, "I share your conviction that committing to memory any set of symbols and their connotations is a useful mental exercise. But the example you have given is not as thorough a discipline of the faculties and hence not as fruitful an exercise as, let us say, a mastery of the construction of Latin prose."

"Wish you'd play half when Restless Kelly is giving the signals," groaned Jackpot Rooney.

Gallatin turned gently on Rooney, then as equably restored his gaze to Broadhurst. His tame eyes had never varied the look of a patient young scientist observing an experiment go wrong.

"I hold no brief against any one mastering Latin who wants to," a shade of impudence diluted the Soiled One's affability. "But I think that this exercise ought to be left to those who like it and can profit by it, just as we leave to the expert addict the mastery of Medieval English or higher mathematics. I criticize the value not of Latin, but of compulsory Latin, Latin crammed down your throat from the age of twelve on."

"Mr. Broadhurst," counseled Snorum Romanorum, "sooner or later in life we have to learn that in order to enjoy doing what we like we must first make ourselves do what we don't like."

Broadhurst stared incredulously, then wagged his head sadly.

"Professor Gallatin!" Jackpot Rooney's drawl was raised innocently.

"Yes, Mr. Rooney."

"May I ask you a frank question?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Do you like candy?"

The class stirred in anticipation of one of Jackpot's good ones. Snorum Romanorum's sloping shoulders were raised, his eyes came to life in that rare way. Rooney heeded these symptoms.

"I beg your pardon, Professor, but I am speaking in all seriousness, although the question may sound absurd. Is there any kind of candy you like?"

The shoulders were still on guard when the dry voice finally vouchsafed:

"Gum drops."

"Well then, Sir, to use your own argument, wouldn't it be logical to say, that in order to get the utmost appreciation of the taste of gum drops you should on alternate days munch a few pebbles?"

Snorum Romanorum was as near indignation as I ever saw him. There's no telling

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what he would have done if old Hippo Houston, of the Greek department, hadn't chosen that instant to slip on the stairs and come bumping down to our very door with a noise like a bale of hay and four coal scuttles. Someone near the door ran out and helped Hippo collect himself—with a broken wrist. And Latin 16 was dismissed.

A few days later Jackpot translated *Integer vitae scelerisque purus* as "the integrity and purity of a long lived scoundrel."

"How can a crook be pure, Professor Gallatin?" he snapped out before Snorum Romanorum could unlimber his mild disapproval of the translation.

"I've always heard Horace was a gay bird who romanced about the shortcomings of the thugs and lively ladies he played around with," offered Dirty Broadhurst, putting on the innocent benignity of a bright pupil who helps his teacher set the class aright.

The dazed look on Gallatin's face was really pathetic. He was like a young lady rabbit that has given birth to a lot of weasels (if you will permit the biological license).

Yet from this point as a take-off we somehow jumped him into a discussion of social life and scandal in old Athens and Rome, and on this subject he was fascinating. It interested us to hear how the Roman purple had been made from dye got from a shellfish, how the paid cutthroats of the Empire conducted their delicate assassinations, how the *hetaeræ* entertained the philosophers, how defeated statesmen cut their wrists and bled to death in warm, perfumed baths while lovely ladies sat alongside in gossamer robes and solaced them. What is more, it pleased Snorum Romanorum to tell us of these delightful decadences. In fact, I believe we helped make the dark beer side of his own nature discover how delightful they were.

As for us, Dirty Broadhurst summed up what we all felt:

"Professor Gallatin," he said, smiling his most winning smile, "if we'd only been told some of these things before we'd ever begun to study Latin and Greek, how much easier it would have been for our teachers to get us to swallow *hic haec hoc* and *ho sophos anthropos*. The way the Classics are taught now the teachers begin at the wrong end!"

Gallatin looked disapproving, but he took it to heart. He discovered how much pleasanter it is to impart to young men what they want to learn than to pump into them what they are determined not to accept. Reading Latin poets in the original is a useful exercise if it is done *con amore*. Otherwise, it is no more profitable than learning the Lord's Prayer backward. Gallatin let us practically abandon the texts we had been interlining, and in the remaining six weeks of the course we gained a more living conception of the civilization that once flourished on the north side of the Mediterranean than in all our previous cold years of Latin and Greek; yes, and of Ancient History, too. Once he had his class with him, Gallatin showed he was a born teacher.

And in other ways the change which came over him was astonishing. I believe he was learning that life may be warm and exciting. He put away his black tie and appeared in a beautiful thing of brown, with orange spots. He was seen in the tap room of the Plymouth Inn at nearby Westminster with his stein of Münchener not every other Saturday night or so but two or three evenings a week. He held himself up straighter, and on the campus he would speak before he was spoken to. And often it would be not, "How do you do, Mr. Wendell" but, "Hello, Wendell," with a free, lifting accent unheard of before. Above all, his cold eyes seemed to have changed permanently from dusty lapis lazuli to Bay of Naples water.

III

I managed to graduate that June, and for a long while I heard no more of Austin Gallatin. But I thought of him and of all the time I had wasted under various teachers of Latin, for the job I landed kept me

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moving through countries where my ignorance of modern languages was a heavy handicap. Cynically I recalled how often I had heard:

"Application to Latin now will be of incalculable value later when you come to drink at the great reservoirs of beauty in the classics of the contemporary Latin languages, French, Spanish, Italian."

What a typically far-fetched argument! Ride rocking horses so you may later break bronchos! Any fool but a teacher knows that a boy can learn more Spanish in an hour with a Cuban newspaper comic strip than in ten hours of dreary *amo*, *amas*, *amat*. Moreover, you would think that even a college president could see that the study of French is just as good as the study of Latin to help you master Italian. And in the meantime you have French, a living tongue. When you've got all the modern languages you can, go and dig up their fossilized mothers if you have the taste and the leisure. And you'll find French and Italian will help you as much with Latin as Latin would have helped you with French and Italian.

Even as to the modern languages, what does the average boy care about the promised bliss of reading the great classics of foreign literature? But if the time I'd spent painfully stumbling through "Eugénie Grandet" had been given to reading the accounts of Carpentier's fights in *Le Petit Parisien* I might later have read "Eugénie Grandet" with pleasure. At any rate, I should not now be troubled by a Bordeaux bill-of-lading! Bitterly I vowed that if ever I had a son he should be spared an American college education!

It was returning from Bordeaux on a slow French boat that I fell in with Dirty Broadhurst.

Of course we spoke of Green Valley. I asked about Austin Gallatin.

Broadhurst laughed.

"Didn't you ever hear? We really made a deep impression on the poor bird in Latin 16 that Spring. The year after you graduated he petitioned the faculty to let him give a freshman course in 'Manners and Customs of the Romans'—just the sort of stuff we drew out of him, you know, all that really juicy dope about street fights and battles and private lives of the dictators. You see, we really sold Snorum Romanorum our idea—that fellers would put more snap into boning on Latin if you could get 'em interested in the country where Latin used to be spoken. The faculty wouldn't hear of it, of course, and Snorum Romanorum got more and more rabid. In fact, he told Prexy that his proposed course really ought to be given in prep school to whet an early appetite for the classics. You see, he swallowed our idea, hook, line and sinker."

"I'll be damned!"

"Finally, he became a regular, raving nut. He set out to reform the whole system of teaching Latin and Greek. Used to go to teachers' conferences and make impassioned speeches. Can you beat it?"

"Did he get anywhere at all?"

"Of course not. He was just a pup running his head against a stone wall. From the average Latin prof's point of view Snorum Romanorum was a young priest bent on betraying the secrets and destroying the privileges of his respected and mysterious order. The average classicist wouldn't want all his pupils to be spouting Latin and Greek glibly. Ability to spiel the stuff is the exclusive possession of the priesthood, the only particular ability most of 'em have in this world."

"So the high priests finally tamed him, did they?"

"Snorum Romanorum? They didn't tame him, but they wore him out, they disgusted him, they convinced him of the futility of combining common sense with a classical education. Although he had the whole student body pulling for him, he didn't accomplish a single change in the old ritual. He quit a year ago, vowing he was through with teaching, swearing he'd go in for something which had some relation to life."

"Where'd he go?"

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"Nobody knows. He just sank out of sight without leaving a ripple."

When we reached New York Broadhurst went back to his wholesale grocery business. But I was ordered almost immediately to the Far East.

On my way I had to stop off in Spokane. I finished my business with an hour to spare before my train. To kill time I walked about some pretty seedy streets, the sort frequented by second-hand clothing stores and tonsorial parlors where the razors are wielded by lusty, hard-faced matrons.

The scent of coffee lured me into a cheap restaurant. It was the kind with cracked mirrors and imitation marble topped tables with spindly metal legs. It featured a thirty-five-cent evening meal. But I ordered only coffee.

I felt something familiar about the individual who brought it. Before I realized it, he had put down the thick-lipped cup and turned away. But certainly even the thin, long back and narrow, sloping shoulders suggested someone I knew!

When I'd finished I slapped down two nickels, one for the coffee and one for the waiter. I wanted to be sure he'd come, because a suspicion was growing in me which I could not down, a suspicion preposterous, grotesque.

Here he came. Tall, lean figure, thin aristocratic face, prominent Adam's apple, moustache straggly—it hadn't used to be—but God, yes! Austin Gallatin!

Not till he had picked up his tip with a clear, "Thank you," did he notice my stare. I know it was rude of me, but I simply couldn't keep him from seeing I recognized him. So I stammered:

"Don't you know me—Wendell—six years ago—Green Valley?"

"Of course, I'm glad to see you again, Mr. Wendell." He wasn't a bit embarrassed—not a hair—as he lifted my cup and erased the wet brown ring it had left on the white table. I noticed a whiff of beer on his breath, and his necktie—green, with purple curlicues.

"How did you . . . why did you? . . . Tell me about . . ." I floundered, as rattled as he was self-possessed.

"Why did I change my profession?" He draped his wet napkin over the arm which held my cup. Blue flames flickered in his strange eyes, and his lips formed that tight patrician smile. Then he leaned down till I could smell the Münchener again, and he melted into a manner exultant and confidential.

"Wendell, you can't imagine what a delight it is for me to be giving men something they really want—for example, instead of Latin poetry, lemon pie!"

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DAKOTA

BY ELLEN DU POIS TAYLOR

SOMEWHERE in America between Chicago and the mountains is that vague acreage known as Dakota . . . so level and limitless that, in spite of pictorial proof to the contrary in the shape of globes in grey school-houses and the authentic adventures of Columbus in red history books, native-born children persist until an absurd age in thinking that the world is flat. One week of Winter, swirling across the plains, covers the entire territory for six months. The wide stretches of prairie are hilled with snow and daled by the wind, and the fenced fields are converted into white seas with waves frozen higher than a man's head. Here and there a raft-shaped smudge exudes thin blue smoke.

Under one of these smudges, on a January day, the Little Brandon Girl was being born under the kindly, bungling auspices of a multiparous neighbor. The Little Brandon Girl's father, who was as yet unaware of his parenthood, was driving two gaunt horses as furiously as possible over the obliterated road in quest of the doctor. There was but one doctor in Spearhead, the little huddled pioneer town eleven miles distant, and the young father did not know that he was closing the eyes of a pneumonia victim fifteen miles farther out. Being born in a country like Dakota is an achievement, and survival is a kind of immortality.

The Little Brandon Girl's mother was not constitutionally a brave person. She had uttered her own initial cry under a properly shingled roof in a cozy village in Ohio. But marriage and this Dakota had enveloped her, and once in the combined maw of two such immensities, she became automatically and speechlessly inert before phenomena that under less awesome circumstances would have sent her into hysterics. So she lay there in that carpetless, chilly upper room, with its one window curtained in frosty brocade a half inch thick, and said nothing. She did not even worry about the husband who was tunneling his way through the weather. When he came back to her toward the end of a sunless dawn, she peered wearily up at him through the ice which encrusted him from chin to cap-visor and whispered:

"I've named it June. It sounds so warm . . ." and slipped back into a reminiscent unconsciousness scented with Ohio roses.

June herself, lying swaddled in the folds of her mother's wedding petticoat, cried no more than babies who were being born behind magnolia-shaded windows in Alabama, and she was just as lusty as those who were breathing their first air in the antiseptic cells of a city hospital.

II

Seven-year-old June Brandon's setting outside the blanket-heaped bed was a drab frigidity. Her breath wreathed the air with opaque rings. The naked furniture seemed to stand up against the zero weather with a kind of brittle rigidity, and looked as if it would splinter at the merest touch of a warm finger. The cracks in the ceiling and walls glittered as if the house had been cemented together with ice. But June was not conscious of such things that morning. Excitement glowed up through her and softened the harsh weather into a tepid tide, for at nine o'clock she would venture

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three miles into the world—a world which would have nothing to do with a mother in a kitchen or a father in a field—a magic place where one came into the possession of twenty-six little black keys which would unlock doors to the kingdoms of the earth . . . school and the alphabet!

Life up to this morning had been mainly that undulating view from the front gate . . . tangled, rust-colored grass with nothing between it and the empty horizon but a barrier of barbed-wire which fenced twenty thin-flanked cows away from a paradise of crooked corn-rows. No adventure lurked in that vista. To be sure, there was April in the shape of a few mauve, hairy-stalked Pasque flowers; May with its clumps of stemless yellow violets; and June with its barren attempts to achieve the conventionally verdant—efforts which withered back into colorlessness at the first touch of drouth. There were, too, July and August with their sharp storms . . . white with pelting hailstones that sent her mother flying upstairs weeping in despair . . . black with dust-swollen winds which wrenched off roofs and sent tumble-weeds rolling in great bulbous masses against fences. There was September with its menace of prairie fires—long snake-like flames that licked up the grass and circled disastrously about farmyards. The other six months of the year were Winter more or less. June Brandon wiggled her toes and drew them up under her for warmth and thought of last Summer's rich cobalt sky—clotted with clouds—clouds that her mother had prayed would mass and deluge them all into opulence and a trip back to Ohio in the Fall. But they had remained islanded in symmetrical isolation, and when the brassy sun slipped into the West, they had garlanded the horizon with rose-shaped knots of filmy fire. A barren business, that of being a June sky in Dakota . . . but beautiful!

In Summer, too, there was that weekly adventure—the trip to Spearhead. June sat beside her father on the high backless seat of the lumber-wagon behind two heavy black horses who mooned clumsily along under the delusion that they were still hitched to a plow. Spearhead, when it was finally achieved, wasn't much. It was composed of glass fronts crammed with things one did not want to touch; dim, smell-infested interiors crowded with receptacles exuding sauerkraut, brown sugar and herrings; clammy corners in which damp casks chummed, dripping vinegar, kerosene, and molasses. The only excitant was the inevitable bunch of yellow bananas hanging between mummified hunks of dried beef. They came from an exotic country where hot Januaries drowsed under skies of June; where wide-leaved trees sheltered circus monkeys, and warm rivers teemed with alligators and brown men in bright boats. All this was in Father's Atlas.

The drug-store on the corner had possibilities. There was a row of smudged books on a low shelf and near it were several crystal jars filled with pink and green candy. June was allowed to flap the pages of the books and not infrequently a nickel was exchanged for a fraction of the contents of one of the jars, but the taste was inferior to the color, so she gradually resigned herself to regarding the sweets as merely works of art. The first snow put a stop to even this sterile adventuring, and it usually snowed in September . . . windy, vicious flurries from a sky that seemed to move swiftly and greyly across the earth. About eight weeks later there would come a wickedly sunny, a deludingly soft day. One felt that the larks were still lurking melodiously about and that under the slush the Pasque flowers were unfurling themselves for their day or two of life. The sky arched blue and cloudless. But by noon an opalescent haze would steal over the sun and the air would grow ominously still, as if bracing itself for some inexorable effort. The very fields would flatten themselves to meet what was presaged by a low dark line in the Northwest, which swelled like a ribbon blown upwards. Suddenly there would come a cataclysmic shiver, a supernatural rattling of the windows, and

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in one short minute the sky was metamorphosed into a seething, blinding whiteness that bit into every crevice of the earth and sought the very key-holes of the fastened doors.

The wind treated the walls like paper and the stoutest buffalo-hides like gauze. The mercury in the thermometer in the lean-to back of the kitchen steadily sagged downward . . . ten . . . fifteen . . . twenty . . . twenty-five . . . thirty . . . thirty-five . . . forty below zero . . . and then stopped. The air gyrated about the windows like juggled balloons. A violent twilight invaded everything. This would continue days on end, until one morning June would be awakened by a thin pencil of sunlight filtering through the clear half inch at the top of the window. After a steaming breakfast her father would apparel himself in layers of wool and buffalo-skins and dig his way from the doorstep to the buried cattle huddled hungrily together under the straw-thatched roof of the barn. Hours later he would return, armored in ice . . . nose, fingers, and toes frozen . . . casualties which were treated lightly as the inevitable aftermath of doing the chores. Then her mother would descend into the cellar, a warm murky place under the kitchen, and emerge laden with a chunk of salt pork, a crock of kraut, a basket of potatoes, and a bag of dried apples. From December to March these things were the principal items on the Brandon bill-of-fare. An orange was an event.

They sat hunched up around the kitchen range, stuffed with blazing corncobs to save the precious coal stored in the lean-to. The rest of the house was shut away in icy silence. When the supper dishes were washed and the stars outside were snapping frostily in a crystal sky, June would curl up on the wood-box back of the stove with a lean black kitten in her lap, and listen to her father as he read aloud from the county paper. There was unintelligible information about a mystery dubbed the tariff; descriptions of lace-covered brides being united to millionaires under the priceless shadows of orchids; statistics in regard to the number of murders committed by Apaches on the streets of Paris; the funny story the American ambassador told to the Duke of So and So at a dinner in London. . . . When the paper gave out there was the Bible. Its thin, glazed pages gave sacred secrets away and lauded persons who expressed their piety in terms of crime. There was that man Samson, for instance, who pushed two marble pillars apart, sending a costly palace to debris and three thousand people to death. There was a lady named Jael who drove an iron spike through a gentleman's head while he was asleep. Holiness, it seemed, was a gory business.

But it was the half dozen shabby brown volumes of the Encyclopedia that widened the world, made the primitive weather pressing against the panes a matter of no consequence, and lit up the dinginess of the cluttered kitchen with all sorts of gleaming little sophistications. June's father flipped the pages and from them tottered brightly-trousered Chinese ladies in doll-sized shoes. Queens rode out to be crowned, acclaimed, or beheaded; warriors glittered and clashed and spattered boundary lines with blood. It was wonderful to know that the beads of her mother's amber necklace were once yellow masses floating in the Baltic Sea, and that there was a country where naked black men called cannibals ate brown cocoanuts and white missionaries. What a satisfaction to dig out such nuggets for oneself . . . to be richly independent of a drawling father who fell asleep at crucial moments!

June made her first trip to school in a bobsled, the horses kicking up a snowstorm at every step. The school-house was an unpainted building with six windows and a jutting entry. Inside, the benches swarmed with motley youngsters, pigtails predominating. In the center was a huge round stove with fine cracks running down the side like rivers on a map. It dominated everything like a great iron tulip, red to the very chimney. Behind a scarred desk

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stood a straw-haired lady in spectacles, shrilly labeled Teacher. White script and jagged columns of figures defaced the blackboard behind her. June turned and pressed her forehead against the cold pane of a window and gazed after her father as he disappeared into the snowy distance. Teacher called her sharply by name. . . .

III

One morning four years later, three roughly garbed men made a formal if shuffling entrance into the school-room. They interrupted the singing of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" to inform Miss Bright, the pretty young teacher whom all adored, that her services were no longer desired. She had been caught returning the kiss of Meade Snodgrass, the eighteen-year-old son of one of the board members, and it had been unanimously decided that such conduct was not an example to set before the younger generation. The fact that Miss Bright committed her carnality outside school hours made no difference. Even in her dreams a schoolmarm should deport herself as if the eyes of the entire neighborhood were upon her.

June and her mates gathered about and tearfully watched Teacher get her contaminated belongings together and steal out through the suddenly darkened door and down the bleak December road. Just as they were about to dash out into freedom, Mr. Snodgrass pushed forward his sister, a lean, anxious-looking spinster in a triangular-shaped brown alpaca skirt, her sparse hair drawn up into a futile question mark on top of her head. She, explained Mr. Snodgrass, would finish out the term. Miss Snodgrass was deaf, but she was equal to nearly everything in the curriculum this side of square root and certain long words in the Eighth Reader.

They had five different teachers that Winter. Neuralgia put an end to the acidulous attempts of Miss Snodgrass, and two others found life in that draughty schoolhouse not worth while at forty dollars a month. These changes, however, were far from calamitous. They made school a perpetual party. The teacher that arrived never knew where the deserting one had left off, with the result that June crossed the Delaware five times with George Washington and lost out entirely on decimals. It was all very sketchy, but character was formed by breaking five sets of rules.

It was a long, hard Winter, with snow banking the windows to the very tops, and the pupils grew to understand one another very well, herded as they were for seven hours a day under one roof. There was Gerald Gleewater, an overgrown youth with pendulous features, who was unable to progress beyond fractions—a source of great satisfaction to him, for it kept him in school, where he fell in love with every teacher who rapped his knuckles for his stupidity. There was Katrina Koomis, a fair, plump little German, who was hip-conscious at the age of ten and masochistically encouraged the boys to pull her curls and pinch her legs. Later she "got into trouble," turned her good-for-nothing victim into a prosperous grocer, and sent her children to Sunday-school. There was Roy Snelling, who ignored the Pilgrim Fathers to play with dead muskrats. He still tinkers with such things in a laboratory in the East. There was Aline McCarthy, red-haired and undersized, who knew everything. June once overheard Mrs. McCarthy tell her mother that Aline at the age of twelve knew more about "life" than she did after bearing six children and burying three husbands. Aline became a spectacular milliner in Omaha a decade later. There was Isador Baumann, a pale lad with a large head and deep-set grey eyes. He whimpered when the girls teased him for filling his slate with words that rhymed. Years afterward some one came across a book of poems with Isador's name on the cover, and there was also evidence that he was the poet involved in the famous Allerdyce divorce scandal.

There was Adelaide Mathews, a slender

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blonde with eyes like glaciers, who refused to play games and sat aloof reading the novels of Mary J. Holmes. She wound up in Chicago in a turreted house on Lake Shore Drive, where on moonlit Autumn evenings she was wont to stroll up and down the terrace with various husbands. There was the little Eggers boy who was afraid of spiders and wore a bag of asafoetida around his neck to ward off disease. He got into the papers during the war for some brilliant, bloody thing he did while suspended over the enemy's lines in an airplane. And there was June Brandon herself, dark, eager, hungry for knowledge. She fondled the backless books in the little school library and wondered if one day, she, too, wouldn't be an author. She dreamed. They all dreamed, for in a country utterly devoid of beauty one is driven to construct a kind of internal world, furnished with bits of loveliness picked up here and there.

And so June Brandon, as she thawed her nose and nursed her frost-bitten toes, felt an exhilarating certainty that one day she would tread ways that would not hurt and expand under skies that would not wound. At home, under the sputtering light of the kerosene lamp, she spelled her way through "Hypatia," "Robert Elsmere," and "Eugénie Grandet" (purchased by mail from a Sears-Roebuck catalogue), while outside, reality, in the shape of wolves and snow, prowled and swirled.

IV

Now came the fourteenth time that June Brandon had heard the April rain pelting the tar-paper roof of her father's house. She was lying full length on the rough floor of the attic, a poetic place of vacillating chiaroscuro, haunted by tattered garments hanging ghostily on rusted nails. She was happily ruining her eyesight poring over a scarlet copy of the Decameron. One elbow rested on "Corinne" and the other on the plump bulk of a Doctor Book. June had temporarily deserted the romantic unrealities of one and the raw revelations of the other to bury herself in what seemed to be a satisfactory combination of the two. Then, too, the Decameron was an acquisition just one hour old.

That morning at breakfast, Phil, the ideal hired-man, who had rendered two years of faithful and unintoxicated service, glanced guiltily up over his oatmeal and said: "Sorry, Mr. Brandon . . . but I'll have to skip out. They're after me." And after a bit of awkward hand-shaking, Phil hastily flung a few of his belongings together and vanished in the direction of the barn, June's father wordlessly following him. Five minutes later June saw Phil galloping down the road which wavered uncertainly toward the West. About noon the law drove up and June's father lied to it, for he had been fond of Phil.

June stole up to the little bare alcove under the eaves where Phil had slept and regretted for two years, and found there a rosary of purple beads, a photograph of an old lady in black silk with a high comb in her white hair, and this volume. She looked down at it now and fingered the leaves furtively. She had just finished the story about Massetto, who pretended to be dumb while working for the nuns in a convent. What was this emotion that forced virgin ladies to peer out over their wimples at a man digging roots in a garden? Was it the same thing that animated the high and mighty romance of Corinne, and formed the nucleus of the nauseating facts about procreation in the Doctor Book? Was it love . . . this printed stuff? Was it life?

The rain continued to beat musically against the cobwebby panes of the little window. June closed her eyes and wondered how it would feel to have a lover sit close beside her on velvet and caress the lace at her elbow with his fingers . . . a lover who did not smell of fertilizer or eat his tobacco. Summer was coming and with it would come a half dozen hired-men, dirty fellows. Even the fleeing Phil had not been immaculate. They were a queer

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race. One found them frozen stiff in straw-stacks, but they resurrected themselves every Spring and buoyantly worked their way toward 'Frisco. Some of them were amusing enough. There was that funny Martin who tossed his black curls and sang rollicking songs about Ireland; and that tubby little German who spent his evenings doing sunsets on shoebox lids with colored crayons. There was Phil who loved this Decameron thing and instinctively leaped to his feet when her mother entered the kitchen. But not one of them had come up to June's qualifications.

How had her mother stood it all these years . . . no excitement except the laborious metamorphosis of a ragged bum into a patched hired-man and a more than occasional spectacular crop failure? Her life was suds and slops and flour . . . no silk and no fun. And her arms were so white above the elbows, and her neck above the low circle of her muslin night-gown looked like Madame de Staël's. Why had she left the trim security of Ohio and followed her man out here? June glanced at the three volumes and wondered in which one lay the answer to that question.

In the meantime there was her own personal Summer to be dreaded. There would be odorous hired-men to stuff with greasy food; sticky piles of heavy cracked dishes to wash; and vermin-infested beds to make. There would be a hot, windless August when the flies and mosquitoes raged like an Old Testament plague . . . shadeless, burdened hours when there would not be time to stop a moment and long for the sight of a brook sparkling under a soft canopy of willows, tea under the shadows of a lawn, or cool gracefulness on vine-hung terraces. Irremediable, this grey ugliness flattened under the barren air toward nothing at all. . . .

V

June Brandon, valedictorian of her class, was standing self-consciously on the creaking little stage of the Opera House in Spearhead, delivering an address on Joan of Arc. In spite of her nervous agony, June felt splendid and vital, for down in front sat several hundred people who must sit there quietly, even breathlessly perhaps, until she had accompanied the Maid to the stake. How unfair to be burned for sticking to an ideal! Lawyer O'Brien had just finished a sonorous speech bristling with allusions to ideals, patriotic service, and imperishable fame. His advice was not very definite. But perhaps this oration of hers was really the beginning of something on that order, for underneath her fluttering terror June was confident that it was a bit better than anything that Cicero had given utterance to in the Forum. She sat down in her place in the stiff little row of graduates feeling more important than the martyred Joan.

Then, unaccountably enough, as the Glee Club stood up to sing "Maid of Athens," disappointment flooded her. The applause that had followed her peroration had not been deafening. She wished now that she had dared startle them all by unexpectedly talking about Mesdames du Barry and Pompadour. Ever since last Summer, when she had found that illuminating volume, "Famous French Women and Their Lovers," she had longed to inform the world of her intimacy with those glittering ladies. She might have brought in Agatha Wanleigh also, the former possessor of the book. Agatha had been a creature to wonder about . . . the wistful pallor of her features, shadowed as they invariably were, by the drooping laciness of a hat which had not originated in Dakota. Her very gowns, fashioned of clinging dark silks, had seemed to swathe her into a kind of soft immunity against some threatening fate. Then, too, there had been a story in her eyes, which, if told, might have explained why she lived alone. But why had she hanged herself that sunny morning in the little white house over by Gleewater's field?

The tragedy had alchemized the cottage into the dignity of a legend. The countryside feared its ghostly possibilities. But one

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afternoon June had ridden boldly up and penetrated into the moldy interior. There was a frayed silk gown dangling from a hook, a pink ostrich-feather fan, and a thin white and gold cup with a powdery litter of tea-leaves in the bottom, and the book about the famous French women and their lovers. June had braved the spectral resentment of Agatha and had stolen the volume. Now she wished she had had the courage to give its contents to the town. Her familiarity with Madame du Barry would have made that sleek, conceited Mr. Bernard sit up and take notice of her. He taught English and felt superior to everything that did not savor of Harvard or Emerson. June had fallen in love with him in spite of his crooked teeth and incipient baldness, simply because he had once lived in Boston and knew the names of books. But he had ignored her and hadn't commented on her themes.

High-school had not come up to her expectations. Cicero had turned out to be a bore and Cæsar in his interminable book did not once refer to Cleopatra. The superannuated Presbyterian minister who taught history had spent his time dismally trying to prove that God had a hand in what happened to the Romans and that Babylon got even less than it deserved. Literature had not been thrilling either. Whittier's "Snow Bound" was puerile compared with the weather they sat through while studying it. Evangeline was tiresome with her stubborn pursuit of one migratory lover. Benjamin Franklin, in spite of his epoch-making tricks with a kite, was a prosy old fool who made up maxims when he should have been paying compliments to somebody like Madame Pompadour. Emerson, Bernard's transcendental pet, indulged in etherealized nonsense. Thoreau had possibilities, if some one could have lured him away from that everlasting pond of his. Why had her feverish, nocturnal interest in Balzac meant more to her than all the important-sounding subjects in the high-school curriculum pooled together?

Suddenly the Glee Club stopped singing and June was engulfed by the noisy congratulations of her friends and neighbors. There, too, was the shy, flushed pride of her parents, who seemed to regard her from a respectful distance, as if she were a work of art. In all this, June tried to detect an element or two of that exhilarating thing alluded to by Lawyer O'Brien as "imperishable fame."

VI

One November morning three years later June stood on the sagging stoop of the unpainted school-house where more than a decade before she had conquered her three R's. She always paused there a moment before entering, in an eager attempt to discover, if possible, something novel in her surroundings. Of course, nothing ever materialized except the weather and that was always more or less predictable. This particular morning merely heralded a typical Autumn day in Dakota. The frost of the night before had stiffened everything to meet the Winter, which was simmering in a crisp bank of cloud huddled low in a leaden Northwest. Wild geese in long screaming queues made their way derisively southward. Before her stretched a forsaken field . . . a bleached tangle of corn-stalks, their spines broken and their feathery tassels ignominiously mired in frozen gumbo.

Down the twisted black road fringed with dry tawny grasses straggled a half dozen little figures which wavered darkly against the violet greyness of the air. They were her pupils, the younger brothers and sisters of her former classmates. As she watched them struggle toward her through the rising bitterness of the wind, her perverse heart did not warm one degree in their direction. They seemed to her unnecessarily dogged and they lacked the vividness she remembered in their elders. Once the thought of standing behind that wobbly desk back there in the dingy school-room had thrilled her a little, but this feeling had quickly degenerated into

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a fatigued acceptance of an unlovely fate. This teaching, in spite of the high-sounding phrases attached to it, meant nothing more than an unheroic grappling with boorish forces. Defeat would mean wan failure . . . success merely an unacclaimed sense of duty done. Nothing theatrical would happen either way as long as she behaved herself.

Sometimes, looking at the damp-nosed, grubby little creatures with their dangling legs and awkward arms, she wished it were possible to walk up and down the littered aisle and tap them into kindly oblivion with her ruler. Even the ones with eyes that yearned irritated her, for they recalled her own past in this place, where she had dreamed so futilely. It was maddening to concentrate all day on fractions, tenses, wars, and bones. But her feet seemed irrevocably rooted in this gumbo, which produced nothing but fitful crops and long, entangling grass. It took money and a kind of cold-blooded temerity to desert the two people slaving themselves into premature senility over there on that stubborn farm. She felt sentimentally stirred whenever she thought of that disastrous hundred and sixty acres that her father had gone into debt for under the delusion that, properly farmed, it would send his smart young daughter through college. That had been four years ago. Would she ever have the cruel courage to brave the wistfulness in her mother's eyes and the stooped discouragement of her father and leave them to face the long hard Winters alone? After all, it was her youthful coming and going in that rickety house that gilded their bleak middle-aged hours into bearableness. Two of her former school-mates had left Dakota for the city, but June felt she lacked Aline McCarthy's vivid wilfulness and Adelaide Mathews' haughty valor. Meanwhile she was a warm dark twenty-one. . . .

And then it happened, as it happened on every occasion the past year, when she allowed herself to be acutely conscious of her fugacious youth. The only feasible alternative to pedagogic drudgery emerged from the ambient greyness and stood silhouetted against the flat future like a bright knight irradiating the stodginess of some captive maiden's fate. When June thought of Roger Cranston, it was always with an astonished wonder that she had put off thinking of him so long. For he looked the liberator, every impudent inch of him. He was swarthy with that romantic, enveloping swarthiness which titillates the imagination. He was from Virginia and occasionally expressed himself in words of more than three syllables. He had come West with some money which he had inherited from two dead parents, and had paid cash for a section of land adjoining the Brandon farm. He rode up and down his rippling acres on a black horse, exulting in the windy cloudlessness of the weather.

To Roger Cranston, a crop failure was merely an incentive which spurred him on to dramatic efforts to outwit the elements which plotted against his prospering. June felt that by some occult formula, known to himself alone, he would eventually conquer where other pioneers had despondently submitted. But blithe and bright as he so undoubtedly was, she knew that he could not dazzle certain sloppy fundamentals out of existence (inevitabilities like dish-washing and floor-scrubbing went on in spite of him), and his warm imminence would not, she felt sure, tend to shorten the Winters. He was, for all his cosmic gayety, disgustingly mortal after all. . . .

They had met the night of the dance the Snellings gave to celebrate the completion of the first barn in the neighborhood to boast of a shingled roof. Almost immediately June had been conscious of the admiration she had excited in the eyes of the attractive young stranger and had marveled at the power lying dormant in a few yards of pink mull and a handful of cunningly arranged curls. During their first dance together, he had whispered something extravagant about her lithe grace,

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which he was certain had been inherited from some high-born ancestress. Later, in the hay-scented shadows, June felt his æsthetic interest flame into adoration when his lips discovered that she had tucked a prairie rose in her hair. Summoning high-school mythology to his aid, he had ardently dubbed her a flower-crowned goddess emerging from some fabulous kingdom under the plains with petals still clinging to her. Then, too, the male in him had audibly delighted in the fact that she had barricaded her virginity with thorns . . . June had returned his kiss because he was handsome and clean and did not think Browning a new kind of hair-dye.

He had proposed to her a week or two after that, but unsatisfied longings had made her wary. She sensed with a deadly certainty that it was the Dakota in her that Roger loved and that he would resent any attempt on her part to seek a destiny elsewhere. He had spent twenty-five cramped years in a little hill-girdled town in Virginia and the wind that ruffled June's hair typified freedom for him. She was aware of this. She was aware, too, that a marriage of this kind would please her parents, for it would keep her a neighbor. That was it. The wedding ring he dangled before her eyes was a shackle binding her to things which her books had taught her to loathe. Marriage would mean a dreary repetition of her mother's life on a farm adjoining the one where she was born.

Standing there in the freshening Autumn weather which threatened any minute to turn into Winter, June felt infuriated with this love she had read so much about. She wished it might be an intoxicating series of lyrical episodes and not the sad adventurelessness of marriage. She had read of liaisons, but Roger "respected her too much"—beside, exemplary schoolmarms and dutiful daughters cannot behave in such an unseemly fashion and prosper—save, perhaps, in godless countries like France.

Then what in Heaven should she do? Of course there was God . . . but what was He? As far as she could see, He merely functioned in terms of weather, procreation, peace under adversity and golden streets after death. Behind the closed door June heard the clock tinkle nine. Just then a sudden blast hit her savagely between the eyes, leaving her features stinging behind a poultice of ice. She turned and banged the door in the face of a puzzled pupil who did not know that Teacher was registering disgust of a popular institution called marriage and high defiance of an Omnipotence who was swiftly obliterating the only horizon she would ever know.

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THE WIT OF THE CARPENTER

BY L. M. HUSSEY

FISHERMEN and such-like simple-minded fellows are not customarily wanting in a certain appreciation of the comic, but their sense of humor is not delicately attuned to the nuances of wit. They laugh only at the more obvious jocosities. Shrewd verbal humor, and particularly the word that, sword-like, takes an edge from irony and sarcasm, leaves such simple people staring.

I make these generalizations with especial reference to the Disciples and to the gospel authors who reported for us the words of Jesus Christ. They initiated the abiding concept of Jesus as a man fabulously sober and humorless. Their conception was, however, neither surprising nor unnatural, for, as we all know, Peter and John were fishermen and Matthew was a publican. (Although Peter did not by his own hand compose any one of the gospels, he is credited with the superintendence of Mark's.) Beyond doubt these three disciples were sensible to what passed for humor among their earlier companions—village and roadside characters, local boatmen, fishmongers and the like—but it is vain to imagine them reactive to the subtleties of irony. As for Luke, he but sustained a tradition, made his report from the confidences of eye-witnesses—that is to say, the fishermen-publican group.

Thus it becomes clear that if the Carpenter possessed any talent for the ironical word, His naïve biographers were not the men to perceive it. They were not, I say, the men to appreciate wit, but by a seeming paradox they were plainly the men to report it. I mean that by virtue of their naïveté they were literal-minded men—consequently, of the sort to remember what they heard verbatim, and, unconscious of humorous implications, to set down their Teacher's sayings with almost mechanical verbal accuracy. This they actually did, as anyone may observe through a brief examination of the gospels. (Let me say in parenthesis that an apparent later rewriting of the synoptics detracts not at all from my essential argument. The later interpolations but added certain theological dogmas without profoundly altering the original simplicity of the first, lost gospels. Only in the Johannine gospel does the soberness of dogma overshadow Christ's gift of witty speech, and of this I will say more in a moment.)

A reading of the synoptics discloses some arresting juxtapositions. Set against the solemn, humorless narrative of the gospel author are the literally reported words of Jesus, and often they are quite out of key with the gospel author's sobrieties. These sudden changes of key, these transitions from narrative to the words of the Galilean, suffice often enough to authenticate the words themselves. They demonstrate by contrast how precisely the words were remembered. Thus, out of a humorless background of biographical recital these sayings flash startlingly—clear, seductive marsh-fires of epigram, irony and paradox. Obviously the biographers, while faithfully reporting, sensed not at all the flavor of their quotations, else their own glosses would have been less demurely conceived.

But, as I said in the beginning, the publican-fishermen had no ear for the nuances of wit, for the dartling thrust of paradox and irony. Additionally, they were for

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the most part Jews of a profoundly religious tendency, and therefore doubly sober. The Jews always approached Divinity with an abysmal seriousness. This was true of them even before the days of their fanatical monotheism. During these earlier times their pagan, tribal deities had never the frolicsome grace of a Grecian Pan or Bacchus. Clearly the later Jews, the gospel narrators, could not imagine a Messiah's words as anything less than sepulchrally grave. But that Jesus was a teacher with a twinkle in His eye I hope in a moment to demonstrate. Now I pause at a convenient place to question His own thorough Jewry. I question it because, coming with Messianic claims, He nevertheless spiced His words with wit, sometimes to the point of downright boisterous paradox. I am well aware that learned research asserts Him to have been "a good Jew." But this is an assertion that applies only to His training in Jewish ritual and law.

Surely the mere place of His birth might well suggest in Him an admixture of some more rompish blood. By the people of Judea, Galilee was held in suspicion, even contempt. The more purely Hebraic inhabitants of Judea were contemptuous of the Galileans because of the known admixture of races in that district. It is of no point to argue that the Galileans were thoroughly loyal to Jewish ceremonial, belief and tradition. They were, nevertheless, a people sullied in blood. Is it not probable that the Nazarene also was a part of this ethnic amalgam?

II

It is not wonderful, then, that those Jews who perceived a Messiah in the person of Jesus did not at the same time hear the grace of wit in His speech. But as Christianity extended itself to gentile peoples, why did not the Carpenter receive His due in this respect? Within a hundred years of His death His words had, for the most part, been put on record.

Unhappily, the gentile converts of those early days came, as did the first Disciples, from a proletariat which was not addicted to reading, and which still exhibited the fishermen's obtuseness to all the more subtle drolleries of phrase. Furthermore, of equal importance in maintaining the tradition of the Messiah's sobriety was the ministry of Paul, a prior Pharisee and hence an incredibly pedantic man. Search the Pauline epistles with all diligence and you will find no spark of humor in them. Indeed, read in comparison with the synoptic sayings of Christ, they provide an excellent foil for the Nazarene's play of humor.

The fact is that early Christianity seemed to concern itself very little with the Carpenter's sayings, and very much with the Pauline gloss. There is no need for me to expand this assertion; it has been developed by others at great length. But I have repeated it here with a new reference. In time, however, Christianity was to emerge from its slumming among the proletariat. Holy Church was to come forth from the catacombs to the effulgence of a potent state religion. The day of excisemen and Galilean fishers, as well as of Pharisean theologians, was finally over. Men of ambition and intelligence became a part of the Church.

Indeed, before it punctured itself on the bleak rocks of Protestantism, Christianity was destined during a long stretch of centuries to number among its subscribers the sharpest wits and most prankful characters of the planet. "Bear witness," remarks Jacques Cassanova, "that I have lived as a philosopher and die as a Christian." With such Christians extant, one wonders a little why Jesus came not to His due, but waxed, instead, progressively lugubrious, the man of sentimental sorrows. I say one wonders a little, but after all there is no great cause for wonder. Necessarily I call attention to a fact very familiar. That is to say, in the hands of Holy Church all the humanity was squeezed out of Jesus as a high, symbolic divinity was pumped in. Taking its tone from the Orient, Holy Church developed a ritual that was above

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all exquisite for its gravity. Circummured by such a ceremonial, the deified Carpenter had not the setting for his wit, nor did it come to Him later in the dull sentimentalities of Protestantism.

Now and then, to be sure, a frank-eyed commentator observed something capersome in the sayings of Jesus, something more than the eternal sobrieties. One of these was Rénan. He speaks of the humor of Christ, calls it striking, but does not illustrate his observation at length. Again, as a modern instance, Dr. Henry C. Vedder devotes a brief but acutely appreciative section of his "Fundamentals of Christianity" to the wit of the Messiah. There may be other examples; I have not discovered them nor would they, in the formidable welter of Christian commentary, be easy to find. Let us abandon the authorities then, and turn to the gospels themselves.

It will be more profitable to search the synoptics than John's gospel. Here certain unknown dogmatists, editing the original manuscript for purposes of theologic exposition, effectively denature the Galilean of nearly all His wit. They cannot, of course, deprive Him of His striking gift for paradox, but of banter, comic exaggeration, humor of the ridiculous, sarcasm and irony they leave Him no more than traces. Indeed, the Johannine gospel provides a transition to the wholly humorless writings of Paul.

Confining myself, save for an instance or two, to the synoptics, I hope to show that even some of the most common and greatly bandied sayings of the Carpenter are graced with a humorous implication. I have but one fear: it is that even to willing ears the subtle edge of His wit may have been dulled by long usage and traditional gloss. Traditionally, of course, every syllable of Jesus was spoken with a sacerdotal solemnity. The plain fact is otherwise, yet this plain fact, I fear, must do battle with traditional fallacy. I mention this point, not solely because it is in itself interesting, but clearly to explain my abandonment of the King James Version in the following quotations. This King James Version is familiar to every ear, and in consequence is stale. A modern translation better serves my purpose. I choose that of Dr. James Moffatt, which is both scholarly and freshly phrased. Let it be examined for proof of the Carpenter's wit.

III

Perhaps it is needless to say that the wit to be discovered is seldom of a flippant character. Its nearest approach to flippancy is when the recorded words turn to banter; and there is not a little bantering in the synoptics. Mainly, however, the humorous thrust is one of cleaving irony or a sarcasm that devastates. Irony and sarcasm—these were the Nazarene's armor to ward the bludgeons of Pharisaic attack. The Pharisees, it will be remembered, were ceaseless in their efforts to trip Him in His words, to confound Him by showing the error of these words in the light of Jewish Law. Recognizing in the Law's crotchets a formidable barrier to His simple teachings, Jesus often availed Himself, in His retorts, of an obvious scorn. Thus, under Pharisaic derision that scorn dictates:

> Woe to you, you impious scribes and Pharisees! You traverse sea and land to make a single proselyte, and when you have succeeded you make him a son of Gehenna twice as bad as yourselves! . . . Blind guides that you are, filtering away the gnat and swallowing the camel!

Here a sulphurous invective adds to itself, at the end, a figure of comic exaggeration. But this droll concept of fatuity—straining out an interloping gnat yet gulping the camel—will not suffice. The Pharisees still sneer and still quote the Law. What! Can there be nothing save this Law—must it thwart every novel concept? Jesus turns to His favorite device of irony, especially of exaggerated irony. He seeks to vanquish the Law by ironically enlarging its importance out of all commonsense. He will make it ridiculous by setting it above all things, above the earth, the heavens, creation, chaos.

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"It is easier," he says, "for heaven and earth to pass than for one iota of the Law to lapse."

The joust with the Pharisees continues. Having delivered Himself of the foregoing, Jesus is carried away by His augmenting mood of iconoclastic wit. He has come to these people to preach a simple doctrine, a simple notion of human decency. But among them there is not one man of imagination. Like arrant nitwits, they concern themselves excludingly with rules of the day, social inhibitions, standardized moralities. They wish to trip the Carpenter on this or that petty point of moral custom. Very well, by the thrust of the witty phrase He will reduce some of their most cherished taboos to nonsense. More, by the same logic, He will make lechers of them all. So He begins:

> It used to be said, "Whoever divorces his wife must give her a divorce-certificate." But I tell you, anyone who divorces his wife for any reason except unchastity makes her an adulteress.

Then He completes the case that makes low fellows of the whole gathering:

> You have heard how it used to be said, "Do not commit adultery." But I tell you, any one who even looks with lust at a woman has committed adultery with her already in his heart.

The logic here is merciless and assuredly comic. It is a stricture of the Law reduced to absurdity. Embodying a device of droll exaggeration, a phrase suffices fully to laugh away every righteous pretense.

But there were times when Jesus, in reducing an opponent, discovered a form of obvious banter even more fitting than comic exaggeration. It was a humorous and confounding banter. It made sport of the adversary. For example, suppose the adversary to propose a query seemingly unanswerable: much of the Galilean's wit was used in extricating Himself from the snare of just such embarrassing demands. He does not make the mistake of floundering after an impossible reply; His weapon is a counter-query, banteringly phrased, still more unanswerable.

As a first instance, let it be recalled that Jesus had entered the temple, and that there, after He had spoken for a while, the priests and elders of the people came to Him and said, "What authority have you for acting in this way? Who gave you this authority?" Jesus replied, "Well, I will ask you a question, and if you answer me, then I will tell you what authority I have for acting as I do. Where did the baptism of John come from? From heaven or from men?" "Now" they argued to themselves, "if we say, 'From heaven,' He will say to us, 'Then why did you not believe him?' And if we say, 'From men,' we are afraid of the crowd, for they all hold that John was a prophet." So they answered Jesus, "We do not know." He then said to them, "No more will I tell you what authority I have for acting as I do!"

A similar witty device saved Him from a like embarrassment at another time. In the course of His wanderings He had returned to Galilee, there to meet with people who had known Him in humbler days. A reputation for miraculous powers had gone before Him, and His incredulous neighbors gathered in the synagogue to see Him. They came, child-like, to view wonders. Their interest was not in the authoritative Word; they wished, rather, to see this former townsman perform, as if he were a sort of contemporaneous Thurston. When the show turned out to be disappointing the Galilean discovered Himself in an ill predicament. There were snifish murmurs. "Is this not the son of the joiner? Is not his mother called Mary, and his brothers James and Joseph and Simon and Judas? Are not his sisters settled here among us? Then where did he get all this?" It was useless to preach further. But before He departed He lashed them with a bantering phrase, now tinged with sarcasm. It is a phrase well-known and justly celebrated. "A prophet," said Jesus, "never goes without honor except in his native place and in his home." To this witty saying the gospel writer (Matthew) appends his own naïve and humorless comment. "There he could not," explains Matthew,

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"do many miracles owing to their lack of faith."

The weapon of banter edged with sarcasm is admirably exemplified in the instance of an address delivered to a multitude that had returned in disappointment from a visit to John in the wilderness. Plainly, it was a gossip crowd coming back sheep-like and disgruntled; again there was disappointment because yet another prophet had failed to entertain by producing rabbits from an opera hat. With sarcastic banter, Jesus questions them:

"What did you go out to the desert to see? A reed swayed by the wind?"

There is no answer. More sharply He asks:

"Come, what did you go out to see? A man arrayed in soft raiment? The wearers of soft raiment are in royal palaces. Come, why did you go out?"

There is still no response and His words take on an added causticity; they are still bantering, but their edge is doubly keen with sarcasm:

> To what then shall I compare the men of this generation? What are they like? They are like children sitting in the marketplace and calling one another, "We piped to you and you would not dance, we lamented and you would not weep. . . ." For John the Baptist has come, eating no bread and drinking no wine, and you say, "He has a devil." The Son of Man has come eating and drinking, and you say, "Here is a glutton and a drunkard, a friend of taxgatherers and sinners!"

IV

Yet it happens sometimes that sarcastic banter will not serve the Carpenter's purpose. He must return, now and again, to His comic *reductio ad absurdum* of tight moralities. He must employ boisterous tactics, especially in His teaching of fishermen and excisemen. They, like the Pharisees in the temple, are incapable of understanding a broad generalization that can inform all conduct, that will direct the specific act when the act's occasion is at hand. They desire imbecile precisions, snug rules, strait advice. Thereupon Jesus' wit assumes a boisterous complexion. They wish a rule? Forthwith He will provide rules so clearly preposterous, so overburdened with droll exaggeration, as to laugh away all rules:

> If your right eye is a hindrance to you, pluck it out and throw it away. . . . And if your right hand is a hindrance to you, cut it off and throw it away. . . . You are not to resist an injury: whoever strikes you on the right cheek, turn the other to him as well. Whoever wants to sue you at law for your shirt, let him have your coat as well.

Now, it often happens that the humorous word is not only comic in itself, but becomes the agency of droll consequences when heard by dull ears. Thus, amusing exaggerations like the foregoing have resulted in numberless droll antics performed by literal-minded followers of the Carpenter ever since their utterance. Nearly all that is spectacularly obscene, nearly all that resembles farce in the posturings of Christians, past and current, derives from the ceaseless efforts of dull converts literally to interpret the comic devices of the Nazarene.

But look back a moment at the foregoing quotation; observe in particular the concluding sentence. It is, I think, more than a jocose thrust at tight morality. It bears a serious savor. For I take it to imply the Carpenter's distrust of all law, civil as well as rabbinical. There must have been circumstances in His early life to explain this attitude. Possibly, before He gave up carpentering, He had been fleeced in a few suits before a judge. At any rate, He affirms the folly of seeking justice from the furred law-cats, as old François used to call them —and His wit takes on a clearly cynical tincture when He declares:

> Be quick and make terms with your opponent, so long as you and he are on the way to court. In case he hands you over to the judge, and the judge to the jailer, and you are thrown into prison, truly, I tell you, you will never get out till you pay the last halfpenny of your debt!

And again, with yet greater seriousness, but retaining irony, He says:

> Woe to you, jurists! you load men with irksome burdens, and you will not put a single finger to their burdens. Woe to you! you build tombs for the prophets whom your own fathers killed.

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> Thus you testify and consent to what your fathers did, for they killed and you build! Woe to you, jurists! you have taken the key that unlocks the door of knowledge, but you have not entered yourselves!

A moment ago I pointed out a touch of cynicism in Jesus' wit. This cynical brush-stroke colors His humor in more than one instance. Those unimaginative fisher-fellows provoked Him to use it again and again. For example, while He is trying to instruct them in certain graces of life, He discovers them worried, peasant-like, over the larder and clothes-press. In short, how are they to be clothed, how are they to be fed? Having abandoned carpentry, the Teacher has no longer the petty instinct to concern Himself with these problems. Nevertheless, He must restore order, He must quiet the whisper of practical doubt by a subduing manœuvre of half-cynical rhetoric:

> Do not trouble about what you are to eat or drink in life, nor about what you are to put on your body. Surely life means more than food, surely the body means more than clothes!

This, of course, is distinctly a witty evasion, and the wit is, at bottom, cynical. However, the outright hue of cynicism is not revealed until a little later in the same discourse. Elaborating, He says, "Do not be troubled about tomorrow. Tomorrow will take care of itself." And then, at once, the shrug of the cynic's shoulders, the cynic's uplifted eyebrows: "The day's own trouble is quite enough for the day!"

At another time the thrust of cynicism was applied once more to peasant caution, to a hypocritical concern for the poor. Jesus had gone to Simon's house in Bethany and there a woman, bearing an alabaster flask of exquisite nard perfume, a very costly compound, broke the flask and poured the scent over His head. "This angered some of those present. What was the use of wasting perfume like this? This perfume might have been sold for over three hundred shillings, and the poor might have got that!" The Nazarene hears them upbraiding the woman and He hears, also, their reference to the poor. What, the poor? There are numberless poor, and numberless chances to serve them. Again, with the cynic shrug, He remarks: "Let her alone. Why are you annoying her? You always have the poor beside you and you can be kind to them whenever you want—but you will not always have me!"

In such phrases I find a kind of echo, a reminiscence—of what? Is it not a reminiscence of other peripatetics? Those wandering philosophers of ancient days seemed all to acquire this flavor, this cynical wit. I recall, for instance, a like seasoning in Diogenes, as reported by Epictetus. There was Diogenes lying ill of a fever on the roadway to the Olympic games. A youth hurries by; others pass. "Base souls!" exclaims Diogenes, "will ye not remain? To see the overthrow and combat of athletes how great a way ye journey to Olympia! And have ye no will to see the combat between a fever and a man?"

Banter, droll exaggeration, the cynical shrug—Jesus employed each of these, but above all He was master of witty irony, and the irony that searches out truth through paradox. A little while ago I mentioned the fact that the Johannine gospel does not report Him in a guise as witty as the synoptics. But I said also that John's gospel cannot deprive Him of His paradox and irony. An excellent example is John's long, unconsciously amusing account of the Pharisees interrogating one whom the Carpenter has healed of blindness. The cure was effected on the Sabbath; consequently, according to the Pharisaic dialectic, Jesus is a sinner. "I do not know," responds the former blind-man, "whether He is a sinner; one thing I do know, that once I was blind and now I can see!" There is little use in wasting breath upon such a fellow; the Pharisees must question Jesus Himself. Jesus says, "I have come into this world to make the sightless see, to make the seeing blind!" "And are we blind?" inquire the Pharisees, scornfully. Jesus answers: "If you were blind you would not be guilty, but as it is you claim sight—and so

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your sin remains!" In another instance, irony and cynicism commingle. It was at the time when Jesus was gathering the Disciples. One said to Him, "Lord, let me go and bury my father first of all." Jesus replied, "Follow me, and leave the dead to bury their own dead."

What did the Disciples make of this adroit phrase-making, this ceaseless blunting of stupid inquiry by the interposition of a jester's shield? I surmise they made very little of it, caught scarcely more of this Messianic humor than do godly dolts of the present day. In many cases, perhaps, they set about to torture a literal significance from phrases first coined to blast utterly a literal intent. Naturally, of this process, I no more than guess. However, from internal evidence in the gospels I have a certain warrant that was cited earlier in this treatise. Had the gospel authors sensed the witty inflection of their Master's speech they would have gone further than a simple reporting of His words. That is to say, they would have set as foils against these words, more aptly to heighten their effect, some of the inevitably dull retorts of Jesus' auditors. Unhappily, engaging dialogue of this character is most infrequent.

At one place, however, there is a gospel report of a dialogue that instances the meeting of wit with wit. It demonstrates that Jesus had the grace to acknowledge an apt, pungent retort, and was swift to recognize it. It will be remembered that a woman of the Canaanitish race—Jesus was then on the coasts of Sidon and Tyre—came to Him lamenting of a devil with which her daughter was possessed. But He was then concerned with other offices and did not answer her. Soon her importunities irked the Disciples, who asked that He bid the woman go away.

"Send her away," they said, "she is wailing behind us!"

But she continued with her pleadings.

"Lord help me!" she cried.

Finally, it seems that the Galilean too became somewhat irked by this clamor. He determined to dispose of the woman by humbling her and to effect this He said, with a touch of scorn:

"It is not fair to take the children's bread and throw it to the dogs."

But the wit of the Phœnician woman rose to her lips; it may be she was a dog, but she retorted:

"No, sir, but even the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from their master's table!"

At once Jesus appreciated this adroit turning of His argument against Himself. He was delighted. One conceives Him laughing readily at His self-discomfiture.

"O woman, you have great faith!" He exclaimed. "Your prayer is granted as you wish!"

V

The Carpenter could, then, applaud the wit of another; and He could Himself be paradoxical, ironic, sarcastic, bantering, extravagant, droll, hyperbolic. Additionally, He had an emphatic gift for very pretty epigram. It was, no doubt, the epigrammatic pungency of His speech that fixed it in the Disciples' memories, permitting them to report His words with a certain literal faithfulness.

Many of His epigrams, however, have lost their savor for us from being mouthed so long by solemn men and made the text of so much tedious commentary. Nevertheless, when first spoken, they must have come sparkling from His lips. Such epigrams as, "For he who has, to him shall more be given, but whoever has not, from him shall be taken away even what he has," and "Give then to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar and to God what belongs to God," were once fresh. Even now, in spite of hard usage, the paradox of the one and the shrewdness of the other retain a measure of their first glow. It must have been pleasant to have heard Him say, for the first time, "You will know them by their fruit; do men gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles?" Even the distressing memory of a thousand evangelical pastors preaching a thousand sermons on

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the text of this epigram cannot quite destroy its primitive savor.

But many of His sayings were pitched above the understanding of His hearers; this seems assured. And customarily He scorned to weaken their effect by explaining them. Now and again, however, after speaking epigrammatically, He does consent to expand His idea, often with a comic illustration. For example, when He said, "It is not what enters a man's mouth that defiles him; what defiles a man is what comes out of his mouth," one of the fishermen was puzzled, and importuned for a gloss. Then the Carpenter provided this somewhat highly-seasoned explanation:

"Are you wholly ignorant? Do you not see how all that enters the mouth passes into the belly and comes out into the drain?"

But I need cite no more of Jesus' epigrams in proof of His epigrammatic facility. This has at all times been more or less perceived. Unhappily, however, the solemn Hebraic deification and the lacrimose sentimentalization of His life have almost totally obscured His humor. In two thousand years of Christianity, Jesus Christ has never been known to laugh!

I come to a conclusion now by making certain amends. I have spoken a bit harshly of the fisher-fellows and excisemen, their witlessness, in this paper. But I do not mean that they could never have been jolly companions for the Carpenter. In private moments, when the public was not at the keyhole, and when His wit pitched itself more at their level, I doubt not they sometimes appreciated His jesting, at any rate, those who were not too completely overawed by His Messianic claim. For this statement I find a certain warrant in Holy Writ. As an example, it is recorded there that Jesus and the Disciples were fond of feasting. Unlike the ascetic John the Baptist, Jesus drank wine and ate meats. "Why," inquiry is made, "do we and the Pharisees often fast, but your Disciples do not fast at all?" Then the Galilean answers, "Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them?" This response is almost as adroit as one recorded in the nineteenth chapter of Matthew. In this instance one of the Disciples was puzzled by the Master's strictures on the subject of adultery. Says he, "If that is a man's position with his wife, there is no good in marrying." Then Jesus answers, "True, but this truth is not practicable for everyone. *It is only for those who have the gift!*"

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Aesthetics

THE DOMINATION OF LITERATURE

By John McClure

It is possible that in this generation we are spectators at an eclipse of the formal arts. A wave of symbolism is engulfing poetry, painting and sculpture. A determined effort is afoot to destroy these fine arts, whose existence has always been ideal, remote and disassociated from life, and to substitute for them that immediate criticism of life which is simply literature. The very basis of man's sense of formal beauty is under attack. Expressionists under one name or another are attempting to demolish the principles of abstract beauty which man arrived at only after ages of travail.

Literature, in its basic meaning, is symbolism: it is that part of human expression which is made up of words. Every word is a symbol, and every symbol is a word. A group of letters, a group of sounds, or a group of lines or colors which conjures up an idea—all these are words. A picture of a teapot is as truly a word as the printed symbol, "teapot," or the shrill sound which this typography represents. Any representational painting is a word or group of words. A living likeness in portraiture is as much a word, to those capable of recognizing it, as the name of the sitter. It is a symbol for the original image. A painting or statue which expresses melancholy, sorrow or joy is, in that aspect of its existence, as truly a word as any of those vocal expressions. All representational art, whether in painting, music, sculpture or poetry, is properly a form of literature.

No one questions the value of literature. I, for one, have a passion for it. Ideas, though none are trustworthy, enrich the mind and the man. Yet, granting all credit to literature, one may contend that formal beauty is valuable too. One may even contend, if need be—but there is no need—that it is more valuable than any idea whatever.

In distinguishing formal beauty from literature it is necessary to emphasize the absolute and immediate effect of form, and the "curious interest" which is the essence of literature and all representational art. A mere statement of fact, idea or emotion has only this curious interest. We orient it, if it is an idea, with other ideas in our mind. We interpret it, if it is emotion in terms of our own emotion—jazz, for example. Always we must explain it to ourselves in mental processes or emotional reflexes. But formal beauty requires no orientation. Its effect is immediate.

This is because the perception of pure form is direct experience. Formal beauty differs from literary symbolism in that the perception of form is action while literature is merely hearsay. The experience of rhythm is deeper than the experience of thought. Rhythm is life: thought is a form of death. The rhythm of the dance or of music is life itself: literature is the rumination of the soul after experience. The perception of formal beauty is an experience as immediate as hunger, struggle, love or death. It is valuable in the development of the personality like the just exercise of any function or muscle. The human being is naturally equipped to perceive beauty.

That the reaction to beautiful form can be explained genetically is immaterial. To say that conceptions are determined genetically is merely to say that they are con-

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ditioned by the nature of the organism. All human endeavor is explicable under natural laws. Pure mathematics was arrived at genetically. Iambic pentameter is perhaps the same rhythm as the pulse of the blood. The perception of formal beauty, which is simply the perception of harmony or unity, is one for which we are genetically equipped. The harmony between iambics and our pulse is what makes iambics pleasing to us.

Before the human mind evolved into its present state of subtlety, the perception of formal beauty probably was restricted to the recognition of harmonies obtaining between an external stimulus and the physical life of the organism. But with the development of the mind came recognition of the harmonies obtaining between external forms themselves, the scope of this recognition being, of course, still conditioned by the nature of the organism. We came to recognize oppositional harmonies and variations within the genetically beautiful form, just as from the crude numeration of the savage we developed the science of mathematics.

But it must be remembered that rhythms do not seem formally beautiful because they symbolize or remind us of something. Rhythms evolved from the pulse of the blood or from breathing or running are not pleasing to us because they remind us of the blood circulation or of breathing or running, but because the movement is one for which we feel an affinity, a movement with which we are physically in harmony. We achieve an æsthetic emotion by creating or sharing in a harmony of any sort. And that emotion is not symbolic or intelligible: it is direct experience.

Mankind has always valued action above words, direct experience above vicarious experience. Being in love, we know well enough, is a vastly more momentous experience than sympathizing with Romeo in a playhouse. Actual combat is a much more vital experience than dreaming of glory. Direct experience has an immediate, an untranslatable value. The perfectly inexplicable delight of beautiful music touches us more deeply than any intelligible idea whatever. Those who distrust all things except beautiful rhythms cannot distrust them.

But to return to literature. Through literature man expresses ideas. (Emotions, it must be remembered, when objectively treated as communicable quantities, are simply ideas.) Although we experience life directly, we perceive it only through images. The entire fabric of our language is imagery. The feverish mind of man carries on a perpetual realization and criticism of the world through imagery. No conscious being can escape imagery, even in sleep.

Literature is man's external expression of this mental imagery. In its rudest state it is simply criticism of life: the imitation of things seen or felt, with the symbolization of consequences or implications. The highest beauty attainable in mere literature is the beauty of complete versimilitude—a perfect representation or imitation of the actual or the possible. As a fine art literature is formal. The artist in ideas evolves a formal art in the arrangement of images. He creates a formal beauty, entirely aside from truth or reality, in the juxtaposition, sequence or coincidence of images, in "patterns," in rhythmical variations of thought.

Literature began in the infancy of language. In its essence it *is* language. The art of literature (either the formal or the expressive art, and these merge in all great work) will perhaps be man's ultimate art. Criticism of life through symbolization lifted man from the animal world. Out of his visualization and conscious manipulation of images was evolved all speech, all thought, all progress. This criticism of life pervades all his works. Literature, symbolism, is present in all his arts. It is, perhaps but not certainly, the supreme flower of the human spirit. It is a reflection or reverberation of life itself in all its infinite variety.

Literature in the proper sense of intelligible symbolization is present in such di-

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verse expressions of the human spirit as music hall ballads, Plato's dialogues, Holbein's "Dance of Death," Egyptian and Mayan hieroglyphics, proverbs, religious painting, slang, epigram, caricature and cartoon, the names of flowers ("Johnny Jump-Up," "Jack-in-the-Pulpit"); Hogarth's, Blake's, Goya's and Rembrandt's paintings and engravings, Carlyle's and Montaigne's prose, and the poems of Catullus, Heine, Burns, Whitman, Dante and Milton.

This literary expressionism is manifest in all productions in language of necessity, but it pervades even behavior. One's character is expressed by a shrug, by a lifting of the eybrow, by a wink, by the way one walks down the street. Emotion is expressed by grimaces as well as by words.

One's personal traits, emotional or mental, are expressed in spite of one. An artist can no more keep his personality or his ideas from expressing themselves in his work than he can keep his hair from growing. Rembrandt's sense of mystery, Blake's ecstasy, Michael Angelo's grandeur: these oozed out in all their works. All the formal art of the world is tinged with mental and emotional expression—with literature.

But the proper place for literature, as an end in itself, is in hieroglyphical or written symbolism. The formal arts were an advance beyond symbolism. They were an advance beyond the savage's scrawled image of a reindeer, and beyond his verbal or instrumental expression of fear, rage or passion. When man discovered that harmony and proportion were beautiful in themselves in color and form, and that a sequence of sounds was beautiful regardless of its symbolism, then the formal sensuous arts, the fine arts, appeared. Guttural expressions of the passions evolved into the arts of poetry and music. Symbolical representations of man, animals and deities evolved into the arts of composition and design. Man began to dabble in formal beauty. And he soon began to evolve a formal art of literature. The fine sensuous arts and the fine art of literature developed side by side. Homer, Phidias and Pindar appeared, and Aeschylus and Plato.

The sensuous artists used literature to enrich their formal productions. But the great formal artists used literature as an accessory, never as an end in itself. Plato was interested in symbolism, but what interested Pindar was verse. Aeschylus, Sophocles and Apuleius were interested in symbolism, the rhythms and sequences of thought, and the formal beauty of character, situation and plot; but what interested Virgil, Horace and Catullus primarily was the sound of Latin, forged into resonant harmonies.

The menace to the formal arts today is the effort that is being made to establish literary significance as *the essence of the form*. Literary significance is of course the essence of nothing but literature. The fallacy that it is the essence of all the arts has affected music, painting, sculpture and poetry to a very great degree. In poetry it has swept the field. Hardly one person in a thousand considers poetry as anything except simple literature. It is read (and written) as if it were prose, appraised for its literary qualities and declared to be nothing but idea (with strange sentimental distinctions as to what ideas are poetry and what are not) or emotion. Music is called back to its savage utility of expressing the emotions of man. Painting is called back to its savage literary utility of expressing idea or emotion.

In painting, particularly, as in verse, the most absurd literary endeavors are paraded as belonging to formal art. The cubist "interprets" space, which is as literary a procedure as writing a "Critique of Pure Reason," and quite as literary as the depicting of a young lady reading a love letter. Other artists set to work to "interpret" objects, to express the *essence* of a soup-tureen or a table or of sunlight—to *realize* in paint the substance of the image. Others attempt by arrangements of forms to create in the mind of the observer an emotion identical with their own in a given situation, which is as literary as

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writing an essay about it. Others attempt to show their clients a giraffe or a landscape from a new viewpoint, doing some tricks with perspective.

The amusing thing in the literary movement in painting is that it began in a rebellion against literature in art. The rebels escaped by plunging into pure literature. The procedure of formal artists (who can no more escape literary imagery than they can escape life) is very different from that of the literary rebel, however. The formal artist who was damned for his "literature" selected, with great good humor, a literary subject—nearly any: a crucifixion, a saint or apostle, an old woman sitting at a window, a Dutch interior, Little Red Riding Hood, the artist at the age of 45—anything that interested him. Frequently he let his patron select the subject. Really, it made little difference. After selecting, he was ready to begin. He then set about the actual business of his art, which was to develop from this subject a harmony in color and form. The rebel too often gets no further than his subject, which is frequently merely a bizarre emotion.

In poetry, the most amazing theories of composition have been advanced. Because great poetry, like great painting and sculpture, and of course, like prose, is electric with intellectual or emotional content, the literary school of metaphysicians and sentimentalists have ruled that the intellectual or emotional content is the art. And Carlyle's imagery is termed poetry. And any pleasing expression of emotion or startling expression of idea is labeled poetry or "poetic." Verse is dismissed as a nonessential. As a matter of fact, of course, this symbolization of idea or emotion is simply literature. Many writers now consider that they have produced poetry if they express an idea or an emotion. But the difference in procedure between these writers and the formal poets is similar to that between expressionists and formal painters.

Those of us who cherish formal beauty cannot but regret the effort to discredit it. Is there, after all, any need to destroy form because we admire symbol? Is there any need to say that expressionism in paint is the same thing as the formal beauty of the fine art of painting? Is there any need to say that the magnificent imagery of Carlyle is the same thing as a Latin harmony? That Whitman's catalogues are the same product of the human spirit as Milton's blank verse, Scottish ballads, Elizabethan lyrics, or Whitman's own splendidly formal rhythms at their best?

Diplomacy

PRINCIPLE IN FOREIGN POLICY

By Leland H. Jenks

It is a common failing of the bureaucrats and doctors of philosophy who speak in public of foreign affairs that they assume a division and antagonism between interest and principle in the relations of great nations. Let us be done with this highfalutin nonsense about principle, say some of them, including an eminent late ambassador: it is the business of a nation to pursue its own undivided interest. How shameful to cause our relations with neighboring peoples to wax cold or friendly in accordance with our mere interest, reason others: the foreign policies of a great nation should be determined by considerations above the sphere of material advantage. Thus runs the debate. Few are so gracious as to turn from the field of ethics to that of behavior, and attend to the plain fact that *all* nations, as such, pursue what their political leaders consider to be to their interest, and that the only difference between them is that some nations under some leaders are able to rationalize this pursuit as a matter of principle.

It is, to be sure, not difficult to think of a world organized without nations—

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without acquisitive, industrious peoples who esteem their leaders according to the opportunities afforded them to expand and get on. It is a pleasant intellectual exercise, affording a gratifying escape from the sordid realities of international relations. But the dream will take on no actual substance until finance becomes really supranational, and industrialists and farmers believe that they can get on under some other agency of police better than under that offered by national politicians. We shall not then speak of national policies at all; as a nation we shall have our international affairs regulated for us. Meanwhile, we pursue our romantic crusades against the Hun, and our unromantic pilgrimages after oil, we dismantle our outworn battleships and multiply our aircraft, we proclaim the Open Door where other nations have the concessions, and raise the Monroe Doctrine where the advance agents of our civilization are first upon the ground. In other words, we pursue whatever our political leaders can persuade us is to our advantage.

It is a distinction of the United States among modern nations that it has been able to carry on this business under the aspect of a stand for principle. But it has not been unique in that respect. During the greater part of the Nineteenth Century Great Britain also handled her affairs under color of a similar devotion to principle. In neither case, however, was it necessary to ascribe to the responsible political leaders any peculiarly lofty virtue. The command of the sea and the domination of international markets made it possible for England to seek directly what she wanted without troubling to compromise her position out of regard to the sensibilities of a possibly essential ally. The isolation of the United States and its economic self-sufficiency gave a corresponding freedom to its foreign policy. Such circumstances are lacking to most nations, and so it is impossible for them to carry on their foreign affairs under the guise of a devotion to general principles. They must pursue their ends with frank selfishness and by means of a policy of compromise and compensation.

International logrolling! So conspicuous is it in the foreign policies of modern nations that it is difficult for some publicists to believe that a nation whose behavior does not reveal it has any foreign policy at all. Intelligent French writers upon diplomatic matters find it simply impossible to conceive of foreign policy in any other terms. A regard for the thrifty taxpayer and a realization that weak defenses are an invitation to powerful nations to violate neutrality in time of war have lately persuaded the Danish government to decree national disarmament, total and complete. But continental commentators can see nothing in this sensible if unheroic action save a deep-laid conspiracy of the calculating Hun. They can not imagine a nation attending directly to its own concerns. Its every action must be regarded in the light of the friends that will be gratified, the foes that will be chagrined. The farther one proceeds in Europe to the Southeast the more exclusively is national conduct viewed in this light, until among the Greeks and Turks and Armenians diplomacy becomes a grand Oriental bazaar, with prices beaten up and down, and public officials waxing privately rich from the barter of their favors and enmities.

From this sort of foreign policy, and the unscrupulous intrigue which has attended it, Americans have virtuously recoiled. It has seemed to us quite unworthy of a proud nation which contains within its borders nearly all the essentials of the Good Life. Fortunately, it has never been necessary for us to succumb. Our diplomats early learned that by sticking to the matter long enough they could get for the United States all the claims she made without making any compensating concessions in return. Time after time European nations have attempted to balance counterclaim against claim in dealings with our State Department. France found it impracticable in Jackson's time. England bowed in the

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Alabama case. However silly and pettifogging the interests we enshrouded in principle, we stood firmly for them, bowing to no considerations of fear or favor, seeking no friends, unperturbed about the sensibilities affronted. There has never been any need for us to do anything else. We have been able to do pretty much what we wanted to do whenever we wanted to do it, for we have not been dependent for life upon supplies or favor from other nations. Our material interests abroad, in fact, have always been very slight. The Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door and a catchword which has become devoid of all real meaning, the Freedom of the Seas, have sufficed to rationalize nearly all of them. And Struggling Peoples and a World Safe for Democracy have been ready to hand to help.

But these catchwords are principles only in the sense that they are highly generalized expressions of well-formulated and abiding interests. To be sure, traditional elements bulk very large in their composition. All sorts of popular notions of prowess cling about our notion of the United States. To the rabble there is a sense of grandeur derivable from membership in a great society. But this is no less an interest, at bottom, than the appropriation of natural resources is to specialists in the craft. And so long as its maintenance is independent of politics outside the United States, it is rationalized as a principle and invested with a moral halo.

But whenever the isolation of the United States is terminated by inventions of aggressive war still to be conceived, or her self-sufficiency breaks down under the increasing pressure of our conceptions of material well-being or with the exhaustion of natural resources, it will no longer be possible to pursue this policy of "principle." The United States, like Great Britain, will then be compelled to solicitude about the balance of power. She will need to seek out friends and to neutralize enemies. It will be necessary to consider what the Japanese will think when we pass a new immigration law. It will be necessary to ponder the anomaly of presenting a bill to France and prohibiting her most available means of payment. It will be necessary to enter entangling alliances, even a League of Nations. We shall do these things without hesitation and leave it to the editors of the weekly press to demonstrate our consistency. But we shall be understood in Paris. We shall no longer be the favored successor to the mantle of *la perfide Albion*. And we shall no longer debate our foreign relations in a moral fog or pretend to be holier than we are.

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E PLURIBUS UNUM

BY ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER

THE day, mild, pleasant and otherwise satisfactory, was far enough along to cause a degree of confidence in its remaining hours. Doors and windows were open. From the rear of the house came the joyful exclamations of three handmaidens over a mass of gathered blossoms that had recalled to them home scenes across the ocean. They did not hear a second ringing of the door-bell preceding the entrance of seven or eight substantial citizens of our borough. These men had come to ask me to be a candidate for a seat in the town council of six members. They said that I need not ask a man for his vote; they would attend to that. When I consented there began for me a period of some years of constant contest, with defeats and successes, ending not altogether in failure, but with personal relief. I was elected largely because of the character of my supporters and partly because of their printed claim that as I owned horses I could ascertain readily the needs of the town. The town's needs were not hard to see. The most important of them were not material and did not require the mounting of a saddle horse to be brought within the range of vision.

Our town of 4000 inhabitants was but a few years younger than the city of more than a million people seven miles away. The story of its founder, a young, unmarried woman of the first years of the Eighteenth Century, is told in one of Longfellow's "Wayside Inn" poems. On our main street lived the local annalist who had supplied the poet with the incidents set forth. Across the street lived the man who had first suggested and then advocated with unwearied persistence the Centennial Exposition of 1876. Next door to him was the old tavern, now deprived of business by local option, where the Colonial Assembly had met and Dolly Madison had danced. Nearby was the shop of the town cobbler, whose memory held a store of local reminiscences and whose church-going suit of decent black caused favorable comment. Around the corner was the town pottery, more than a century old, where two skilled Germans made vases and steins decorated with scenes from the Nibelungen Lied. Upright and useful, in later years the two brothers and their families had encountered the hostility of less intelligent Americans whose primitive passions had been misdirected by war propaganda.

Close to the pottery lived the centenarian called by the townspeople Aunt Mary, who on Winter mornings swept the snow from the porch until a fall and a broken hip put an end to her activity. For the remaining year or so of her life her burly, good-hearted neighbor, an artisan who restored antique furniture sent him from distant places, crossed the street several times a day to lift the cripple from bed to chair and chair to bed. Loving his handiwork, this artisan was apt to take a year or so for the repairing of a colonial desk or highboy. In Winter ordinarily, even on the rare days when the mercury fell to zero, he wore no coat, vest or collar. Another habit of his was to go every Friday afternoon, from Autumn until Spring, to the Symphony Orchestra concerts in the city.

Just over the town border in one

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direction was a disreputable bar-room dubbed by a local humorist, the Blazing Rag. In another direction were the site of the home of the town's founder, the great yew trees brought by her from England 200 years ago, and the copper worm and still whose use had passed away. Between them was a wooden house of immaculate white, with windows always polished, whose owners, being kin of the town's founder, possessed much of her beautiful furniture and a mass of old manuscripts, including receipted bills for work done by a job printer named Benjamin Franklin. Our town, for a while, had been the boyhood home of the American artist who painted for England the picture of the coronation of King Edward VII. One of the country's foremost paleontologists had also been a townsman. And the leading American authority on mushrooms, who, by experiment on himself, had sorted the hundreds of wholesome kinds from the few dangerous ones, was still a resident.

An old, self-centred town, such as ours was, offers favorable conditions for the growth of local characters. We had them in numbers. The coatless, collarless artisan, with his love of Beethoven and Wagner's music and his neighborliness, was an index to the contrasts and similarities of the population. The town moulded its people into a likeness, but the most pronounced individuality was free to display its characteristics in ways that did no violence to the established rule of conformity. At a certain point individuality faded away. Instinct taught where the line was drawn and on which side of it safety lay. Advantages and drawbacks both were derived from this solidarity.

The nucleus around which the early population had gathered had been the kin of the young woman who, about the year 1700, had brought from England her servants, mechanics, utensils, furniture and yew trees. Affiliated with her family were the members of the Quaker meeting. They formed a fairly well closed fellowship to which the increasing numbers of newcomers of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches, or of no church at all, were more or less alien. The surnames were in the main English, and had been borne, probably, in rural England by crofters or other modest folk. Tillage had been long continued by their American descendants in this part of the colony, where the Indian had never been a source of trouble, and where the Winter was mild, the soil level and easily tilled, the food abundant, and life so comfortable that throughout the history of the United States it would be difficult to name a single non-migrating native who had become a national figure. One resident of the town had a fortune of ten millions. Other citizens were more than prosperous, but mostly our town folk were people of moderate means, owning their homes and laying something by.

II

In this town of residences undisturbed by nerve-racking noises and unsoiled by the smoke of industry neither the Quakers nor the men who went daily to their stores and offices in the city took much interest in the town government until something out of the common stirred them into temporary activity. Local political affairs were managed from the quarters of the Social Club, whose members, despite its name, were without social ambition. Among them were some skilled mechanics, a few men with a more varied experience, and a number whose modest accumulations were sufficient for the simple scale of their household living. They read the newspapers, but their chief sources of information were their personal associations. They made a serviceable political following under leadership and enjoyed a sense of their reflected power. Within the range of their limited knowledge and experience they were participating actively in the administration of the democratic theory of government. They gave thought and time and

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took infinite trouble to maintain their policies and did the best they knew. Unfortunately, such people everywhere need only a demagogic shepherd to be rounded into the sheepfold, and in our town there was such a shepherd.

The Social Club occupied a building on the main street. A bare and dingy room on the street floor the club had long rented to the town for the mayor's office and council chamber, and the rental received for this one room was sufficient to reimburse the club for what it paid yearly for the club quarters on the upper floors. The mayor and enough other members of the club belonged to the council to defeat any proposed ordinance with their disapproval. It was a simple procedure for them to vote for an ordinance from its first reading to its final passage and then, when the mayor had vetoed it, to cast their votes in support of his veto.

It might be supposed that a population such as ours, with a sense of order passed down through several centuries, would face their community problems with something of the systematic fashion shown in their private affairs. That they did not do so was in large measure due to the merging of the individual in a mass readily diverted from the main business at hand by a smoke screen manipulated with a more or less adroit understanding of the voters. The extreme possibility of individual absorption in the whole was illustrated by a well-to-do citizen who was reluctant to commit himself to the propositon that it was a fine day. Nevertheless, there was hope that an old town, picturesque in its outward aspect as not many American towns are, with a homogeneous population, having much local pride and much love of neatness and order, could be depended upon to uphold an attempt to introduce and maintain a measure of scientific town government.

Just at this time, however, the American populace in old Eastern communities had given two warnings of the tendency of public opinion to spring a leak. One came from the vicinity of Boston, where a town mob, mistaken but confident in its zeal in behalf of an imposter, threatened to lynch a judge and lawyer. The other warning was in our town itself, where a resident, for a slight deviation from the community's code of conduct in a matter strictly his own business and of which he was the best judge, was hanged in effigy by a hooting mob in front of his home. There ensued mild repentance for the mistake, but no apology, and the mortified man left the town.

When I became a member of the Council a sewer system had just been constructed under contract. Partial payments had been made, the unpaid portion of the cost being due when the sewers were accepted by the town. Previous to this action sewer connections with buildings could not be made, and there was a continuing loss of rentals. The obstacle to terminating this loss arose out of a curbstone story widely circulated —that the sewers ran uphill. The town authorities had been afraid to test the sewers lest it turn out that the story be true. The author of "Pinafore" might have done justice to the care with which, in councilmanic references to so absurd a situation, the real cause of the delay was avoided.

Willingly enough, however, the newcomer in council, supported by two old members of like mind who did not run with the Social Club hare or hunt with its hounds, was permitted to father a test of the sewers. Floating balls were followed about town from manhole to manhole for several days. The canard was thus disposed of, the sewers were accepted; house connections were made; the town revenues began, and everybody was satisfied. A State law required that sewage should be filtered before flowing into any creek or river. Our town went through the motions of complying with this excellent safeguard. Actually, after the filter beds became foul and clogged, it proved difficult to move the immovable mayor toward a renewal of the sand filters, and so much

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unfiltered or imperfectly filtered sewage flowed directly into the creek. When some real-estate owner down the creek threatened a lawsuit, the mayor, in the fashion of Mark Twain's jumping frog, gave a heave and settled back in the same place.

III

Among our town characters this mayor held his own. He had filled the office ever since the town's organization. Past middle life and portly, he had a dome-like head filled with all the material facts relating to the town, and an exact memory which enabled him to name the dimensions of every town lot, the assessed valuations, and the location of all sewer connections. It was a current belief that he never left the town. The story was told of him that as a young man he had wandered as far as New Orleans. There, his funds running low, he got a job as a street-car driver. As soon as he had earned his fare he made his escape back to his home haven, and it was believed that he had never ventured out again. The town took a certain pride in him, and, though smiling at his peculiarities, would have voted down any opponent seeking his office. With this good-humored support, and with a ready helper in a town politician under obligations for services rendered in a past crisis, the mayor was beyond the reach of opposition.

The town politician was both a town and a county politician, holding at the same time the offices of borough solicitor and prosecuting attorney of the county. He was a criminal lawyer of a familiar type. Not learned in the law, he had some of the actor's skill and was an effective speaker before a jury or audience. He had none of what church people call bad habits. Of good appearance and manner and unscrupulous audacity, he was said to hold the county bosses in fear of his party fealty. As borough solicitor in four years he had no advice to give to the council except in response to a resolution, when a signed opinion would be submitted. These opinions were drafted by his law partner, who possessed the legal knowledge lacking in the solicitor himself.

A trolley line from a nearby city of less than 100,000 people, on the way to the greater city across the river, had lately reached our town. The trolley hunger was so keen that the company was permitted, after reaching the town, to lay tracks on the main street. A portion of these tracks had no use other than as a switch, while another part was not used at all. They were an injury to the street, and, except for the distance of a couple of hundred feet, served no practical purpose. The trolley company was a source from which some political patronage flowed in the shape of passes and jobs.

Privately, the mayor and the Social Club members of the council agreed with the other members that the unused tracks should be removed, and an ordinance to that effect was introduced, and received sufficient support to be passed. But then the mayor vetoed it, and found enough supporters in the council to shift sides and sustain his veto. The unused tracks remained an obstruction in the street and a testimony to the faint-heartedness, incompetency or personal interests of the town officials until years afterwards, when old age ended their activity, and a new and more vigorous set of men came to the front and removed them.

We succeeded in the abandonment of the Social Club's council-room and put an end to a long-continued petty graft by furnishing a room in a building owned by the town, thus saving rent. Opposition to the Social Club now sent additional members to the council, and the majority was thus able to bring about the extension of the borough limits and to apply uniformly ordinances of long standing in regard to paving and other practical work.

In matters of larger significance, coming up in rapid succession, there were illustrated some of the causes for the common failure of American town government. In

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two small towns, one near the St. Lawrence River and one near the Gulf of Mexico, where I have lived the town government was efficient. Both these towns were run by competent bosses, with whom the people did not interfere. In one town the boss was a physician of national repute and in the other he was the most competent business man in the place. Between these geographical limits I have dwelt in a half dozen other small towns. In all of them public affairs were conducted in a slovenly manner, not altogether because of individual indifference. Timidity, the ear to the ground to catch the symptoms of mass prejudices, the ever-present anchor to windward in case of storm at the next election, the need for jobs, all the various factors that make democratic town government anything but a government of experts, combined in these towns as they do in so many others to cripple all efforts in behalf of municipal efficiency.

Soon after my election to the council, I was appointed by the mayor on a committee, the only other active member being the chairman of the finance committee, to audit the accounts of the borough treasurer, who was the custodian of the taxes paid, sewer rentals and other income. The finance chairman's method of auditing these accounts was simply to verify the treasurer's additions and subtractions. It was too late to attempt a reform that year, but the next year, supported by the non-Social Club members of the council, a certified accountant was employed to audit the books. He reported that large sums of money paid to the treasurer had not been credited to the borough. The report, being read at a council meeting, of course became public, but in a short time, in the face of it, the treasurer was renominated and reëlected with practically no opposition. He was a careless, good-natured man, whose book entries were often undated, and the extent of his offending probably consisted of depositing the town's money in outlying banks and regarding the interest paid on it as his personal perquisite, a practice long in vogue among American town treasurers. Most of the town's voters knew that when their political leader made a speech attacking an opponent it was purely for political effect, with little substance back of it, and so they were unable to distinguish between such an attack and a report made by a disinterested expert.

IV

The climax of our town absurdities grew out of the water supply. Some years earlier, when the juxtaposition of house wells and cesspools had become a source of danger, a few of the more enterprising citizens provided the money to furnish the town with water. The source was a surface supply, naturally filtered, uncontaminated by drainage and in quantity adequate for a number of years. In time the stock of this local water company began to return a fair interest on the investment, a cause for envy among many consumers. That envy furnished a soil favorable to a sequence of ludicrous acts by the town authorities and the public—all of interest for the light they threw upon governmental methods in a democracy.

These exhibitions began with granting to a wild-cat group of outsiders the right to lay new water pipes in the streets. The men on whom this right was conferred had no water supply, no intention of building a water works, and no other expectation beyond the possible sale of their franchise to the old water company or elsewhere. The threat was sufficient, however, to cause the transfer of the existing water works to a large outside corporation engaged in serving water to many towns. New towns and old towns had grown beyond the capacity of nearby supplies of surface water, and to meet a demand increasing daily this corporation had sunk artesian wells which yielded a hard water impregnated with iron. The failure of some of these artesian wells later led to the piping of our town water

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to other towns and its mixture with the inferior artesian water.

In our town many of the house pipes leading from the water mains were originally of the smaller and cheaper sizes. After years of use these small pipes had become corroded inside to such an extent that they could carry only a small stream, inadequate for household purposes. But the householders commonly blamed the result, not on their old pipes, over which they had complete control, but on the outside distribution of the water supply. In spite of the fact, well known to water engineers, that artesian wells in that part of the State, even if supplying a fair water when first used, were pretty certain to yield iron water later, a movement was soon under way to build a town water plant with artesian wells. A State law provided that the plan for any such system should be submitted to the voters and, if approved by them as submitted, the council could not subsequently make any changes in it.

A curious plan had been prepared by an inexperienced graduate of a technical school of low standing, a considerable part of it consisting of pictures of machinery cut out of advertising catalogues, and the document had been deposited in the vault of a bank, as if it had been of great value. Contrary to all expert knowledge of experienced water engineers, the top of a hill had been chosen as a suitable spot for driving an artesian well, and five hundred dollars had been paid out of the town funds in partial payment for the ground. So zealous were the partisans of the movement that a member of the council endeavored to bring about the payment at once of the rest of the purchase price, so that title to the ground could be taken and the town committed to the project. Fortunately, by that time there were enough votes in the council to compel a testing of the well that had been sunk. The hole was pumped continuously for six days and nights by the use of compressed air. The output was 44 gallons a minute. The requirements of the board of underwriters called for 1000 gallons a minute.

Following this fiasco two water engineers, one of whom had been trained in Holland and had done engineering work in Germany, Russia and France before becoming an American, while the other had designed the water plants of many cities and towns of our State and had a wide experience with artesian wells, were induced to come to our town without pay and to explain to the people at a public meeting the absurdities of the plan submitted to the voters. The town politician could draw a crowd at any time, but the two experts were able to get only an audience which half filled the hall. One of them said that the location of the artesian well was a good place for a coal yard but not for a well, that the necessary water wasn't there, and that if it were, pumping at a point so high above tide level would be very costly. The other took up the amateurish essay on water plants illustrated with pictures from trade catalogues that had been so carefully treasured in the bank vault and explained that it lacked the specifications necessary for the construction of a plant, and that in so far as it was a definitive plan, at all, the whole plant, if built, would be put out of operation at the first high water. Privately, he expressed a wish to obtain possession of the plan in order that he might hang it on the walls of the city Engineers' Club as a curiosity. The townspeople grasped the fact that the well had been sunk in the wrong place, and the project was put to sleep, but without any noticeable appreciation of the incompetency of the town authorities who had attempted to foist upon the town what would have proved a wasteful and impractical project. Criticism of the officials responsible for it would have been equivalent to self-criticism of the individuals composing the greater part of the community, and nowhere has the American public shown a tendency to find fault with itself for its own errors.

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V

At the time when the trolley line came to town the railroad was running half-hourly trains to the city in the morning and from the city in the afternoon. The trolley cars began running in the Summer. Attracted by the cheaper fare the people of the town abandoned the railroad trains, many of which, after running for a time unprofitably with few passengers, were withdrawn. When cold weather came and commuters and shoppers would have liked to return to the greater comfort and speed of the railroad they found that this better method of travel was limited to a few trains a day, and they were forced to use the trolley line, regardless of its Winter discomforts.

The railroad company desired to acquire from the town the right to use a narrow strip of land along its right of way in a section lately included within the town limits and rather sparsely built upon. The councilmen who were responsible for putting the dry well project to sleep, moved by the thought that the fortunes of an attractive and growing suburban town depended primarily upon its railway service, saw in this desire a chance to have the former train service restored. Conferences were held with the railroad officials, who agreed that in exchange for the right of way they would restore a number of morning and evening trains. The bargain seemed a good one for the future of the town. But when the residents of the recent addition heard of the arrangement they sprang into activity. Ignoring the good of the whole, they demanded that instead of giving additional trains the railroad company should pave a few blocks of their unpaved streets. They held meetings, listened to their speakers and descended *en masse* upon the meetings of the council, with all the indication in manner and speech of a public virtuously angry. To men in such a frame of mind it was useless to point out that they themselves or the town could pave these few streets at the cost of a few thousand dollars, but that neither they nor the town could provide good railroad service.

The town would have been benefited at the moment if instead of a Social Club, a Social Club mayor and a demagogic politician who could find jobs on the trolley line for his needy followers, it had had a town boss of the small amount of intelligence sufficient to weigh the two projects and with courage enough to disregard a popular but mistaken upheaval. As it was, the new section got a few short streets cheaply paved and the town failed to grasp an opportunity which passed away, not to return.

Why a people who, as individuals, in their personal affairs act with care should show in public affairs such marked incapacity remains something of a mystery. On the Atlantic seaboard, for more than two centuries, democracy has had an opportunity to learn town government and nearly everywhere there is the same tale of failure. For nearly a score of years men and women interested in trying to persuade Americans to make their towns better have gone to New York, New England and the West lecturing on Harrisburg as a model town. The results at Harrisburg and in the two smaller towns already alluded to have been due to a few competent individuals with sufficient force of character and standing to ensure a public following. The failures in other towns could perhaps be satisfactorily accounted for only after a study of each community.

In our town, when the butcher whose sausage meat deservedly enjoyed wide repute began to meet an increasing market by piecing out the pork with beef, his women customers held a meeting to devise ways and means to put an end to the practice. They wisely concluded that the most effective method was for a large number of them to call on him in a body and tell him that he must discontinue the degradation of his sausage. They did so with entirely satisfactory results. Would

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it not be well for women voters to give more attention to town matters which their influence and first-hand knowledge could correct and improve, and less to the opportunities for emotional display and newspaper notoriety? Such a change in practical femininism would hold out hope for an improvement in town government, in spite of the fact that women have ignored the only practical solution of their domestic service problem.

The failure of men in town government is not confined to small towns. In the city, now of two millions, of which our town is a suburb, though in another State, there is now on foot a water plan involving the expenditure of some eighty millions of dollars which bears considerable resemblance to our town's absurd water plan. So far as mere engineering goes, the eighty million dollar plan is no doubt in competent hands. No pumps will be buried in wells, to be drowned at high water. Dams and conduits will be constructed according to the best professional skill. But fundamentally the plan is as faulty as was our town's plan, for it is seriously proposed to spend the eighty millions on a plant which will assure a water supply for only forty years. It will be ten or, more likely, fifteen years before the plant is in operation, thus cutting down its useful life to twenty-five or thirty years.

The water is to be drawn from a rich agricultural section where there are suburban homes already. It is the vacation country of many thousands of people. In a few years it is certain to be thickly populated. By the time the city is forced to go for its water to one or the other of the two more distant and larger rivers available it will find that other cities and towns or States have preëmpted the supply. In the State of which it is the chief city every available source of water has been acquired already or will be within a short time. The government of this city thus ignores the basic problem and promises to blunder along much as did our town of a few thousands.

VI

Coincident with this service in the borough council came an experience as a grand juryman which tended to confirm my lack of confidence in that public opinion to which so many eulogies are paid in newspaper editorials and political speeches.

In a river town six miles from our town there had been a heated contest for a seat in the council between a Republican and a Democrat, the latter formerly of wealth and political influence—a State figure who by the abolition of horse racing had lost his money and prestige. The election officers declared that the Democrat had won by something like a half dozen votes. The Republican asked for a recount by the return board, and this recount showed his election by a few votes. The case against the town clerk, the custodian of the ballot-box, presented for the consideration of the grand jury, involved the charge that between the two counts access had been gained to the vault in the town hall, that the ballot-box had been opened, and enough ballots removed from the string to change the result.

An expert locksmith, whose shop was in the city, had his home in the town. It was charged that an unknown man had gone to the locksmith's house on a certain night for the purpose of having a key to the town vault made and that stealing the ballots had thus been made possible. The hearing of numerous witnesses occupied the grand jury for a number of days. The locksmith testified that he had made no key at his house, and that nobody came to his home on the night named. His sister testified to the same effect, with every appearance of sincerity. A member of the return board testified that consecutive numbers of the ballots, some half a dozen, were missing from the string at the time of the recount. The ballot-box was sent for and a committee of jurymen appointed to examine the ballots. The numbered ballots which the member of the return board had testified were missing were

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found near the middle of the long string in their numbered order, the only missing ones being the last and next to the last placed on the string—these being the ones most likely to be frayed or torn by handling.

But the day after the locksmith and his sister had denied that any caller had come to their house that night and that any key had been made, the sister returned to the witness stand and after being sworn said that a man had come to the house and that her brother had made a key for him while the visitor waited. This reversal of the woman's previous testimony seemed to support the serious charge against the town clerk, and if indictment by the grand jury should be followed by a petit jury's verdict of guilty, fine and imprisonment would await him.

The people of the town had been aroused by a heated campaign, by the close vote revealed at the first count and by the recount made by the return board, which changed the small majority on one side to a small majority on the other. The newspapers daily printed long articles with scare-heads and expanded surmises about the case. The streets had been watched by suspicious partisans day and night and the visit of a stranger after dark to the locksmith's house at a date between the first count and the recount concentrated the common belief in election frauds on this particular election. The grand jury itself, which had been drawn from a carefully selected list of persons made by a new and reputable sheriff desirous of establishing a good official record, had to weigh the final adverse testimony of the locksmith's sister against the fact that the ballots were practically intact upon the string, that the numbered ballots sworn to be missing by the member of the return board were not missing, and that a count of the ballots by the grand jury committee, allowing for a couple of town ballots at the string end, did not change the result arrived at by the return board. Outside of the jury-room the talk and excitement grew and the newspaper articles continued.

Then, after several days, the man who had charge of the vaults of a large trust company in the big city of another State appeared on the stand and testified that the master-key of these vaults had been mislaid, that in order to have them opened for business the next day he had crossed the river at night, gone to the house of the locksmith expert, who had previously done work for the trust company, had a master key made, waited until it was done, and, taking it with him, recrossed the river. Alert watchers looking for fraud had followed him to the vicinity of the locksmith's house, waited while he was inside, watched his departure, and upon a trifling act of business which had no relation to elections had built a sensational explanation of the defeat of their candidate.

The then prosecuting attorney, who preceded our borough solicitor in that office, was a man of ability and character, afterwards a judge. He asked me after the trust company official had testified, what I thought of the case. My view was that there was nothing in it more substantial than public suspicion. With that view he immediately, and later the grand jury, unanimously agreed. The charge was dismissed and the harassed town clerk went home a happier man.

To a learned, experienced and wise old judge of a mountain county court 200 miles away I once outlined this curious case, asking him why the locksmith and his sister had done such unnecessary lying. He said that it was the usual thing for persons like them, who found themselves in what they looked upon as the clutches of the law, and moved by a fear like that of a child in the dark, to resort to a lie, the ever-present help in time of trouble. He had heard such lies in court so many hundreds of times under similar circumstances that he considered the perjuries of the locksmith family normal human conduct!

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CLINICAL NOTES

BY H. L. MENCKEN AND GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

On Being Happy.—Happiness, as I have encountered it in this world, consists chiefly in getting no more than one wants and wanting no more than one can get. There is an obvious corollary: *un*happiness consists (*a*) in wanting something that one can't get, or (*b*) in getting something that one doesn't want. The second form of this unhappiness is probably the more distressing. The man who goes to a party, drinks too much gin, and, on reaching his office the next day, finds a note indicating that he is engaged to a girl with beer-keg ankles—this man is obviously far more unhappy than the fellow who, mistaking a transient inebriety for love, offers himself and is rejected. The latter, of course, may suffer. His vanity has been affronted; even his dignity is compromised. But he has not suffered any serious and permanent damage. He can recover. So all through life. The thought that I haven't a million dollars seldom makes me unhappy, though I could use the money judiciously. But if I were informed tomorrow that I had become a grandfather or been awarded the Pulitzer Prize I'd be very much distressed, and my distress would continue, at least in retrospect, all the rest of my life.

The prudent man tries to mold his desires to the probabilities, or, at all events, to the possibilities. He puts away from him all thought of things that are clearly beyond him. Privately, I'd like to be the Shah of Persia, with the right to kill Christians at so much indemnity a head, but the yearning never makes me really unhappy, for I realize that my theology is a bar. It would be scarcely more absurd for me to want to be one of the Twelve Apostles—a longing which broke the heart of the late Woodrow. But Woodrow was not alone: most politicians, I believe, are intensely unhappy men. The reason therefor lies in the fact that it is a sheer physical impossibility for any one of them to amass all the honors he craves. If he is an assemblyman he longs to be a congressman; if he is a congressman his eye is on the Senate; if he is in the Senate he is ridden all night by dreams of the White House.

Even in the White House there is no peace for a man so bewitched. The case of Woodrow I have mentioned. All the rest are just as unhappy. Think of Roosevelt. His last days were downright tragic. He wanted a third term, a fourth term, an *n*th term. The news that Woodrow was being cheered in the movie parlors cut him like a knife. Were he alive today, he would be envious of Coolidge. It seems incredible, but I believe it to be a fact. Coolidge is walled in by hordes of politicians who envy and hate him. What his own ambition is I don't know—probably to be a Wall Street lawyer. Whatever it is, it makes him unhappy.

That is, unless he is one of the rare men who know how to hold their desires in check. Perhaps he is, though his laugh is rather too sour to make it probable. Dr. Taft, I believe, belongs to the sublime and fortunate company. His laugh is magnificently hearty and innocent. All his life, even while he was in the White House, he was consumed by a desire to sit upon the bench of the Supreme Court. Today he is safely anchored there, in the very best seat, directly on the aisle. His notion of pleasure, I confess, is not mine. If I had to listen to lawyers five hours a day, it would cause me intense suffering; not even listen-

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ing to bishops would be worse. But every man to his own poison!

God's House.—Far from getting weaker, it seems to me that the Christian church, if not the Christian religion, is yearly getting stronger and stronger. It is gaining this strength numerically not because of the doctrines it preaches, not because of the irresistible persuasiveness of its tenets of faith, and not because pagans are becoming honestly converted to it, but, very simply, because it has become increasingly, as year chases year, the fashion and the mode. The Christian church is thus succeeding on a large scale precisely as the Berlitz School's French course is succeeding on a smaller scale. Christianity has, in a manner of speaking, ceased in a measure to be a religion and has become a style. Just as the American, German and French male mammal has long aped the Englishman in the matter of dress and social deportment, so today are an increasing number of infidels, led chiefly by the Jews, aping the Christian in a hundred and one ways. And, since this aping is most convincingly to be negotiated from the inside looking out rather than from the outside looking in, it is the Christian church that has been the benefactor. Things have got to such a pass, indeed, that when a Christian clergyman today speaks from his pulpit the name of Jesus Christ, half of the congregation thinks that he is swearing.

Jack Ketch as Eugenist.—Has any historian ever noticed the salubrious effect, on the English character, of the frenzy for hanging that went on in England during the Eighteenth Century? When I say salubrious, of course, I mean in the purely social sense. At the end of the Seventeenth Century the Englishman was still one of the most turbulent and lawless of civilized men; at the beginning of the Nineteenth he was the most law-abiding. What worked the change in him? I believe that it was worked by the rope of Jack Ketch. During the Eighteenth Century the lawless strain was simply choked out of the race. Perhaps a third of those in whose veins it ran were actually hanged; the rest were chased out of the British Isles, never to return. Some fled to Ireland, and revivified the decaying Irish race; in practically all the Irish rebels of the past century there have been plain traces of English blood. Others went to the Dominions. Yet others came to the United States, and after helping to conquer the Western wilderness, begat the yeggmen, Prohibition agents, footpads, highjackers and other assassins of today.

The murder rate is very low in England, perhaps the lowest in the world. It is low because nearly all the potential ancestors of murderers were hanged or exiled in the Eighteenth Century. Why is it so high in the United States? Because the potential ancestors of murderers, in the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries, were *not* hanged. And why did they escape? For two plain reasons. First, the existing government was too weak to track them down and execute them, especially in the West. Second, the qualities of daring and enterprise that went with their murderousness were so valuable that it was socially profitable to overlook their homicides. In other words, the job of occupying and organizing the vast domain of the new Republic was one that demanded the aid of men who, among other things, occasionally butchered their fellow men. The butchering had to be winked at in order to get their help. Thus the murder rate, on the frontier, rose to unprecedented heights, while the execution rate remained very low. Probably 100,000 men altogether were murdered in the territory west of the Ohio between 1776 and 1865; probably not 100 murderers were formally executed. When they were punished at all, it was by other murderers—and this left the strain unimpaired. The murder rate is vastly higher in America than in England today because vastly more Americans than Englishmen are the descendants of murderers or potential murderers.

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Question Box.—Does it occur to those republican Frenchmen who protest against the election of a professional soldier as first president of the German republic that the first president of their own republic after the Commune was similarly a professional soldier? Does it occur to those super-republican Americanos who, following the French, bawl against the election of a military leader as first president of the German republic that the first president of their own republic was just such a military leader?

In the Matter of Criticism.—It is not criticism that the loudest yodelers against criticism object to, but the printing of criticism. Oral criticism, though it be exactly like the published criticism, you will find they don't in the least object to. It is criticism set down in black and white that disquiets them. The average man, called a *lausbub*' by another man, simply laughs it off with genial unconcern. But the moment the other man calls him a *lausbub*' in print, he gets hot under the collar.

The Point of View.—"As you look out of Shaw's window—or rather windows, for the one side of the room is all windows—you see on the left St. Paul's and . . . at your feet the slow-moving Thames sparsely dotted with floating craft, and the prim coat of verdure of the Victoria Embankment, in striking contrast with the Needle of Cleopatra, Eastern in its suggestiveness and mystery. In the middle distance may be discerned the glittering lines of the Crystal Palace, and on clear days one may catch a glimpse of the far-away hills of Kent and Surrey." Thus Archibald Henderson. Never, until I became privy to this news, have I so greatly appreciated the eminent Bernard's true calibre. No man not a natural-born genius could write as he has written with such windows in his work-room. The man who could resist looking out of such windows long enough to compose even one-hundredth the amount of work that Shaw has delivered himself of is surely blessed with an artistic urge of uncommonly hefty horsepower.

Democracy.—Democracy is the form of government that places responsibility upon the man who believes that if you give a check to your bootlegger made out to "Cash" instead of to "Bearer," the Prohibition spies won't be able to trace the purchase of schnapps to you.

No. 3652.—Women, as they grow older, rely more and more on cosmetics. Men, as they grow older, rely more and more on a sense of humor.

The Government as a Liar.—The Prohibition Bureau's reports of its operations against the bootleggers very forcibly recall the French reports of German losses during the late war. That is to say, they are obviously mendacious. Their one purpose is to keep up the heat of the Methodists in the small towns, and so make the Prohibition "enforcers" safe in their jobs. Their one effect is to give crooked bootleggers a chance to alarm and swindle the more innocent sort of bibuli. This last, of course, is impossible in the big cities, where everyone knows that the current supply of alcohols is immense, and apparently unimpeded in the slightest by the monkeyshines of the Coast Guard. The price of good Scotch whisky, in the open market, is now but little more than half what it was when these monkeyshines began. Gin is cheaper than ever before, and, on the whole, better. California wines are now everywhere on sale in the East at prices but little above those of pre-Prohibition days.

The padlocking buffoonery seems to be having as little effect as the heroic melodrama of the Coast Guard. As soon as one restaurant is padlocked, two new ones open. Certainly the number selling drinks, at least in New York, is obviously increasing. Of late their number has been enormously augmented by a simple device still baffling to the Prohibition snouters and blackmailers. The *Wet* forestalls pad-

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locking by doing it himself. That is, he puts steel bars across his windows, and erects a steel front door, with a convenient peephole near its middle. Only those whom he knows, and considers safe, can get by this door. If Prohibition thugs try to batter it down, he has plenty of time to remove all his jugs and bottles to a safe place, usually somewhere upstairs or in the next house. By the time the scoundrels get in, his place is as bare of booze as a Baptist Sunday-school. All of his patrons are industriously guzzling White Rock, ginger ale or near-beer.

This scheme is apparently very successful; the number of such bastiles increases daily. Many of them, if my agents are to be believed, offer excellent food and sound wines at very moderate prices. To get in, it appears, one must be elaborately introduced. New Yorkers, a childish race, greatly enjoy such hocus-pocus; it gives them importance. Thus business is usually good, and, since there is no need to bribe either the Prohibition agents or the police, profits are good too. The one drawback, from the standpoint of the proprietor, lies in the fact that the sense of honor is not as richly developed in America as the sense of morality. It is not unheard of, I am told, for an Americano admitted to such a place to resolve a dispute about his bill by tipping off the Prohibition agents. This risk the honest Italian who runs the establishment must run. In return for the great boon of living in a free country, second to none in virtue, he must expect to be nipped, now and then, by its peculiar *mores*. In the more pretentious and exclusive places, where the cooking is of the first rank and only genuine wines are served, even that difficulty has been surmounted. There no one is admitted who speaks English without an accent. By this simple device the risk of being betrayed is obliterated.

Alcoholia.—I heard four animals carrying on a conversation in English about a friend of theirs, a lamb with seven eyes. I saw a large muscular angel with a book under his arm making several loud remarks. I saw some mountains and islands move themselves about like so many Fords, and horses with the heads of lions breathing fire. I ate a small book that, I assure you, was as sweet as honey. I saw a lady *enceinte* who had twelve stars in her hair, and a red dragon with ten horns and seven lovely crowns on his head. I saw a woman who had the wings of an eagle, and a leopard with the feet of a cinnamon bear. I saw someone sitting on a cloud wielding a sickle. I saw three frogs jump out of a man's mouth, and a long sword come out of the mouth of another man. I saw a tree that bore twelve different kinds of fruit, and an animal with a man's face full of eyes back and front.

Drunk again! you say? Not at all. I simply quote from the Bible.

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AMERICAN POLITICS: A CHINESE VIEW

BY YUA-LING CHIN

IT HAS been said repeatedly that in America there is hardly any difference between a statesman and a politician. A statesman is simply a politician in office; a politician is a statesman out of office. Facetious as this statement may sound, it contains some element of truth. Office seems to be the chief, if not the only, aim of the American statesman and the American politician alike. Few, if any, play politics without some connection or other with political patronage. Where are the American Brailsfords, the Angels, the Hobsons, the Keynses, or the Wallases? Outside of a few publicists who indulge in drum-beating in the suburbs of the political arena, and a handful of professors who become administrative officials of no political importance, there is hardly any American of political influence without some kind of organization or group interest back of him. The venerable Charles Eliot, of Harvard, is at best a feeble exception to the general rule of political indifferentism among the intellectual classes.

Yet it can not be said that there is no difference between the American statesman and the American politician. The difference is not, however, one of office, since both want to get it either directly or indirectly; it is rather rooted in differences between types of men. A statesman in America becomes a statesman through environment, while a politician is a politician by nature.

A statesman in America is generally well-to-do, thoroughly conventional, somewhat educated in the American sense, almost always versed in law, sufficiently respectable to move in society with ease, and sufficiently poor and humble to start with to be acceptable to the people. He may never have heard of the Periclean Age or the Renaissance, but he can generally quote with facility either from the Bible or from Abraham Lincoln. It is not true that he is always in office. He is often out of it. When out of it, he organizes relief committees, presides over meetings, and floods the newspapers with his wisdom. When in, silence becomes his chief virtue. On week-days he goes to his office, and on Sunday he sits in one of the front pews in his church, worshipping God and the Constitution.

He is a solid and substantial citizen. Generally he is neither ostentatiously rich, nor frankly poor, for ostentatious wealth is just as disastrous to an American statesman as actual poverty. He may not be attached to the soil where he was born and bred, but he is very likely to have a homestead with closed doors and shuttered windows. As long as he has an income, the source of it does not bother him any more than it bothers others; and as a last resort he can always practice law. His personal appearance is the incarnation of respectability. He wears a Chesterfield overcoat in Winter, and a cutaway all the year round. If in office, he sometimes wears a top hat, and when on an official mission to Europe, he wears spats.

It now remains to sketch the leading mental traits of this American statesman. To start with, foreign observers are apt to deny him intelligence. Most people, in using this term, do not know exactly what they mean, and the writer of this article does not claim to be an exception. Cer-

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tainly, it is capable of various interpretations, and in using it indiscriminately many of us are doing injustice to the poor statesman. If by intelligence one means the ability to calculate, on behalf of the interest one serves, the advantages and disadvantages of propositions based upon such fundamental premises as that "everyone desires to be wealthy," or that "success is the ideal or goal of life," then the American statesman is a very intelligent person. He may not be so intelligent in this respect as the American business man, but to expect more of him seems to be mere optimism.

If, however, the word intelligence is interpreted in any other sense the American statesman is not a person to whom it can be applied. He is usually dull and uninteresting, and often narrow and bigoted. Accustomed to a rigid process of calculation all his life, he has never had any opportunity for any kind of thinking. To him superficialities are profundities, and platitudes are oracles. Very often it is not his fault that he is so boring. He remembers that, after all, politics is his profession, and that, being in the last analysis a politician in a republic, he has to play to his audience. Like most other public speakers he supplies what that audience is supposed to demand, and, rightly or wrongly, it is never supposed to demand what in rare cases he may be able to supply. On occasion, a really intelligent American statesman may be obliged to become a fool.

He is in general, what Americans call a practical man. He is not interested in order and progress, but in law and prosperity. Here it is probably desirable to account for the fact that lawyers always thrive in politics. In the first place, there is in America a wide-spread respect for law, fostered by centuries of tradition. In the second place, there are so many laws that the whole legal system becomes a complicated machine of wheels within wheels, which can only be turned to advantage by an experienced hand. American society, in other words, is so ridden with laws that people's hands are tied, and it is only with the help of lawyers that things can be kept going. Politics in such a country is necessarily almost indistinguishable from law, and consequently a statesman is generally a lawyer.

Sometimes he makes laws, sometimes executes them, and if he is doing neither, he interprets them in the capacity of judge or attorney. He makes his living out of law, he achieves his reputation through law, he owes his position to law, he fights by law, and he stands for law. His mind is a strictly legal one. Its rigid training makes him blind to any kind of influence outside the narrow procedure of centuries. He believes in the doctrine of *stare decicis*, and worships precedents. The American Constitution may or may not enact Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics," but the Common Law certainly embodies Blackstone's "Commentaries." The mind of the American statesman is thus hide-bound in tradition. In his moments of passion he attempts to legislate Darwinism out of politics, and in his moments of alleged enlightenment he tries to make of the author of "The Man Versus the State" a modern Aristotle.

II

The American politician belongs to a totally different class. A well-known English philosopher said only recently that biologically there must be as many intelligent people in the United States as anywhere else. If he meant to say obliquely that there are actually very few intelligent people in the United States he must have overlooked the American politicians. Some of them deserve to be ranked among the greatest generals known to mankind. They would have long ago gained a significant place in the standard histories if standard historians paid less attention to standards and more to realities. After all, did not Mark Hanna play just as significant a part as Hannibal? True, they were different, but is it not also true that both were great?

The highest development of the American politician is exemplified by the boss.

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The American boss is painted as a cunning, brutal, revengeful and underhanded person who schemes bribery, corruption, and political chicanery of all sorts behind closed doors for his own benefit. Such a man, in reality, can become only an ash-cart politician or a precinct leader; he never becomes a boss. Genuine bosses belong to a race of whom it may be said, as it was said of Lloyd George by Maynard Keynes, that they have "an unerring and almost medium-like sensibility." They can watch people "with six and seven senses not available to ordinary men, judging character, motive and subconscious impulse, perceiving what each was going to say next, and compounding with telepathic instinct the argument or appeal best suited to the vanity, weakness, or the self-interest of the immediate auditor."

There are different grades of bosses, culminating in the boss of the State. There never was a national boss, save transiently. The President of the United States, in some situations, may be so described, but his power is legal and his position official. The nearest approach to a national boss was undoubtedly Mark Hanna, but he appeared on the political horizon like a comet, and like a comet he disappeared. The campaign he dominated involved real and not merely apparent issues, the choice of which by the electorate meant far-reaching consequences for what is now called Big Business. Money poured in from mysterious sources, and Hanna had complete control over it. But his rule was temporary, and his power was derived from a unique situation. Making allowance for all the special circumstances that favored his ascendancy, we cannot help recognizing in him a natural leader of men. If intelligence means quickness of perception, the skilful manipulation of human motives, the facility with which one deals with people of all kinds and every description; if intelligence means the instinctive adjustment to one's delicate psychological environment; if it means the ability to hold one's own against all odds, then such men as Hanna are highly intelligent.

However, there never was a national boss for any long period of time. Some State bosses have risen to that position during national campaigns, but that has been only temporary. Their position was due to the emergency of the moment, and their power was by no means supreme. It was the State bosses who in their day formed dynasties. Theirs was a list of names which some Americans hate and others adore, but which, from the point of view of an outsider, was none the less illustrious. Who is not eager to know something about Platt, Conkling, Quay, and Penrose? An Alexander could impose upon his soldiers in wartime the discipline to which they were accustomed in peacetime. The risk of mutiny was great, and the punishment, when mutiny failed, was certain. But American bosses head an army of officers and soldiers who can assert their independence whenever they wish, and the forces that lead them to do so are many and various as well as recurring. The risk of a revolt is small and the chances of its success are great. It is far more difficult for the boss to command his fellow voters than for a general to control his army.

The qualities essential to an American boss are those of a primitive but superman. In addition to a clear head, an indomitable will, and extraordinary caution and courage, he must possess an exceptional memory, quick perception, skill in negotiation, and capacity for decision on the spur of the moment. He must be sociable and, above all, free from prejudice. A humble business man may scoff at the Four Hundred, a scrubwoman may manhandle an intellectual, a door-keeper may refuse admission to the President of the United States, and a shoe-black may discriminate against the gods of Olympus. But a boss must open his arms at all times to everyone alike. He may be as humble as a Uriah Heep or as firm as a Cromwell; he may do or be a thousand and one things; but he must always be ready to take a glass of home-brew with his fellow citi-

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zens. He may not entertain any prejudice against any voter—except possibly an American professor, and even that is open to doubt.

Once a professor in the University of Pennsylvania told me a story about the late Senator Penrose which may serve as an example of the exact memory and quick perception through which a boss gains the admiration of the politically unthinking, but otherwise serious-minded citizen of the community. The professor presided over a meeting to which the senator was invited to discuss some topic of current interest. After the discussion came to an end, the senator was to receive some of the members present. A clergyman who had not been at the meeting came up to the professor, asking to be introduced to the boss. He was an other-worldly type of man, evidently absent-minded; for although he must have seen the senator a number of times in Philadelphia he still failed to recognize him. Catching sight of this dreamy man of God, the senator extended his hand before the professor had had time to speak, and calling out the clergyman's name, said that he had the subscription in mind, and that he would attend to it that very afternoon. Dumbfounded, the pastor went away with his vote safely deposited in the senator's hands.

Crediting the bosses, as I do, with all that is their due, I still do not by any means think that they are fit leaders of a democracy. While it would be unjust to regard them as totally unprincipled, it would be dangerous to trust the principles they stand for. Their desires, instincts, and passions, and the secret yearnings of their hearts are essentially those of tribe leaders. They are powerful because the members of their tribes are as yet incapable of any other allegiance. The city, the State, and the nation in the abstract are to them quite devoid of any concrete meaning. They may have such virtues as candor, fair-play, and loyalty in personal relations, but they are not on that account trustworthy. Their ethical values are not adapted to the requirements of civic responsibility and democratic citizenship.

If bosses are thus not fit rulers for a democracy, they are also unfitted to be its subordinate agents. There was a time when people regarded them as practical men with sufficient magnetism to lead others to their will. All one had to do was to give them an idea, or a programme, and they would drive it to achievement. Time, however, has brought with it disillusionment. Bosses are not only devoid of ideas and vision; they are also incapable of receiving or retaining them. They accept an idea for what it is worth to them—that is to say, if it helps them to win an election, to put their friends in office, or to increase their power or influence in any way. They have no use for any idea *per se*. Give them one, and it is not the idea that is served. It simply means that they have an additional instrument to use to their advantage, or that an idea is lost forever through the misuse it has suffered.

III

It seems, therefore, that neither the typical American statesman nor the typical American politician of today is a fit leader for the American people. The days of Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and James Madison are over. The Quincy Adamses of today, shy and sensitive, indulge in history writing or yacht racing rather than political wire-pulling. In their place, we find crude men without training, trained men without refinement, and refined men without culture, engaged in the futile effort to work smoothly with hard men who know what they want and run away with it before anyone is aware. American politics is thus not only uninteresting; it has become unimportant. It is now something in the nature of issuing marriage licenses to young lovers whose proposals and acceptances are made elsewhere. It is nothing more than sound and fury in which pigmies are magnified into giants.

A consideration of the type of men who

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run politics in America leads one to pondering the fundamental possibilities of a democratic republic. These men seem to be dangerous to the democratic ideal, and yet they are by-products of the democratic practice. If they are not the by-products of the democratic practice anywhere else, they are at least so in America, where such measures as the direct primary and multiple elections are taken to be means of realizing the democratic ideal. As has been pointed out before by a number of writers, these are precisely the devices by which American politicians, including statesmen, thrive and prosper.

We have here, then, a fundamental problem in political thought. Is the democratic ideal a valid ideal? Or is it a degrading dogma? Objections to it have been raised in the past, and are being raised now, and though we cling to it as an ideal, or a belief, or a dogma, or a rallying symbol, like the Star Spangled Banner, or the Union Jack, few of us are convinced of its validity, or necessity, or convenience. The ideal is of course capable of many and various interpretations, and each can interpret it in a way suitable to its own taste. But no matter how it may be interpreted, it has concomitant elements which to some minds at least are liable to be uninviting. The doctrine of equality as enunciated in the Gettysburg Speech is what some people would call a denial of a plain fact.

It is useless to pretend that every Athenian was a Plato, or that every American is a William James. Some are capable of great intellectual achievements; others are born with great emotional powers. If idiots and geniuses actually share the solitude imposed upon them by sociological graphs, the government of the majority is a government which some people would call commonplace, while the late President Harding would describe it as normal. But whether commonplace or normal, it has no room for either idiots or geniuses.

But the democratic ideal is hardly a subject for discussion in these paragraphs. It is taken for granted as something that is almost universally desired. Whether or not it is philosophically valid, it has become a historical dogma. The problem is therefore one of working out practical measures calculated to bring politics to the level of the ideal, whether or not that ideal is valid. These practical measures can only be framed with first-hand knowledge of American politics. An outsider who looks in from afar can only make suggestions of a theoretical nature. He is not in touch with all the interests at work, and does not generally keep in mind that what is meant by "practical" in a democracy is in the last analysis a capacity for compromise. Even if he is so bold as to suggest practical measures, they are not likely to be found practicable.

However, one or two fundamental considerations may be raised. One is the separation of the intellectual class—and there *is* an intellectual class in America—from society on the one hand and from politics on the other. Neither the American statesman nor the American politician has anything to do with the intellectual class. In this respect, the example of England is worth noting. A large number of the English parliamentarians are educated and even cultured men. There may have been an eternal struggle in Mr. Gladstone between education and Eton, in which Eton was said to have won, but the point to be remembered is that while education lost, it at least struggled. The Eminent Victorian was not the last of his tribe. Few of us, perhaps, admire today either the Earl of Balfour or the Earl of Oxford, but most people will admit that they are at least subtler, more cultured and understanding than their fellow politicians in America.

Oxford may be totally different from Cambridge, but both are nurseries of the British aristocracy. Thus in England, society, politics and formal education are united. The writer is not enamored of English politics. Not being an Englishman, he is not expected to be. But compared with politics in America, it is prob-

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ably the less objectionable. Conservatism in England means mere harmless tranquillity, but in America it means reaction. Progressivism in England means a more or less definite social programme, while in America it means gyroscopic disturbance.

The second point to be noted is that even if education were part and parcel of the American politician's character, it would not make him a desirable leader. The only result would be an increase in the number of American statesmen. Nothing is gained, but a great deal may be lost. Though a college man, Senator Penrose was not educated. Had he been, he might have been just as colorless as the late Senator Lodge, whose like could be found by the dozens along the back benches of the Unionist party in the House of Commons. The problem seems to be one of the kind of education the politicians can get. Liberal education in America leaves a great deal to be desired. It may or may not be something that has happened in colleges and universities, as Mr. Wells has somewhere described it, but it is certainly much less of an integral part of a man's character than education should be.

Take, for instance, the late ex-President Wilson. In the American sense, he was probably one of the best educated among the American Presidents. He was a college professor, the kind of man to whom tradition and fiction in America have attributed some kind of profound scholarship. He had studied history and politics, and in his university days was known as a scholar. But as a President in his discharge of state affairs, he was essentially an uneducated man. The haughty disdain of a Southern pseudo-aristocrat and the headstrong blindness of an American pioneer seemed to have been unaffected by the supposedly liberalizing and humanizing influence that is claimed for the colleges and universities. It is not quite impossible that the American war President had qualities of greatness. There are people today who consider him a martyr to the preponderating prejudice in America for aloofness and isolation. If, however, he did possess greatness, it was certainly not the kind that flows out of the refinement, the cultivation, the painstaking effort in character building of a liberal education.

IV

It is, therefore, not out of place to say a word or two about American education. To start with, an outside observer is confronted with a peculiar phenomenon: while there are a great many American lawyers, there are very few jurists; while there are a great many inventors, there are comparatively few scientists; while there are a large number of professors of philosophy, there are few philosophers; and while there are mongers of literature, there is yet to be discovered a literary man of the first merit.

Possibly in business the creative, poetic and imaginative side of the professions is combined with the technical, but certainly in no other sphere is that happy union a noticeable phenomenon. What seems to be wanting is the desire to take education at its own worth. The acquisition of knowledge, when regarded as a discipline, is often taken to be an investment, and when regarded as a life work, it is sometimes indulged in from external compulsion. In most cases, it is a means of gaining a comfortable livelihood. It emphasizes the practical rather than the theoretical, the technical rather than the creative. Such being the goal, public and private instruction becomes more or less specialized at an early age. Specialization in higher education has its advantages, but in schools and colleges it has its undesirable aspects. One becomes an expert before one is a person of refinement and culture.

The fundamental fact is that America is still a country of high economic promise. The imagination of its youth is still centered in business. The typical hero is a Ford, an elder Morgan, a Harriman, or a Rockefeller. The writer has no intention of belittling these men. They were or are great in their field, but the desire to follow

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their example diverts human energy away from the less spectacular but more sustaining achievement of individual development in all respects, with broad and human sympathies.

The advertising section of such a paper as the New York *Times* reveals an incessant call for salesmen. There is column after column in which the same tale is told: men are wanted to sell on a commission basis almost everything under the sun. Whether or not there are such quantities of different commodities to be sold, whether or not profits can be made out of them, whether or not commission can be gained as promised, are questions for the economists, with which I am not here concerned. The fact or the illusion, at any rate, is there. People believe in the possibilities of fabulous wealth. The country is still largely uninhabited. Rockefeller is said by some to be a phenomenon of the Nineteenth Century, impossible to be repeated in the Twentieth. But before this idea becomes an articulate thought, the example of Henry Ford challenges its validity. The average American—if there is such a man—is not likely to be endowed with less than his share of human vanity; in the secret places of his heart he is likely to think that with love, labor, and the help of Providence, he too will some day become a millionaire.

The popular philosophy of the country is wholly a philosophy of success. Of course, few people know what the term success actually means, and if Americans do not, a foreigner is hardly expected to. But the doctrine seems to be that everyone is capable of it, if only he has or cultivates the virtues of thrift and industry. Work your way through the straight and narrow path, and you will some day have a home on upper Fifth avenue, an office in Wall Street, and your biography in the *American Magazine*. Even serious philosophy bears a commercial stamp. Professor Dewey, indeed, has somewhere defended William James against a charge of commercialism—which was never made. Few will descend to the level of so crude an accusation. But without saying anything about Pragmatism as a philosophical doctrine, one may inquire as to why it is that it has flourished more in America than in any other country.

America is still simply a gigantic business corporation. Its activities are still primarily economic activities. Its captains, hidden from public gaze, carry on enormous business transactions of which the liveried door-keeper, the uniformed messenger boy, and the stiff-collared clerk have no notion whatsoever. But whereas the liveried door-keeper, the uniformed messenger boy, and the stiff-collared clerk are not taken to be the guiding spirits of the billion-dollar corporation, the Cabinet members in Washington, the ambassadors, and the top-hatted gentlemen who deliver public speeches are taken for the guiding spirits of the American people.

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THE CURVE OF SIN

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

One may easily find a chart, in these days of passionate statistics, whereon is outlined the rise and fall of the georgette waist business as compared with the pig-iron industry in the last quarter of the year 1924. In terms of pig-iron one may follow, too, the boot and shoe trade, and the manufacture of hair-nets. There is, indeed, no commodity of general call without a chart comparing its market price with that of pig-iron, the norm and ideal of all human trafficking. Nor is this growing popularity of learned picture-writing monopolized by sordid commercialists. There are graphic illustrations of the economic standing of learning and the fine arts, presenting graceful and instructive representations of the relative value in the open market of a pig of iron and a bishop, a bushel of wheat and a chiropractor. No values are too minute to be commensurable by modern science.

But there is one curve untraced, one chart never drafted, even tentatively, despite the fact that its existence would be a tremendous commercial gain to the country. That is the economic curve of sin. Perhaps the thaumaturgists who manufacture charms and amulets for modern business are at a loss because their guide, philosopher and friend, the iron pig, cannot easily be employed for such a purpose. Yet minds as ingenious as those of such warlocks ought not to find an insuperable obstacle in that. Some other standard of measurement could easily be substituted. Bank deposits, for instance, immediately come to mind. Allowances would have to be made for local variations from the norm, of course, but they could be appended to the chart with ease. That, in fact, would be in line with the existing practice, for the incantator always furnishes copious programme notes with his score.

The value of such a series of charts, if they could be prepared, would be obvious. No traveler whose business forced him into intimate contact with the various and unequal civilizations that prevail in the Republic would be without one. Sewing machine agents, shoe drummers and Mormon missionaries alike would be spared losses, hardships and perils innumerable if they were armed with graphs showing the moral as well as the economic condition of the territories they were preparing to invade. Somewhere out in the Great American Desert there is a State where it is, or was until recently, illegal to smoke a cigarette. Even as close to the civilization that hangs precariously along the coastline as Tennessee, it is illegal to buy one. Contrariwise, in the Maryland Free State and in Kentucky, bootlegging seems to be regarded as an honorable vocation and even as an adjunct to statecraft. But if a wandering evangelist undertook to still his own in Kansas or North Carolina, it is doubtful that even his sacred office would save him from the fury of the Prohibition enforcement agents.

As things are, the seller of idealism has to depend upon the highly inefficient method of trial and error to determine his line of approach, whereas if he were equipped with properly prepared charts he would know that he is liable to be put in jail if he damns the Constitution in North Carolina, and liable to be suspected of having voted against Blease if he doesn't

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damn it in South Carolina, whereas in California he is subject to life imprisonment if he admits having ever read it at all. He would know that it is as damnable to go to confession in Georgia as it is to omit going in Boston. He would realize that it is as indelicate to mention in New York that he has heard somewhere the name of Iscariot as it is to recall in Atlanta that after all Nazareth was a Jewish town.

II

But in addition to these local peculiarities, comparatively fixed and unfluctuating and therefore mentioned only in the footnotes, he would have in his main chart a valuable guide to the ebb and flow of moral ideas in larger regions. He would note, for example, that in the South the economic curve has described a steady ascent for several decades, and if his chart were correctly prepared, he would discover that the curve of sin is describing a corresponding ascent toward virtue, accompanied, of course, by fluctuations more or less violent. He would look, therefore, for moral conditions more or less treacherous and uncertain, which is precisely what he would find. Consequently, he would walk warily. Being forewarned, he would begin his conversation with any intended victim in the broadest general terms. If he opened with a eulogy it would be drawn in blank, ready for the insertion, according to the prospect's response, of the name of John Roach Straton or that of John Philip Hill. He would know that in the South each of those eminences is a hero, and each the devil indifferently disguised. How much business has been lost to hard-working *commerçants* by lack of foreknowledge of such things!

But could such graphs be prepared with anything approaching accuracy? Without doubt. In fact, to a sorcerer who is able to trace the relations between ham and pig iron through the centuries—and that is a task for novices in the art, not for full-fledged journeymen—it should be no more than a pleasant interlude between really serious tasks, a sort of mild practice to keep his hand in. A talented business man, indeed, should be able, almost, to draw his own chart, without any assistance from the professionals.

Consider, to start with, where all the common virtues originate. Where is it? The answer comes automatically to the lips of every right-thinking man. It is in honest poverty, of course. Not below the line of subsistence, for there the struggle for existence assumes such ferocity as to extinguish the moral gift, but just above it. Once a man has solved the problem of where his next meal is to come from, he has leisure to look about him and take note of the vast number of desirable things which his economic status prevents him from enjoying. The common assumption of those who look down from above, that he is thereupon filled with bitter envy, is none too well founded. Envy he does experience, but it is not often inordinate. Usually it is comparatively mild, and frequently imperceptible. More often the occupant of a low economic level proceeds to rationalize his relation to his more fortunate neighbors in a far less bilious way. His deprivations he transvaluates into abstentions, and his abstentions into virtues. When a man quits drinking because whiskey has gone to $100 a case, does he teach his son that his sobriety is enforced? Not a bit of it! He inculcates on the boy a profound respect for sobriety, as one of the shiniest of the many paternal virtues; and thereby a new one is added to the dynasty. It is honest poverty that suffers the largest number of deprivations, and so it is honest poverty that is endowed with such virtues as the sinfully rich have never dreamed of.

But when the economic curve begins to rise, it exerts a powerful pull on the sin curve, with consequent damage. In the first half of the Nineteenth Century the Methodists of Georgia were conspicuously poor. All the money in the State had been collared by the Episcopalians and Presbyterians. Thus we are told by the learned

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and ingenious Dr. John Wade, of the State university corps of historians, that it was virtuous, in 1827, for a Georgia Methodist clergyman to abstain from the wearing of suspenders. But with the passage of time and the invention of coca-cola the economic status of the Methodists improved vastly; and today a professor in Emory University may wear suspenders without the slightest chance of facing the trustees on a charge of debauchery. The Methodists of today, in other words, are shy one virtue possessed by the Methodists of 1827. They have grown voluptuous. And they have grown so simply because their economic status has risen to the point at which all their clergy can now afford to buy suspenders.

In the interest of clearness it is perhaps wise to point out here that this dissertation is concerned with sin, and not with right and wrong in the abstract. It is at least conceivable that right and wrong are constants, but for the declaration that sin is a variable we have the word of perhaps the greatest authority on the subject, Saint Paul: "All things are lawful unto *me*." Whether it is right or wrong, in natural law, for a Methodist pastor to wear suspenders has nothing whatever to do with the indisputable fact that in 1827 it was sinful for him to do so. The same thing applies to buttons and the Pennsylvania Amish at the present time.

Of course, predictions as to what will constitute sin in this or that place tomorrow or next day are very hard to make. The ratiocinations of its professors are almost beyond the comprehension of mortal mind; the things that are denounced by Mennonites and Swedenborgians, for example, are a perpetual amazement to all other persons. But making a generous allowance for the variations introduced by senility, imbecility and divine inspiration, the general sin curve always bears a definite and traceable relation to the economic curve, and Paul's definition holds good: those things which are not expedient are sinful.

A dozen years ago, in a remote region of North Carolina, the commencement exercises of the local "academy" were adorned by an oration—in conformity with the prevailing *mores*, decorously termed "an essay"—by a girl graduate who applied her talent to a terrific excoriation of what she called the the-a-tree. How many theatres she had hallowed by her presence may be guessed from the fact that she had spent all of her sixteen years ten miles from a railroad, and from the additional fact that theatre tickets, even in that Golden Age, commanded the price of a dollar and a half. But the point is that the oration was entirely logical, timely and correct. For the residents of that vicinity to spend their time and money chasing back and forth to the-a-trees would have been highly inexpedient. It would have constituted a violation of the bucolic conscience, which is to say, it would have been a sin. But today the celluloid film has penetrated even into that fastness, and a sort of dramatic entertainment is obtainable within a short distance and at the price of fifteen cents. Consequently, the sinfulness of the the-a-tree has been reduced at least ninety per cent, and any oration discharged against it now would inevitably be feeble and perfunctory. Abstention from it is a virtue which in that community has become senescent, perhaps moribund. The sin curve has risen.

III

When a man has rationalized his deprivations into abstentions and his abstentions into virtues, he runs upon the great moral discovery that solidified the granitic faith of the sainted fathers of our race, namely, that to be virtuous means to be dull. It follows that anything that furnishes a thrill of any sort is necessarily suspect. Happiness, he finds, is not consonant with what experience has led him to believe is a virtue. On the other hand, that which does not furnish a thrill, that which is commonplace and stodgy, fits in admirably

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with his notion of the virtuous, and therefore fails to prick his conscience into alarm and activity. Since it is the extraordinary which commonly furnishes the thrills, the man with great material resources at his command experiences fewer and fewer thrills, since fewer and fewer things are extraordinary to him, and it becomes increasingly difficult for him to commit sin. It has recently been demonstrated, indeed, that, given twenty-eight million dollars, he can commit even murder without a qualm, and merely by way of scientific experimentation.

The logical conclusion of this line of reasoning is that when a man has attained an economic level so high above that of the general that he is clearly out of touch with it, he ought to be hanged forthwith in the interest of public decency. This is, in effect, the political philosophy of great masses of the American people. Brookhart, Magnus Johnson and the endemic *Bryanismus* of the country are outstanding proofs of it. The feeling has often been misconstrued as mere envy. It is nothing of the sort. It is perfectly genuine moral indignation. The element of dishonesty in it is far behind and beyond the immediate outburst. It lies in the notion that what a man cannot do, or dare not do, he is to be praised for failing to do—in the notion that a man who cannot meet bootleggers' prices deserves a reward for his sobriety, or that one who must work or starve is to be hymned for his industry.

It would be a rash philosopher, however, who from these considerations would deduce that honesty is the best policy. Honesty would be the worst possible policy if it were carried to the extreme of destroying the power of the poor to rationalize their deprivations into virtues, for that power is a defense mechanism of the greatest importance. The consciousness of rectitude is unquestionably the finest of armors against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and if a man were forced to depend solely upon his real virtues, that is, upon abstention from sins that it is easily within his power to commit, most of us would be but indifferently protected. The case of those whom social science calls the underprivileged would be particularly hard. As it is, they are able to fortify themselves, not with their real virtues only, but also with the proud consciousness of their innocence of all the sins they can't commit.

Occasionally the restricted man does realize that there is no virtue, after all, in restriction, and the results are nearly always lamentable. In the only county of North Carolina whose name has become a common noun, the noble county of Buncombe, there lived once an ancient philosopher who claimed that he had observed this process in the mountaineers. This philosopher declared that the people of North Buncombe and the people of South Buncombe, although they are of the same stock, are essentially different. This difference is said to be imperceptible in the law-abiding majority, but shows up clearly in the bad men of the two sections. The bad men of North Buncombe will drink moonshine, beat their wives and offspring, and fight each other to the death with rifles and bowie-knives. The bad men of South Buncombe will likewise drink moonshine, beat their wives and children, and fight each other; but in addition they will steal your purse and if occasion serves shoot you in the back. In the words of the philosopher, the bad men of South Buncombe are not only bad, but also ornery.

This degeneration he used to attribute to the pernicious influence of Charleston aristocrats, who made a Summer playground of South Buncombe half a century ago. It was not that the Charlestonians deliberately inculcated wickedness in the hearts of the mountaineers. It was simply that it was and is next to impossible for simple-minded people to live in the neighborhood of Charleston aristocrats without unconsciously imbibing something of their simple faith that such representatives of the human race as have not the good fortune to be born between the Ashley and

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Cooper rivers are *ipso facto* of the scum. Thus the naïve South Buncombeites were stripped of their armor, deprived of their defense mechanism. Like Adam and Eve after the fall, they knew that they were naked, although nobody told them so. They were incapacitated in the matter of erecting their deprivations into abstentions and so into virtues, for, being non-Charlestonians, they were necessarily of the offscourings of the earth, to whom, of course, no virtues appertain. So when they went bad at all, they went all the way.

Russia was detonated by just that fulminant. When the clear logic of the radicals made it impossible for the people to believe any more in the virtue of their own poverty the entire moral, social and political order went up with a roar that the world will not forget for centuries to come. There is no doubt that analogous results might be attained in this country by similar means. In fact, they are attained frequently. Cripple Creek, Colorado, Logan county, West Virginia, and Herrin, Illinois, immediately come to mind. No more dangerous activity is known to man than teaching hungry people to think.

I therefore argue that graphs showing the sin curve in its relation to bank deposits would be of prime importance to statecraft, as well as to commerce. The intelligent statesman could learn wisdom from them. A glance at the charts would show him, for instance, that trouble might be expected to follow the introduction of grand opera into Georgia, and he would be prepared for the revolt of the Legislature of that State against such public indecency. Remarking the present economic level of the rural population of Kentucky, he would realize that that people must inevitably be filled with the old Hebraic conception of God, and he would therefore refrain from attempting to thrust the study of Darwinism upon them. Taking note of the number of automobiles in Kansas, he would deduce that the Kansans have attained recently a fairly high economic level, which would lead to the natural inference that their morals must be in a state of violent fluctuation, wherefore he would be unperturbed by no matter what monstrosity suddenly emerging from the wheat fields.

In brief, were a man equipped with well-prepared charts and graphs of this kind, he might come very close to understanding the United States of America. Can efficiency refuse to heed such a summons to Service?

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THE PASSENGER STIFF

BY HENRI TASCHERAUD

I FIRST became aware of that aristocrat among tramps, the passenger stiff, before I myself became a tramp by avocation. I was riding the blind of the Boston Express out of New York, bound for New Haven. I was rather proud of the feat, for I had boarded the train in the Pennsylvania Station. When I left the coach in the Long Island yards and climbed onto the blind of the engine, which was shunted on there, I found someone before me.

A flash from an arc-light at a cross-road showed me that he had red hair, a long lean face, a broken nose, and thin lips. There was plenty of dignity, but neither friendliness nor hostility in his face. He ignored me completely. The express had not yet gained full speed, and I had time to discover that he was clad in overall trousers and a dungaree shirt of blue and white stripes—the kind known as hickory. He had a jacket in the crook of his arm, and he lounged easily against the blind and rolled a cigarette.

After a few minutes he sat down, crossing his legs. I followed his example, stretching mine across the coupling, one foot braced against the tender. At that moment the train reached the peak of a grade, and the cars which had strained up the incline behind the engine rushed forward on top of it. With a quick movement, my companion picked my loose leg from between the sharp edges of the two steel platforms, just as they ground together. "Careful—lose your foot," he muttered, and disregarded me again.

The lack of conversation presently got on my nerves. "When did you leave the Coast?" I asked. His clothes were such as are never worn by an Easterner, and I knew it. The overall trousers had been faded by the sun of California, and the shirt was of a kind made in the Northwest only for home consumption.

"I was in 'Frisco last week," he said indifferently. I continued questioning until he turned on me savagely and told me to shut my inquisitive trap. I had however learned a little about him. His accent was unmistakably that of Cambridge, and I asked him point blank if he were a Harvard man. He said yes grudgingly. I also learned that he had a friend in Boston whom he visited once in a while, to sleep between sheets for a night or two, have his clothes washed, and chew the rag.

At Bridgeport he unbent enough to show me how to kneel close against him while he pressed himself flat against the fabric of the blind, out of sight of the conductor who walked up to the head of the train to instruct the engineer. At New Haven, when I got off, he did not even answer my good-by.

Not every passenger stiff is a Harvard man, of course, but of those I have met most showed at least some signs of book learning. But that is not why every other tramp respects the silences of the passenger stiff, and acknowledges his superiority. I don't know, indeed, just why it is. Any nimble tramp can be a passenger stiff if he cares. It doesn't take long to learn the tricks. The fact is that the real tramp doesn't want the wild, mad, highly hazardous life. It implies responsibility, and that is just what he flees from.

A definition: a stiff is a man. A passenger stiff is a man who rides passenger

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trains. Tramps do not come in contact with men who pay train-fares, as such. Therefore, a passenger stiff is a man who rides passenger trains but does not pay fare.

The passenger stiff belongs. He is *un enfant de son siècle*. We others are for the most part throwbacks, pure and simple. We don't fit, and that is why we love vagabondage, and disdain respectability. The passenger stiff does fit, after his fashion. He is that anomaly, a tramp with ambition. His ambition is speed. He is a solitary, misanthropic maniac who cares for nothing but to lessen the time between two points. He looks for nothing at the end of his journey but the starting point for another race with time. He is out to set a record—to himself. Whether or not someone else has set a higher record is immaterial to him. He does not know there is anyone else.

Most of those I have met are like that first one, on the Boston Express. Few will talk to a stranger, and few have any friends at all. Other tramps, for the most part, they ignore, save when they share a mulligan with them in the jungle; then they are graciously conversational. If you are an ordinary bum, and a passenger stiff takes kindly to you, you may consider yourself a lucky man. Your fellows will envy you in silence.

II

In these pusillanimous days, when every mail-car is manned by a batch of armed guards, the passenger stiff must run great risks. No heroics about it, though. He rides the mail-car, and the fact that he may be shot at sight by an officer of the law, civil or military, as a potential train-robber does not discourage him. He rides. If there is danger in riding, that is incidental.

Everything, in fact, seems to be incidental but speed. Swede Gust is a passenger stiff I met in Baltimore. He is a great blond fellow, with a mania for preaching. He never talks when he is sober, and he never talks anything but religion when he is drunk. He can moralize for hours, over a bottle of raw alcohol, on such texts as "Honor thy father and thy mother," "Wine is a mocker," and "Lay up treasures in Heaven."

I came across him in a Baltimore saloon on August 2, 1924. He had a huge gash on his forehead, evidently two or three days old, and quite untended. He did not seem to care about it at all. I interrupted his sermon to ask him about it.

"That? Got it in the wreck at Sunnyside on Wednesday," he said. It irritated him, apparently, to give details of what he did not consider worth talking about. I was curious, and pressed him. He had been riding the blind of a train which the switchman accidentally derailed. He had jumped, and was very much annoyed at having to wait for the next train. Of the details of the wreck, after he had jumped, he knew nothing. The papers, I believe, reported many killed and injured.

Hostile bulls and trainmen are mere incidentals in the life of a passenger stiff. Under no conditions are they allowed to interfere with the business of his life, which is traveling. Where other bums avoid the hostile towns, the passenger stiff goes by the directest route to his objective, hostile town or not. Livermore, California, is notorious among tramps for the hostility and vigilance of the local bull. Most of them take the alternative route on the Northern Pacific, which passes a few miles from the town, when they travel through the district. But not a passenger stiff. He goes by the Southern Pacific through Livermore, because he will not have to change trains at San José, where the Northern Pacific line ends.

If a passenger stiff has never been to Tampa, Florida, he may suddenly decide to visit that town, and not all the reports of peonage for tramps, hard labor, or bulls' black-jacks will prevent him. If a fast train will take him there, he will go.

It was not because of his broken leg that my friend Black Jack died in a certain town in the Mojave Desert after a bull had crept

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up behind him and pushed him off the top of a Pullman sleeper. He wasn't badly enough hurt. I ran across him, lying up with his broken leg, and fixed him up a bit and talked to him. He died of a broken heart, because he could no longer travel.

Crabs Schneider was a Canadian, and proud of his birth. When I met him in the yards at Fargo, North Dakota, he was in a heated argument, quoting endless statistics to prove that Canada was a better country than the United States. When someone cursed him for a lime-juicer, he shut up and walked off. Crabs had a little diversion all his own. At least once a year he would take the Soo up to Winnipeg, and there board the Vancouver Express of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is a long, hot, dry and wearisome trip, thirty hours of wheat and dusty prairie. After that it is cold. In the Rockies, at Rogers Pass, there is a figure-eight tunnel. Crabs dropped off at the entrance of the tunnel, climbed a few hundred feet to the opposite opening, and sat down to wait for the train to come on. Then he boarded it again. That was his little diversion, his reason for the long, weary trip.

Crabs was shell-shocked in the World War, as were half a dozen other passenger stiffs of my acquaintance. He held a captain's commission in the Canadian army. The American and Canadian armies, indeed, seem to have contributed a large quota of the passenger stiffs. Fifteen years ago there were not many of the breed, so far as I can make out. Although the war was not directly responsible for the passenger stiff's appearance, he seems to have come in along with it. Tramps have doubtless ridden passenger trains ever since there were trains, but the specialist in speed is a strictly modern phenomenon. He is a caricature and a grotesque—the apotheosis of American civilization. Like every other American, he is a slave of speed; but he alone, perhaps, has the sense to admit that he doesn't care where he is going, so long as he gets there fast enough.

Under the colonnade at the north end of Cooper Square, in New York, a great many tramps and bums sun themselves daily. One of them is Jakey Arnstein, or maybe it is Rudy Pocoti. But one of them is likely to be there. These two are the only partner passenger stiffs I know of. They are notorious for their peculiar manner of traveling. Never more than one is on the road at a time, and they visit only two cities.

Rudy and Jakey are in Cooper Square today. Tomorrow, Rudy will leave for 'Frisco. Jakey sits down in the colonnade for five or six days; then he too leaves for 'Frisco. He will meet Rudy on a bench in Portsmouth Square. Immediately, Rudy will leave for New York, and Jakey, after allowing time for him to get there, will follow him.

Year in and year out, Jakey and Rudy have followed that programme. No one has ever sat in at their conferences on the one day in every two weeks or so that they meet, and no one knows the secret of their eternal flight. They never talk to anyone. Their very names are only known by hearsay. They must have a stopping-off place somewhere along the route, for they always seem to have a little money when they reach the opposite coast. In Winter they meet in the same places, but they do not appear there while they wait for each other, and no one seems to know where they hide. I have heard them discussed in the most diverse places, by other tramps. Once someone raised the question of what will happen when one of them misses a jump, and the other is left alone. I hazard a guess that the survivor will continue his shuttling across the continent until he, too, misses a jump.

When they can, Jakey and Rudy probably ride the one sort of train which a passenger stiff will take beside the kind from which he gets his name. That is the California Fruit Express. When this train pulls into Chicago, it usually brings half a dozen tramps. The chances are that every one has ridden on a different part of it. They are passenger stiffs, and they never

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travel in gangs. If they are going farther east, they connect in Chicago with the Twentieth Century Limited. Neither of these trains is used by ordinary tramps. They go too fast and stop too seldom. How much time is gained by taking the Fruit Express for Chicago rather than Number Eight of the Union Pacific system varies, depending on seasonal and other conditions. But all passenger trains are sidetracked for it. This I know, for I have ridden it.

III

In 'Frisco I met a passenger stiff who was getting old. His joints were stiffening, and it was no longer easy for him to take the jumps. Perhaps that is the reason why he was friendly. His mania for speed was as great as ever. I joined him on a trip to New York. Roy Malkins was his name.

Until we got past Cedar Rapids, Iowa, good luck was with us. We made every connection and were lucky in panhandling. The Los Angeles Limited, which we rode, stopped for thirty-five minutes in Salt Lake City, and in that time I collected five dollars, bought a supply of food, and had leisure to stroll back to the yards.

Roy was very game. He said he had never traveled double before. In the Rockies, when we were obliged to climb to the Pullman tops at night, his fingers would slip in their precarious hold on the narrow strip above the ventilators. "Don't mind me, I'll be all right I guess," he said when I clutched at the slack of his coat to keep him from falling.

Just after Cedar Rapids, in the early hours of the morning, we were in the blind of the American Railway Express car, when we heard a fumbling at the lock of the end-door. Quickly each of us slipped around to the outside of the blind. I stayed there perhaps twenty minutes, my foot desperately lodged on the two-inch ledge on the end of the car, while the train thundered on. It is a hazardous place to ride, and only the continued rapid movement of the train, pressing you against the folds of the blind, can prevent you from losing your balance.

When at last I judged that the coast was clear, and crept carefully around inside again, Roy was not there. I looked around to his side of the blind, but he was not there either. That's the way a passenger stiff finishes.

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THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

It is doubtless one of my deficiencies as a practising critical Magus that I do not care to see a play, however honorific a masterpiece it may be, acted time and again. After I have seen it played twice, or maybe three times, I am finally done with it, and to be asked to see it played still again I can only regard as foul innuendo against my talents and equipment. A fine play may conceivably be susceptible of more than one interpretation, but it surely isn't susceptible of more than *three*. And to be bidden to see it performed at regular intervals is simply to be invited to waste one's valuable time watching various troupes of mummers earn a living. The critic who can't gather an intelligent opinion about a play after studying a single performance of it—and perhaps in certain cases studying the manuscript either before or after he sees it hammed—has a screw loose somewhere. A sound opinion on acting may be achieved by weighing different performances and making comparisons, but a sound opinion on drama is achieved by the unit system. The man who has to go to "Hamlet" several times to convince himself that it is a first-rate play is the kind of man who would have to go to "Abie's Irish Rose" an equal number of times to make up his mind finally that it was a dinkelspiel. The masterpieces of drama are repeated endlessly not for cultured theatrical audiences, but for the uncultured and the cultural climbers. They are repeated year in and year out in the playhouse as one plus one equals two is repeated year in and year out in the kindergarten, and to the same end.

The quality of pleasure that a cultivated man gets from seeing a good play acted time and again is not dissimilar to that which a popinjay gets from hearing a dozen or more women repeat to him the words "I love you." While it is obvious that one may hear the same piece of fine music played time on end with rich æsthetic profit, it is—or at least it should be—equally obvious that the same thing fails to hold true of drama, and for a plain reason. Music is all the various moods a hearer brings to it; drama is the single mood a dramatist brings to his hearers. Haydn's "Creation" may mean a hundred different things to a hundred different intelligent and cultivated men, but Ibsen's "Doll's House" can mean only one thing to each and all of these same men. To read many meanings into such a drama is the diversion of dunderheads.

The objection to this point of view wields a two-sided slapstick. First, we are told that a true work of art never grows tiresome, however often it be seen or listened to. This information has a pretty sound, but it contains also a considerable schnitz'l of nonsense. Apply a simple test. Would the greatest admirer of "Oedipus Rex," for example, care to see it played once a week? Or once every six weeks? Or once every three months? Or once every six months? Or once, regularly, each year? Or would anyone, however highly he esteemed it, care to hear Schubert's symphony in C major or Beethoven's in C minor with unremitting regularity? If the answer is yes, then all I can say is that one of us is a liar. It is, in point of paradoxical fact, the particular and peculiar merit of a work of art that it grows tiresome more quickly than a work of dubious quality. This is because a true work of art is so complete, so towering in beauty and so thoroughly impressive in its majesty that, by its sheer bulk and size, it exhausts one. One gets tired of looking at the Alps

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where one can look year in and year out with charmed comfort at the rolling hills of England. When a person leaves the theatre after seeing, say, Strindberg's "The Father" or von Hofmannsthal's "Elektra" or Gorki's "Night Refuge" or Hauptmann's "The Weavers," he is tuckered out, spiritually, emotionally, mentally—and often, one fears, physically. The dramatist has fashioned a complete circle: there is nothing left undone. He has given his auditor everything. He has taken him and squeezed him dry. But when the same person leaves the theatre after seeing, say, a Pinero or a Henry Arthur Jones play, he carries with him fully half his faculties still untouched and unsatisfied. A lot of room still remains within him for a dramatist to fill. Any honest man will agree that, while he cannot possibly conceive of going to "Iphigenia at Aulis" or to "Faust" two nights in succession, it is conceivable that he might go two nights in succession to something like "Is Zat So?" The man one finds standing day in and day out before Raphael's "Disputà" is either a schoolmaster or an art dealer, or the janitor.

A second argument is to the effect that, in the case of a dramatic masterpiece, one may enjoy repetition on the ground that this repetition affords actors, directors and scenic artists the opportunity for experiment in interpretation. Although this is undoubtedly true, I can't see but that this experimentation isn't the very thing that presently contributes most largely to one's mood of ennui. I have, in more than twenty years of professional sitting, seen but three fine plays differently, yet intelligently, interpreted by different actors. All the other fine plays that have been revived have either been slaughtered to the vanity of idiotic actors' theories of interpretation or have shown no discernible advance in acting over that vouchsafed them in their earlier presentations. So far as direction goes, all that we have got, with a few notable exceptions, has been an intrinsically silly hocus-pocus with expensive lighting apparatus and inexpensive but rationally costly text re-arrangements. And in the matter of stage decoration, when you say Gordon Craig you say "Amen." There are those who believe that a dramatic masterpiece is given a new lease of life every time some enterprising young man thinks up a freakish way to interpret it and put it on, but didoes of this sort generally chloroform the masterpiece so far as I am concerned. The "Medea" that I know isn't helped any by producing it on the musicless merry-go-round known as the Drehbühne, nor is "The Master Builder" steinached by playing it as if it were "It Pays to Advertise." Revivals conducted after such plans are less for cultured audiences than for such audiences as find pleasure and profit in watching vaudeville acrobats negotiate new and strange flip-flops or Houdini escape from a newly devised and exceptionally intricate garbage can. All the actors and directors in the world haven't made a Shakespearian masterpiece a whit more beautiful than it was, I venture, in the crude theatrical day of Elizabeth. And it is thus I say that the man who relishes seeing a fine play a half dozen or a dozen times is the man who isn't able thoroughly to understand it, appreciate it and revel in it the first time he sees it. The cross-word puzzle was invented by the fellow who constantly finds new, hidden meanings in "Peer Gynt."

This lengthy and somewhat distressing monologue has been elicited by the recent revival, on the part of the Stagers, of that estimable opus and joy obituary, the late Dr. Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." What small portion of the revival I privileged myself struck me as being tastefully and sagaciously manœuvered, but I yet saw nothing that I hadn't seen done before every bit as well and, on occasion, very much better.

II

Ashley Dukes has said of Wedekind that as dramatist he is something more than an eccentric, but something less than a creative genius. In the celebrated "Erdgeist,"

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done locally as "The Loves of Lulu," this eccentricity and creative genius carry on a four act fight with the honors even up to the last round and with eccentricity then scoring a clean knock-out. A drama of very considerable ironic force up to that moment, the whole structure suddenly gives way and collapses by virtue of the weight of eccentricity that Wedekind superimposes upon it. Eccentricity may perhaps be not the exact term. Technical befuddlement describes the cause of the *débâcle* more aptly. The dramatist found the germ of the later Expressionism lurking in his mind, but when he tried to get the germ upon paper it turned out to be a bubonic plague. He was so little the master of the idea that dawned upon him that it eluded his grasp completely and exaggerated itself so absurdly that it turned upon itself as burlesque. The result spells disaster to an important portion of his drama.

Being half-genius and half-mountebank, Wedekind is able to scale but half way up the side of the mountainous themes he has chosen for himself. He gets half way up to the top, to the huzzas of the crowd, and then slides comically down to the bottom again on his seat. The line between profound tragedy and ribald humor is as thin as a hair. Only a full-blown genius can hold tragedy back from the sudden pitfall of mockery and laughter. Wedekind cannot. He moves up to the brink cautiously enough, but, just as one is beginning to feel that the danger is past, his foot slips and he lands ludicrously in the mud-pile. The trouble with him is not difficult to deduce. He seems never to be quite clear as to just what he is driving at. More than any other conspicuous dramatist of modern Europe, he is what his own people know as a *zusammensetzender Schauspieldichter*, which, in gin English, is a synthetic playwright. He is a compound of naturalist, symbolist, impressionist, expressionist, realist, satirist, idealist and mystic, with the graduation and adjustment far from perfect. And each of his plays such as "Erdgeist," "Die Büchse der Pandora," "Frühlings Erwachen" and "Oaha" thus comes to resemble a Siamese twin playing hide and seek with itself. He is Strindberg one minute, Maeterlinck the next, Georg Kaiser the next and Sudermann, Shaw and Gorki rolled into one a minute later, with the spook of Nietzsche constantly tickling his ear with a feather. He has the seven years' dramatic itch.

As is often the way with criticism, however, once it has blandly ticked off a dramatist and exposed his inadequacies, it has to confess (to itself, if not publicly) that for all it so sagaciously has found wrong with him he yet remains a vital and moving theatrical force. Such a vital and moving force, genius or no genius, Wedekind is. That his talents have not been appreciated so greatly in England and America as on the Continent is easily explained. The reception of sniggers and snickers that has greeted his "Erdgeist" in New York is illuminating in more ways than one. In the first place, the Anglo-Saxon theatregoer refuses to differentiate between laughter of one kind and another. Anything that makes him laugh, he promptly sets down and dismisses as generically comic. The volitional laughter that he vouchsafes a flying custard pie is the same to him as the involuntary laughter he vouchsafes a crescendo nervousness. Thus, when he finds himself laughing negatively to relieve the embarrassment of his too acute sensitiveness, he blames the dramatic scene for his own weakness. It is thus that Wedekind fails in America just as, on a lower level, the Grand Guignol thrillers fail. A second reason for the failure of such a play as "Erdgeist" lies in the disposition of the Anglo-Saxon audience to view as comedy what the Continental European views as drama. Thus when, in certain portions of Wedekind's play, such degenerate delicatessen as flagellation, Lesbianism and the like are touched on, the Anglo-Saxon smiles where the German, Frenchman or Italian wears a straight and thoughtful face. A German audience will accept a nance and a Lesbian as dramatic charac-

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ters; an English or an American audience will only guffaw at them. The study in degeneracy called "Vatermord," which had all Berlin by the ears several years ago, would be howled into the storehouse before Saturday night if it were to be produced in New York.

The local miscarriage of "Erdgeist" has been erroneously, I believe, ascribed by the reviewers to the manner and method of its presentation. While it is true that Wedekind's fervent dramatic manuscript was directed and acted as if it were a menthol inhaler, I can't believe that it would have prospered more greatly whatever the nature of the direction and acting. The trouble lies deeper than that. It lies in a dramatist whose mind is as alien to the American theatregoer as the mind of George Ade, say, is alien to the German. Wedekind is the most cruel and forthrightly devastating dramatic mind that the stage of our immediate day has known. It is his misfortune that his technical equipment is not up to the demands of that mind. He is therefore doomed to pass into dramatic history as a mere symptom of what might have been an important talent.

Of the company that did the play (did is the word), only Ullrich Haupt, Sidney Paxton and Margot Kelly seemed to have any clear notion of what the manuscript was about. Haupt, in the rôle of the sex-ensnared Schoen, was good save for a typical German overworking of the business of clapping palm to head by way of indicating deep concern, misery and despond. Paxton was amusing in the minor rôle of Lulu's spurious papa, while the performance of Miss Kelly as the incalescent Lulu herself, generally denounced as incompetent by my estimable colleagues, impressed me as being a skilfully cautious filtering of the intrinsically objectionable demands of the rôle through the gauze of imbecile Anglo-Saxon prejudice. It would have been impossible to play the rôle in any other way without bringing down an avalanche of gendarmes. Miss Kelly's careful edging around the sharp corners struck me as an adroitly managed job. Only in one or two dramatic moments did she lose her grip on the manuscript. But the amazing duds she wore by way of suggesting her irresistible sex lure would have made a bull laugh, even in the mating season.

III

In the drama of the nineties, whenever a hero in the throes of despair lifted his eyes to heaven and said, "Oh God—if there be one—help me!" a bolt of lightning promptly obliged him and laid the villain low. In the drama of more recent years, however, what usually follows the appeal is two hours of ostensibly consoling Swedenborgian philosophy, presumably inculcated in the beseecher's mind by the Providence addressed. John Galsworthy's "A Bit o' Love" is the latest composition to follow the new order. It is, in the main, soft and sickly going. It states an intelligible and interesting ethical problem, susceptible of intelligent and vigorous reasoning out, and then seeks to solve it in terms of a number of cute child actors and an off-stage rendering of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Galsworthy, who never writes badly, often thinks badly. Not as a novelist, true enough, but as a dramatist. It is his general plan to posture a profound thesis and gradually think it out of an audience's consciousness with deceptive theatrical hocus-pocus. He puts on his shining suit of armor, sharpens his lance on the sole of his shoe, jumps astride his breathless charger and then dashes full tilt into a trick mirror. He sees his thesis clearly enough from a distance, but it blurs somewhat grotesquely on him as he nears it. He aims bravely at von Hindenburg and brings down George Sylvester Viereck. Yet he is usually a sufficiently talented craftsman, as I have observed, to deceive many of his customers. He can cover up banality so dexterously with good writing that by the time his audience has got the sand out of its eyes the play is already over and it

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doesn't know whether it was bamboozled or not. There is some of this good writing in "A Bit o' Love"—which rates miles below the majority of his plays—but not enough to throw an audience off its guard to the advantage of the Galsworthy exchequer. For the stencils stick out too prominently to be missed, even by otherwise readily impressionable ears. The wild bird found imprisoned in a cage and symbolically released by the hero, the interruption of the hero's suicide by a little child's innocent cry, the stamping of character antecedent to a character's entrance (as, "She's an old vixen, Mrs. Bradmere is; a foul-tongued old gossip"), the villain made conveniently drunk to pave the way for his confrontation of the hero—such flyblown and evasive devices as these are not lost upon even the least critical among the audience.

The theme of the present play, written some years ago, is that of non-resistance. A curate whose wife runs off and lives with an old lover persuades himself to follow the Christian doctrine of turning the other cheek, his policy bringing obloquy and disaster to him in what the world regards as a Christian community. Galsworthy has done little with the theme that is not obvious. Yet one has a suspicion that, even if dexterously handled, the theme of non-resistance is not too well suited to drama. Non-resistance is itself palpably not dramatic; drama consists in resistance of one sort or another, physical or mental. When the protagonist of a play is an exponent of the doctrine of non-resistance and conducts himself accordingly, conflict, the chief essential of drama, must inevitably pale. The result is a play that devotes itself for the major portion to mere talk and, save the dramatist be a great wit, a philosopher or a great genius, the second result is tedium. Galsworthy's play thus fails in much the same way and for much the same reason that Molnar's non-resistance play, "Fashions for Men," failed. The central characters of both exhibits are of a piece, and both playwrights, by virtue of the nature of the theme into which they have incorporated them, have been unsuccessful in dramatizing them. Like any other playwright, Galsworthy has been most successful with the thematic doctrine of resistance. Non-resistance remains a theme for farce.

The Actors' Theatre gave the play a generally competent production. This organization shows promise. One by one these groups—first, the Theatre Guild, then the Provincetowners and now the Actors' Theatre—have given the old-line producers and managers something to think about.

IV

Then there is the species of stage exhibit in which all the men in the cast, save two, appear with their bodies painted brown and clad only in short B. V. D.'s—the exceptions appearing in white linen suits and pith helmets, in which the leading woman is made up to look like Ann Pennington, in which a Reisenweber steel guitar quartette periodically interrupts the proceedings with some wail *musik*, and in which not the least important of the *dramatis personæ* is a young woman gifted in the technic of palpitating her diaphragm and adjacent regions. This is what is known as the South Sea Island play. The latest specimen bears the name "Aloma of the South Seas," is by the MM. Hymer and Clemens, and runs strictly true to form. The hero is the usual young Caucasian, outfitted by Abercrombie and Fitch, who has fled to these parts to escape the haunting memory of a false sweet one and who is in the first stages of delirium tremens when the curtain goes up. The heroine is the usual ingénue in the string of beads and with a large bandanna wrapped around her *Sitzfleisch* who talks like a Choctaw Peg o' My Heart and whose naïve innocence and sweetness of soul gradually reclaim the hero from moral dissolution. Then, too, fall duly into the pigeonholes the sinister native who would safeguard the little Aloma from the predatory white man; the

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guardian of the hero who loved the latter's mother in the long ago, only to lose her to another man—and who tells about it in a voice that makes all tender-hearted servant girls feel extremely dejected; the girl from back home in the white dress and with the white parasol who shows up just as the hero has declared his intention of making the native maiden his lawful, wedded wife; the drunken, amorous, good-for-nothing husband of the girl from home who is duly killed off in time to clear the way for a happy ending; and the usual number of supers stripped to the buff who are given such names as Luana, Moana, Unola, Nahoma and Boano and who mosey in and out of the action muttering "Wahee." There are also the inevitable steamer *Venturia* with its passengers from San Francisco, including the girl beloved of the hero before he went to the dogs; the battery of off-stage electric fans that whips up the window curtains at the end of the second act by way of presaging the terrible tin-sheet pounding into which the villain is due presently to go out and lose his life; the scene in which the little native maiden speculates cutely on the morals of the white man, with the hero gathering her hungrily into his arms at the conclusion of the monologue, whispering hoarsely, "Let them say what they will, the hypocrites; you are in my blood, my veins; you drive me mad; I love you!"; the fight in which the hero saves Aloma from the advances of a drunken sailor, knocking the latter over the head with a bottle seized from a convenient table; and the scene in which the little native maiden, with many a cunning *moué* and arch titter, tries on the habiliments of civilization. In brief, flapdoodle.

Then there is the epopee in which an actor in a gray wig and with a crick in his back bargains with the devil for the soul of a young man, drinks a potion, sits for a tense moment in the crimson glare of the fireplace, and presently gets up feeling like Jackie Coogan. After two hours spent in learning that youth, after all, is youth and age is age, the actor sips a second seidel, sits for a tense moment in a cream of green moonlight, and totters to his feet feeling again like Chauncey Depew. The latest Broadway-Shaftesbury avenue rememoration of Goethe's celebrated drama, "Lotta Faust," is called "Man or Devil" and is the work of Jerome K. Jerome, who wrote "Stage Land" and thereafter promptly lost his sense of humor and went in for plays in which an actor in an Inverness coat and with white chalk smeared on his face, and who spoke like Ludwig Lewisohn, was supposed to represent Jesus Christ. Jerome's treatment of the soul transference theme lacks invention, fancy and wit; and his play runs on long after all interest in it evaporates. After a great genius has taken a theme and made it his serious own, there is no room left in it for a lesser man to move about seriously in. All that such a lesser man can hope to do is to play with the theme somewhat frivolously, since frivolity is often the successful refuge of talents that are incapable of the higher dramatic flights. A playwright like the German Scholtz, appreciating this, takes the theme of Marlowe and Goethe and smiles it, in the shape of the farce called "Borrowed Souls" (borrowed in turn, without discernible credit, by Avery Hopwood for "Double Exposure"), into amusing theatrical fare. A playwright like the American George Bronson Howard or the Englishman Jerome, failing on the other hand to appreciate it, tries to take the theme as greater dramatists have taken it and, setting it forth in relatively straight drama like "The Red Light of Mars" and "Man or Devil," pales it into insignificance.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Pedagogue at Work

FORUM PAPERS: SECOND SERIES. Edited for High-School Use by Charles Robert Gaston, Ph.D. New York: *Duffield & Company*.

THE editor of this book, I believe, may be taken as a fair, and even as a very favorable, specimen of the genus pedagogue, species teacher of English. His Ph.D. comes from Cornell, he taught there for four years, and he is now the head of the department of English in the Richmond Hill High-school in New York City. He has taught at the night-schools of Columbia University and the College of the City of New York, and at the Bay View Summer-school. He is a member of the New York City Association of Teachers of English, the New York State Association of Teachers of English, and the National Council of Teachers of English, and has been the president of all of them. He is chairman of the English question committee of the University of the State of New York. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He has apparently written no original books, but he has been busily engaged, since 1901, turning out the annotated school editions of the classics that gentlemen of his craft produce so copiously. Among the works he has thus perfumed and elucidated are "Treasure Island," "The Merchant of Venice," "Robinson Crusoe," "Sesame and Lilies," "As You Like It," "Twice Told Tales," Webster's first Bunker Hill oration, and Lincoln's Cooper Institute speech. Born in 1874, and a man, I have no doubt, of regular life, he is now at the zenith of his powers.

His present contribution to pedagogical science consists of a series of sixteen essays reprinted from the *Forum* magazine, and to each he appends a brief biography of the author, and an apparatus for making its merits obvious to "high-school boys and girls." In part this apparatus consists of the usual "suggestive questions," so greatly beloved by all manufacturers of text-books; in part it consists of various proposals for further study and investigation. I begin with the first essay: "Best Books, and the Very Best," by Heywood Broun. In it Mr. Broun pokes fun at the American rage for canned culture—the endless emission of lists of the best books, the best short stories, the best magazine poetry, and so on. Thus Dr. Gaston seeks to force its thesis home:

> Make . . . your own list of the best ten novels, baseball players, golfers, automobiles, race horses, railroad trains, etc.
>
> What do you consider to be the ten best jokes you have ever heard, on the stage or off?

I proceed to the second essay: a violent onslaught upon billboards by the bellicose Joseph Pennell. Some of Dr. Gaston's questions:

> In what sentence of the article would you use different diction from that used by the author?
>
> What art objects have you seen along the Lincoln Highway?
>
> [What is] the average American child's idea of art[?]

The third essay, by Leonora Beck Ellis, describes the uplift in a North Carolina cotton-mill town. Dr. Gaston:

> What elements do you consider necessary in any model community?
>
> In a good factory town, what is needed that is not needed in a non-manufacturing town?
>
> What children should be allowed to work in factories?

The fourth essay is by Jules Verne: a prophecy of what will come to pass by the year 2889. The learned Gaston:

> What change in the spirit of people is most certain to occur within a hundred years?

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The fifth is a pronunciamento on the manly, *i.e.*, the Rooseveltian, virtues by the late Roosevelt the Elder. The sagacious Gaston asks no questions here, but gives three "topics for talk and writing." One of them is:

> The meaning of practical politics.

No. 6: a political essay by Walter Lippmann. The sapient Gaston divides his questions into two sections, those for "silent reading" and those for "thought." One of the latter:

> What now seems to you to be the essential principle of politics.

Next comes an essay by Charles Dudley Warner, on newspapers. Following it is this "theme subject":

> The ideal newspaper—form and contents.

No. 8 is by Van Wyck Brooks: "Highbrow and Lowbrow." The incomparable Gaston:

> What is the difference between highbrow and lowbrow in literature?
>
> How should a professor of economics be educated?

I jump four or five essays, and come to one by Brander Matthews. Here is the "theme subject" set by the eminent Gaston for the boys and girls who have waded through it:

> Plan for a five-act play to be made from some novel that you consider well suited to dramatization. Could you plan a better play from the same material if you used three acts?

There follows an essay on Tennyson. Gaston *acutissimus:*

> Differences between the home life of Tennyson and the home life of some business man you know.

I jump one more, and reach the last: an essay on hymns. Thus the illustrious Gaston:

> Write one or more stanzas of an original hymn in 4,4 or 4,3 measure.

This book, I believe, needs no review. And Gaston needs no praise. He is the pedagogue perfect and ineffable.

Learning How to Blush

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE NEWSPAPER, by Leon Nelson Flint. New York: *D. Appleton & Company.*

THIS fat and solemn book, by the professor of journalism at the University of Kansas, is typical of the soul-searching that now seems to be going on in American journalism. When I was a young reporter, a quarter of a century ago, nothing of the sort was visible. The journalists of those days—or, at all events, those under the age of sixty—were unanimously convinced that they practiced a noble art, or, as they affected to call it, business, and that its public uses were lofty and indubitable. Here and there, to be sure, one found a purist who had something to say against the new yellowness, endemic since the Spanish-American War, and somewhat more often one heard murmurs against the low pay of journalists and the tyrannical ways of business managers. But such complaints were surely not numerous, nor was there any general discontent under them. The normal, right-thinking reporter of the time believed that journalism was fundamentally healthy and virtuous, and that every day in every way it was growing better and better. One questioning its essential worth and dignity would have amazed him as genuinely as one questioning democracy, baseball or the saloon business. He simply had no room in his head for doubts.

But now his head seems to buzz with them. Every time a disabled journalist is retired to a professorship in a school of journalism, and so gets time to give sober thought to the state of his craft, he seems to be impelled to write a book upon its ethics, full of sour and uræmic stuff. How many such volumes have come out of late I don't know, but there must be dozens of them. Worse, the State editorial associations and other such sanhedrins of journalists fling themselves upon the same melancholy subject, and so it gets a constant and malodorous ventilation. I have read,

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during the past year, at least twenty proposed codes of journalistic ethics, many of them so heavy with dark innuendo that going through them has made me sad indeed. No two of them are alike; they run the whole scale from metaphysical principalia worthy of Rotary to sets of rules fit for the government of a *Zuchthaus*. But in all of them there is the plain implication that journalism is bespattered with boils, and that they stand in need of prompt and radical surgery.

As I have hitherto hinted in this place, I have no great confidence in these new codes of ethics. Most of them are the work of journalists of no professional importance, and, what is worse, of very little apparent sense. They concern themselves furiously with abuses which are not peculiar to journalism but run through the whole of American life, and they are delicately silent about abuses that are wholly journalistic, and could be remedied quickly and without the slightest difficulty. Their purpose, I believe, is largely rhetorical. They give a certain ease and comfort without letting any of the patient's blood. Nevertheless, I am glad to see them multiply, for though most of them may be hollow today, there is always a chance that some solid substance may get into them tomorrow. If they accomplish nothing else at the moment, they at least accustom the journalist to the notion that his craft needs improvement. His old romantic optimism oozes out of him. He is no longer quite happy. Out of his rising discomforts, I believe, there will issue eventually a more realistic attitude toward the problems that confront him, and on some bright day in the future he may address himself rationally to the hard business of solving them. Most of them are clearly soluble. More, most of them can be solved by working newspaper men, without any help from experts in ethics. What they call for is not any transcendental gift for righteousness, but simply common sense.

For example, the problem of false news, which Prof. Flint, following most of his predecessors, discusses at great length—that is, the problem of ascertaining and printing the truth, or, at all events, the nearest attainable approximation to it. How does so much of this false news get into the newspapers? Is it because journalists, as a class, are habitual liars, and prefer what is not true to what is true? I don't think it is. Rather, it is because journalists are, in the main, extremely sentimental and credulous fellows—because nothing is easier than to fool them—because the majority of them lack the sharp intelligence that the proper discharge of their duties demands. The New York *Times* did not print its famous blather and balderdash about Russia because the Hon. Mr. Ochs desired to deceive his customers, or because his slaves were in the pay of Russian reactionaries, but simply and solely because those slaves, facing the elemental professional problem of distinguishing between true news and false, proved themselves incompetent. All around the borders of Russia sat propagandists hired to fool them. In many cases, I have no doubt, they detected that purpose, and foiled it; we only know what they printed, not what they threw into their waste-baskets. But in many other cases they succumbed easily, and even humorously, and the result was the vast mass of puerile rubbish that Mr. Lippmann later made a show of. In other words, the editors of the American newspaper most brilliantly distinguished above its fellows for its news-gathering turned out to be unequal to a job of news-gathering presenting special difficulties. It was not an ethical failure, but a purely technical failure.

Obviously, the way to diminish such failures in future is not to adopt codes of sonorous platitudes borrowed from the realtors, the morticians, the sanitary plumbers and Kiwanis, but to undertake an overhauling of the faulty technic, and of the incompetent personnel responsible for it. This overhauling, of course, will take some intelligence, but I don't think

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it will make demands that are impossible. The bootlegging, legal or delicatessen professions, confronted by like demands, would quickly furnish the talent necessary to meet them; I see no reason why the profession of journalism should not measure up as well. What lies in the way of it is simply the profound and maudlin credulity of the average American journalist—his ingenuous and almost automatic belief in everything that comes to him in writing. One would think that his daily experience with the written word would make him suspicious of it; he himself, in fact, believes fondly that he is proof against it. But the truth is that he swallows it far more often than he rejects it, and that his most eager swallowing is done in the face of the plainest evidence of its falsity. Let it come in by telegraph, and his mouth flies open. Let it come in by telegraph *from a press association*, and down it goes at once. I do not say, of course, that *all* press association news is thus swallowed by news editors. When the means are readily at hand, he often attempts to check it, and sometimes even rejects it. But when such checking presents difficulties—in other words, when deceit is especially easy, and hence should be guarded against most vigilantly—he succumbs nine times out of ten, and without a struggle. It was precisely by this process that the editors of the *Times*, otherwise men of extraordinary professional alertness, were victimized by the Russian "news" that made their paper ridiculous. In the face of great improbabilities, they interpreted their inability to dispose of them as a license to accept them as truth. Journalism will be a sounder and more dignified profession when a directly contrary interpretation of the journalist's duty prevails. There will then be less news in the papers, but it will at least have the merit of being true.

Nor is the journalist's credulity confined to such canards and roorbacks from far places. He is often victimized just as easily at home, despite his lofty belief that he is superior to the wiles of press agents. The plain fact is that most of the stuff he prints now emanates from press agents, and that his machinery for scrutinizing it is lamentably defective. True enough, the bold, gay liars employed by theatrical managers and opera singers no longer fool him as they used to; he has grown so suspicious of them that he often turns them out when they have real news. But what of the press agents of such organizations as the Red Cross, the Prohibition Unit, the Near-East Relief, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the Department of Justice, the Y. M. C. A., and the various bands of professional patriots? I do not say that the press agents of such bodies are always or necessarily liars; all I say is that, nine times out of ten, their statements are accepted as true by the newspapers without any attempt to determine accurately whether they are true or not. They may be simple statements of plain fact; they may, on the contrary, conceal highly dubious purposes, of organizations or individuals. In both cases they are set forth in the same way—solemnly and without comment. Who, ordinarily, would believe a Prohibition agent? Perhaps a Federal judge in his robes of office; I can think of no one else. Yet the newspapers are filled every day with the dreadful boasts and threats of such frauds; they are set before the people, not as lies, but as news. What is the purpose of such bilge? Its purpose, obviously, is to make it appear that the authors are actually enforcing Prohibition—in other words, to make them secure in their jobs. Every newspaper man in America knows that Probibition is not being enforced—and yet it is rarely that an American newspaper comes out in these days without a gaudy story on its first page, rehearsing all the old lies under new and blacker headlines.

I do not argue here, of course, that only demonstrable facts are news. There are times and occasions when rumor is almost as important as the truth—when a newspaper's duty to its readers requires it to tell them not only what has happened,

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but also what is reported, what is threatened, what is merely said. What I contend is simply that such quasi-news, such half-baked and still dubious news, should be printed for exactly what it is—that it ought to be clearly differentiated from news that, by an overwhelming probability, is true. That differentiation is made easily and as a matter of course by most European newspapers of any dignity. When they print a dispatch from the Russian border they indicate its source, and not infrequently follow it with a cynical comment. If they had Prohibition agents on their hands, they would print the fulminations of those gentlemen in the same way—with plain warnings to stop, look and listen. In brief, they make every reasonable effort to make up for their own technical limitations as news-gatherers—they do the best they can, and say so frankly when it is not very good. I believe that American newspapers might imitate them profitably. If it were done, then the public's justifiable distrust of all newspapers, now rising steadily, would tend to ebb. They would have to throw off their present affectation of omniscience, but they would gain a new name for honesty and candor; they would begin to seem more reliable when they failed than they now seem when they succeed. The scheme I propose would cost nothing; on the contrary, it would probably save expense. It would throw no unbearable burden upon the journalistic mind; it would simply make it more cautious and alert. Best of it, it would increase the dignity of journalism without recourse to flapdoodlish and unenforceable codes of ethics, by Mush out of Tosh. As I have said, those codes seem to me to miss every mark they are aimed at. They seek to convert the journalist into a Good Man, an Idealist; he is in point of fact, nothing of the sort, but a fellow who likes to look at the human show from a stage box, and to laugh at it. I dedicate my plan respectfully to the profession I have so long adorned.

New Fiction

THE GREAT GATSBY, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

BARREN GROUND, by Ellen Glasgow. Garden City: *Doubleday, Page & Company.*

THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy. Garden City: *Doubleday, Page & Company.*

SEA HORSES, by Francis Brett Young. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

OF THESE novels, the one that has given me most pleasure is Fitzgerald's, if only because it shows the author to be capable of professional advancement. He is still young and he has had a great success: it is a combination that is fatal to nine beginning novelists out of ten. They conclude at once that the trick is easy—that it is not worth while to sweat and suffer. The result is a steady and melancholy decline; presently the best-selling *eminentissimo* of yesterday vanishes and is heard of no more. I could adorn this page with a list of names, but refrain out of respect for the dead. Most of the novelists who are obviously on solid ground today had heavy struggles at the start: Dreiser, Cabell, Hergesheimer, Miss Cather. Fitzgerald, though he had no such struggle, now tries to make it for himself. "The Great Gatsby" is full of evidences of hard, sober toil. All the author's old slipshod facility is gone; he has set himself rigorously to the job of learning how to write. And he shows quick and excellent progress. "The Great Gatsby" is not merely better written than "This Side of Paradise"; it is written in a new way. Fitzgerald has learned economy of words and devices; he has begun to give thought to structure; his whole attitude has changed from that of a brilliant improvisateur to that of a painstaking and conscientious artist. I certainly don't think much of "The Great Gatsby" as a story. It is in part too well-made and in part incredible. But as a piece of writing it is sound and laudable work.

"The Constant Nymph" has the same merits and much the same defects. What ails it, fundamentally, is the fact that its musicians are not really musicians, but

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simply generalized Greenwich Villagers, a far different thing. By changing a few score phrases they might all be transformed into painters or stage mummers, or even batik workers. In other words, Miss Kennedy has by no means penetrated to the secrets of the harmonic soul; she has simply done us a set of amusing Bohemians. That they *are* amusing I do not gainsay; in fact, it is a long while since I have come into such exhilarating company. From the first appearance of the Sanger circus in the Tyrol to the last sordid scene in a Brussels lodging-house there is a constant succession of grotesque and yet always plausible situations, and the people who float in and out of them are unfailingly charming—even such blockheads as Papa Churchill and such cads as Lewis, the hero. Ah, that Sanger himself must die so soon! One longs for a view of him in his earlier and more gaudy days, when he was writing his masterpieces and practicing his cavian philoprogenitiveness. But what really gives the book its main distinction is not its people, nor even its ironic humors, but its excellent workmanship. It is written with great skill.

So, too, is Young's "Sea Horses," though the author sometimes overworks a phrase or a word, for example, *obscene*. He is obviously a disciple of Joseph Conrad, and it must be said for him at once that he surely does no discredit to his master. Many of the familiar Conradian devices, indeed, he adopts bodily and employs to excellent effect. One of them is the trick of building up a smashing suspense and then releasing it with a few unexpected words. Another is that of exhibiting the fatuity of moral imperatives by putting them into action against a background of complete ethical nihilism. Conrad seldom dealt with savage men, and when he did so the result was not often happy, as Sir Hugh Clifford, a very friendly critic, long ago pointed out. What interested him was the conduct of civilized men in savage surroundings—the fate of their code under pressure of primitive impulses. This is precisely what seems to interest Mr. Young. His Captain Glanvil is a man of honor, even a sort of Quixote. But the African coast brings him, in a few short weeks, to acts that would have appalled him in Brixham, including murder. The story is very deftly managed. It is the work of a man whose talent is obvious.

Miss Glasgow's "Barren Ground" leaves me rather in doubt. It is a bold attempt to throw off the sentimentalism that has long ridden the Southern novel, and so come to a realistic dealing with the life of the Southern people, and especially with that of the inferior majority of them. Its defect lies in the fact that Miss Glasgow gives no sign of an intimate knowledge of the poor, flea-bitten yokels she sets before us. She has plainly tried to comprehend them, but she is still unable to *feel* with them. They thus become laboratory animals, and grow incomprehensible. Even Dorinda Oakley, the protagonist in the chronicle, never quite takes on the colors of life. She is real enough, at times, as the Eternal Woman, but she doesn't fit into the background of Pedlar's Mill. Her seduction by young Dr. Jason Greylock becomes a piece of stage business; her flight to New York becomes another. Altogether, a novel somehow weak in its legs. There is, in detail, excellent work in it. It is boldly imagined and competently planned. But it is not moving.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

CAPTAIN E. L. M. BURNS, *of the Royal Canadian Engineers, served in the late war, and is now an instructor in military engineering at the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario.*

YUA-LING CHIN *graduated with honors from Hsing Hua College, Peking, and was given a scholarship by the Chinese government. He studied political economy at the University of Pennsylvania, and then proceeded to Columbia, where he took his Ph.D. He is now living in France.*

WILLIAM E. DODD, PH.D. (Leipzig), *professor of American history at the University of Chicago, is one of the most learned and influential American historians of today. He is a North Carolinian, and his main work has been in the field of Southern history.*

WILLIAM EDLER, M.D., *has been chief of the neuropsychiatric departments in two Veterans' Bureau hospitals, and was once director of the Bureau of Protective Social Measures of the Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board. He is now in practise as a specialist in nervous and mental diseases at Pasadena, Calif.*

L. M. HUSSEY *is a Philadelphia chemist who has been a frequent contributor to* The American Mercury.

LELAND H. JENKS *is associate professor of history at Amherst. He is a Kansan and was a student under Dr. William A. Dunning, the historian, at Columbia.*

GERALD W. JOHNSON *is head of the department of journalism at the University of North Carolina. For a time he was associate editor of the Greensboro, N. C.,* Daily News.

PAUL DE KRUIF *is a native of Michigan and by profession a biologist. He was formerly on the staff of the Rockefeller Institute. Of late he has devoted himself to writing. He collaborated with Sinclair Lewis in "Arrowsmith."*

GREGORY MASON *is a lecturer and newspaper man. He lives at Darien, Conn.*

JOHN MCCLURE *is an Oklahoman but is now living in New Orleans, where he is one of the editors of the* Double Dealer.

ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER, LITT.D., *is the author of a number of books, chiefly dealing with the Civil War. He is a member of the American Historical Association.*

WINIFRED SANFORD *was born in Duluth, Minnesota, and educated at Mount Holyoke and the University of Michigan. For a while she was a school teacher. She is now the wife of a lawyer at Wichita Falls, Texas.*

HENRI TASCHERAUD *is a native of Canada and has been a tramp almost continually since the age of sixteen.*

ELLEN DU POIS TAYLOR (MRS. EDWARD H. TAYLOR) *is a native of South Dakota. Her ancestors came to America from France at the time of the Revolution. She is a graduate of Huron College, South Dakota, and of Northwestern University. She was at one time manager of the Little Theatre in Chicago. Her present home is at Chesterton, Ind., but she spends three months of each year in France.*

HENRY TETLOW *is the head of a Philadelphia firm that has been engaged in the manufacture of perfumes and cosmetics since 1849. It was established by his great-grandfather. He is a graduate of Yale.*

JIM TULLY *was born in Ohio and spent six years in an orphanage as a boy. Then he became, in succession, a farm laborer, a workman in a chain factory, a tramp and a professional pugilist. During his tramping days he served five terms in jail for vagrancy. His first book, "Emmett Lawler," occupied him for seven years. Since then he has also published "Beggars of Life," a brilliant picture of the life of a tramp. He is now living in Hollywood.*

STANLEY VESTAL (WALTER STANLEY CAMPBELL) *is assistant professor of English at the University of Oklahoma. He was the First Rhodes Scholar from Oklahoma. He has devoted much time to the study of the ethnology and history of the Plains Indians.*

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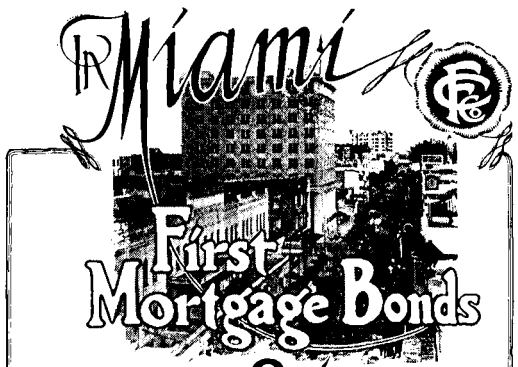

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Editorial NOTES

With the August issue Mr. Mencken will assume the sole editorship of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Mr. Nathan becomes a Contributing Editor, and will continue to write his monthly review of the New York theatre.

Since its first issue, in January of last year, THE AMERICAN MERCURY has bought and put into type 337 contributions by 198 different authors. The following table shows the places of residence of those authors at the time their contributions were received, and their places of birth whenever ascertainable. It also shows the total number of contributions received from them, for not infrequently more than one was received and purchased from one author:

	Natives		*Residents*	
	Authors	*Contributions*	*Authors*	*Contributions*
Alabama	2	2	1	1
Arkansas	1	2	–	–
California	1	1	5	7
Connecticut	3	3	5	11
Delaware	1	1	–	–
District of Columbia	3	5	11	16
Georgia	2	3	1	1
Illinois	5	6	5	8
Indiana	6	12	1	1
Iowa	5	11	1	3
Kansas	3	10	1	2
Louisiana	–	–	1	7
Maine	3	6	1	1
Maryland	5	9	6	9
Massachusetts	10	18	10	26
Michigan	5	8	–	–
Minnesota	2	4	1	1
Mississippi	2	2	1	1
Missouri	6	10	3	3
Nebraska	3	6	1	4
New Hampshire	4	6	1	1
New Jersey	2	3	5	13

Continued on page xii

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Who owns the telephone?

For seven carefree years young John Graves worked in the car shops at Orenville, spending his dollars as fast as he earned them. Soon after his promotion to foreman, he was married and moved to a little white house on Orchard Avenue. Life was happier than ever, but spare dollars were not more plentiful, especially after a third member was added to the family.

Then came a day when the plant superintendent showed John the wisdom of saving a part of his earnings, for the satisfaction it would bring, and for protection against emergencies and old age. He and his young wife, for the first time, learned the difficult art of economy, and finally they came to know the joys of saving and of safe investment.

Today John Graves, and many thousands like him, own the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. This company is owned by more people than any other, and the great majority of its owners —laborers, clerks, housewives, business men and others—have bought it with their savings. As its business has grown, the number of its shareholders has increased until now one out of every 45 telephone subscribers is also a stockholder.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page x

	Natives		*Residents*	
	Authors	*Contributions*	*Authors*	*Contributions*
New Mexico	1	2	1	2
New York	28	52	83	134
North Carolina	4	9	2	8
Ohio	12	18	5	14
Oklahoma	2	9	1	1
Pennsylvania	11	26	13	31
Rhode Island	3	3	2	2
South Carolina	2	2	1	1
South Dakota	2	3	–	–
Texas	3	10	5	15
Vermont	2	5	–	–
Virginia	4	13	2	4
Washington	1	1	2	6
Austria	3	5	1	1
Belgium	1	1	–	–
Canada	4	6	2	3
Chile	1	1	–	–
China	1	1	1	1
Czecho-Slovakia	1	1	–	–
England	12	12	6	6
France	3	3	8	9
Germany	5	5	3	4
Ireland	3	5	–	–
Italy	1	1	–	–
Holland	1	1	–	–
Japan	1	2	–	–
Porto Rico	1	1	–	–
Russia	3	3	–	–
Scotland	1	1	–	–
Unknown	7	7	–	–
	198	337	198	337

Ten American States are unrepresented on this list: Arizona, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Kentucky, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, Oregon and Utah. From them nothing suitable for publication in THE AMERICAN MERCURY has come. Four other States, Arkansas, Delaware, Michigan and Vermont, have supplied contributions by natives but none by residents; one, Louisiana, has supplied contributions by a resident but none by a native. What is most remarkable in the list, perhaps, is the good showing of the South. If Maryland be counted as a Southern State, as it is cultur-

Continued on page xiv

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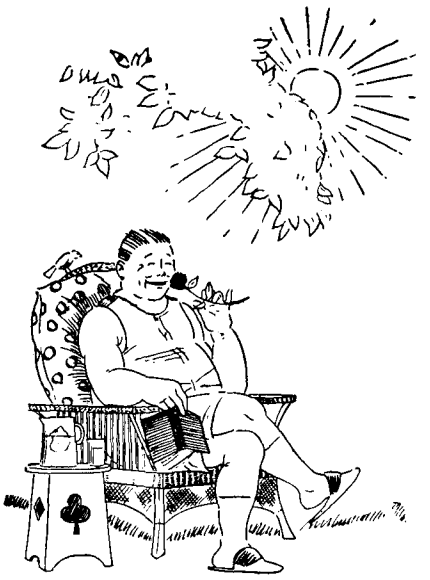

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xii

ally, then the South has supplied twenty-three native-born contributors and they have sent in fifty-five acceptable contributions. New England has not done so well: its twenty-four native-born contributors have supplied but forty-one contributions. The prairie States surpass both records. But the Pacific Coast lags far behind: its three States have furnished but two native-born contributors and two articles.

The cultural drag of New York City is plainly visible. With but twenty-eight native-born contributors, New York State supplied eighty-three resident contributors, and they furnished one hundred and thirty-four contributions in all, or nearly forty per cent of the total number. The District of Columbia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, California, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and even Texas seem to attract authors in the same way, but most of the States show losses, especially those of the South and the Middle West. Wherever Methodism and the Ku Klux Klan flourish authors seem to find the air insalubrious. In this connection the scores of Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, Ohio and Vermont are especially significant. The figures for Illinois reveal eloquently the decay of Chicago as a literary capital. A few decades ago it attracted the younger authors of the whole Middle West; today it seems to be unable to hold even the natives of Illinois.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY naturally views the wide dispersion of its contributors with considerable satisfaction. In its year and a half of life it has enlisted writers from thirty-eight of the American States, from one American colony, and from fifteen foreign countries, including two in Asia and eleven in Europe. The list herewith presented thus probably shows very excellently where there is an interest in ideas, and where there is none.

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NOTES & *Queries*

This department will appear every month hereafter. Queries will be printed in the order of their receipt and numbered serially. Answers should bear the numbers of the queries they refer to. Queries and answers should be addressed to The Editor of Notes & Queries, and not to individuals.

QUERY NO. 12

Can anyone tell me the origin of the ancient quatrain:

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water.

I can't find it in any reference-book to which I have access. Obviously, it must be American, not English, for the hickory (*Carya*) is a native of North America, and is known in Europe only as a rare exotic.

J. K. S., *St. Joseph, Mo.*

QUERY NO. 13

It is stated in Clinical Notes that Christ was born in the year 1 A.D. Doesn't the best tradition fix the date in 4 A.D.?

AMBROSE TIGHE, *New York City*

QUERY NO. 14

Can anyone tell me how "ivory tower" came to be a symbol for aloofness from the vulgarity of the world, or when and by

Continued on page xviii

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NOTES *and Queries*

Continued from page xvi

whom the words were first used in that sense? They occur in the Song of Solomon, but not in that sense.

S. E. HAZZARD, *New York City*

ANSWER NO. 1

The query of J. D. M. regarding the priest who wore a toupee, in apparent disregard of the canon law requiring all male heads to be uncovered at mass, is perhaps answered by the following note in the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee for December 27, 1924:

> The laws prohibiting men from wearing any headgear in church and forbidding priests to wear any head covering while saying mass were made by ecclesiastical authorities. The Church, therefore, can dispense in this case, just as she can dispense in the case of fasting and abstinence.

F. X. O'BRIEN, *Milwaukee*

ANSWER NO. 7

Researches made at the University of Sheffield indicate that beer contains an appreciable amount of vitamin B, which prevents scurvy. Lime juice is commonly used for this purpose, especially at sea, but sound beer is just as good. Moreover, the sailors like it better.

M. D., *Lexington, Ky.*

R. K. W. will find a discussion of the vitamin content of beer in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, vol. 83, No. 23, p. 1851.

R. W. JOYNES, *Boston*

ANSWER NO. 8

The saying, "If I owned hell and Texas, I'd rent out Texas and live in hell," has been credited to both General Sherman and

Continued on page xx

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of THE AMERICAN MERCURY
published monthly *at* Camden, N. J.
for April, 1925

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred A. Knopf, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of The American Mercury and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Law and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

	Post Office Address
The American Mercury Inc.	
Publisher, Alfred A. Knopf	730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Editors { Henry L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan }	730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, Samuel Knopf	730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

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Samuel Knopf, 815 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
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Henry L. Mencken, 1524 Hollins Street, Baltimore, Md.
George Jean Nathan, 44 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications only.)

ALFRED A. KNOPF,
(Signature of publisher.)

Sworn and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1925.

[SEAL] JOSEPH LESSER.

(My commission expires March 30, 1925.)

Notary Public Kings Co. No. 432, Reg. No. 5224. Certificate filed in N. Y. Co. No. 605, Reg. No. 5457. Commission expires March 30, 1925.

NOTES *and Queries*

Continued from page xviii

General Sheridan. It is probable that neither was responsible for it. So long ago as 1530 Erasmus said, "If I owned both hell and a monastery, I'd burn down the monastery and live in hell."

W. J. GITTLESON, *Washington, D. C.*

ANSWER NO. 10

Ambrose Bierce was born near Youngstown, Ohio, but his father, Marcus Aurelius Bierce, moved to Elkhart, Ind., when Ambrose was very young. Marcus Aurelius had twelve children. The first two, twins, died in early infancy. The other ten were all given names beginning with *A*, as follows: Abigail, Addison, Aurelius, Amelia, Ann, Augustus, Andrew, Almeda, Albert and Ambrose. Addison followed Ambrose to the Pacific Coast and died there relatively recently. The rest of the Bierces remained in Indiana, save Abigail, who died as a missionary to Africa. Marcus Aurelius and his wife died in Elkhart, and are buried in Warsaw, Ind., the birthplace of Theodore Dreiser. Andrew is probably still living in Warsaw. If so, he is 88 years old. The following was printed in the Elkhart *Truth* on October 7, 1922:

> Few now living in Elkhart even know that one of the nation's finest writers played as a boy in the muddy streets of the ante-bellum village. Even Andrew Bierce, his last living brother, answers the few questioners who occasionally seek information about Ambrose with a smile and a shaking head.
>
> "I don't remember much about Ambrose," he says. "The last I saw of him was during the Civil War. Once when he was wounded he came home on furlough."
>
> And Mrs. Bierce finishes the story:
>
> "We were on the farm, and Ambrose rode out on a horse. He had his head tied up, where he'd been shot. When he rode away on the horse, it was the last we saw of him."

Continued on page xxii

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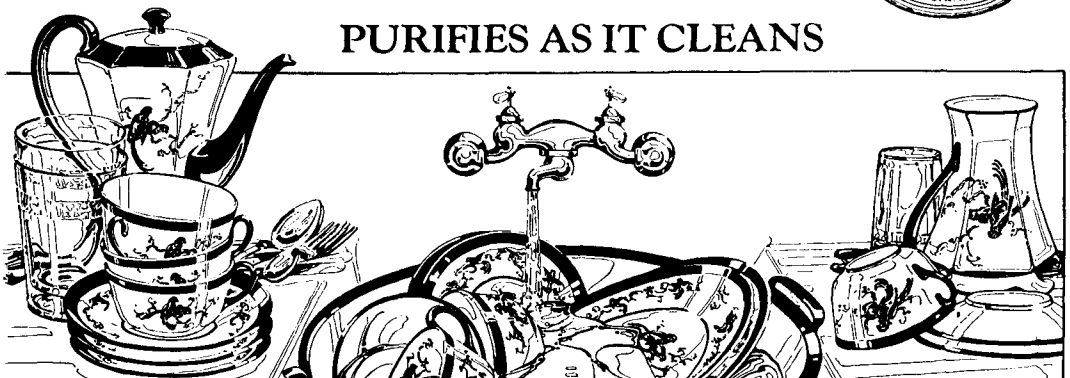

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NOTES *and Queries*

Continued from page xx

None of Ambrose's books or stories ever found their way back to "Dime" Bierce's farm in Indiana. But Andrew's wife read some stories by the author of "The Damn Thing." "Once a distant relative of ours, who teaches in a college, bought some of Brose's books to take back to school with him. But from the couple of stories in them, that I read, I couldn't see just what any college would want of them," she says.

The same paper printed the following recollections by one of Bierce's surviving schoolmates:

It wouldn't surprise me if Ambrose Bierce were still alive. He did so many things that surprised us that I wouldn't marvel much if he would turn up some day.

The boy had what was called a poor chance. He quit school early and went to work in the brickyards. He graduated there in due time, and came down town to work. Andrew Faber was running an establishment on Main street in those days, a bakery-grocery-restaurant-saloon, and he took Ambrose on as all around handy man. When the boys got together to play cards to see who'd treat, it was Ambrose Bierce who brought the beer and sandwiches.

Then Fort Sumter was fired on, and Elkhart was aflame with patriotism. Young fellows enlisted faster than they could be equipped and mobilized, and young Bierce was among the very first. He joined Co. C, the Ninth Indiana Infantry. Then he gave his friends their first surprise. The army seemed to bring out in young Ambrose things that had never been seen in Elkhart. His education had been neglected, and he was always rather queer and different. But the first thing I knew he was a commissioned officer on the staff of General W. E. Grose in the Army of the Cumberland. And as a topographical engineer Ambrose Bierce served through the war, with great distinction.

The war over, he went West, and while we supposed he'd succeed, all right, in whatever he finally made his work, I don't think there was anybody in Elkhart, no, nor Warsaw, either, who expected him to achieve greatness. We soon lost track of him, but after a few years his name began to be in the papers. Then he wrote some books, and before he quit I guess he was one of the best writers in the country.

L. S. S., *Indianapolis, Ind.*

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THE Nation invites you to its sixtieth birthday party on the first of July.

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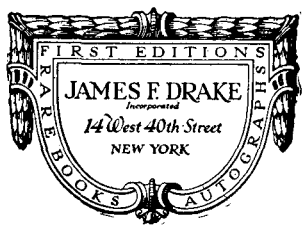

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EDITH WHARTON.
By Robert Morss Lovett. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$1 7½ x 5; 91 pp. *New York*

One of the Modern American Writers series, edited by Ernest Boyd. A friendly but by no means effusive discussion of Mrs. Wharton and her work. Dr. Lovett's conclusion is that "she remains for us among the voices whispering the last enchantments of the Victorian age." There is a brief bibliography.

MARK TWAIN ALS LITERARISCHE PERSÖNLICHKEIT.
By Friedrich Schönemann. *Frommannschen Buchhandlung*
M. 3.80 9½ x 6½; 119 pp. *Jena*

A careful and extremely penetrating study, heavily documented. The author was formerly at Harvard and is now a *Dozent* at Münster. There is no better monograph on Mark Twain in English.

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER.
By Benjamin De Casseres. *Joseph Lawren*
$1.50 9½ x 6½; 62 pp. *New York*

A rhapsody on Huneker by an old admirer. There is a bibliography by Joseph Lawren. It is the best so far printed, but is not quite complete.

RUSSISCHE KRITIKER. *Belinskij, Dobroljubow, Pissarew.*
Introduction by Efraim Frisch. *Drei Masken Verlag*
M. 20 7¼ x 5; 313 pp. *Munich*

All three of these critics powerfully influenced the development of Russian literature, and yet their work is little known outside Russia. They all died young: Belinskij in 1848 at 38, Dobroljubow in 1861 at 25, and Pissarew in 1868 at 28. Belinskij is here represented by three essays, "On Criticism," "A Glance at Russian Literature in 1846" and his "Letter to N. W. Gogol," famous in Russia; Dobroljubow by "When the Day Comes at Last," and Pissarew by "Realists."

POETS OF AMERICA.
By Clement Wood. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 8¼ x 5½; xi+383 pp. *New York*

A book of intelligent criticism of the leading figures and main currents of American poetry from colonial

Continued on page xxvi

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Continued from page xxiv

days down to the present. There is a survey of the poetical contributions of the American Indian and the American Negro. There are many quotations and brief biographical sketches.

MRS. MEYNELL AND HER LITERARY GENERATION.
By Anne Kimball Tuell. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5; xi+286 pp. *New York*

An appreciative and very detailed account of the literary life of Mrs. Meynell. An excellent bibliography is appended.

SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN POETRY.
By Alfred Noyes. *The Frederick A. Stokes Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 349 pp. *New York*

The professional opinions of a poet who is strongly against the modern movement. He discusses at length, among others, Alice Meynell, W. E. Henley, Austin Dobson, Tennyson, Longfellow and Wordsworth.

THE SCIENCES

A COURSE IN PHILOSOPHY.
By George Perrigo Conger. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.75 8½ x 5½; 603 pp. *New York*

One of the clearest, most comprehensive and most useful books of its kind ever written. Dr. Conger assumes that philosophy takes in psychology, ethics and æsthetics; his summaries of the conflicting ideas in all three fields are admirably succinct and lucid. Each chapter is followed by a list of books for further reading, and there is a useful bibliography at the end.

MAN AND HIS AFFAIRS. *From an Engineering Standpoint.*
By Walter N. Polakov. *The Williams & Wilkins Co.*
$2.50 7¼ x 4¾; 233 pp. *Baltimore*

The author, an engineer, argues that the old metaphysical view of human nature and the social relations must be abandoned, and a strictly scientific concept substituted. He proposes, especially, to summon mathematics to the aid of the professor of human engineering.

ETHICS: *In Theory and Application.*
By Horatio W. Dresser. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$3 7¾ x 5; 509 pp. *New York*

This book is designed primarily for elementary college courses and is a general survey of all the moral philosophies from the earliest Greek times down to the present. It is cumbered with nonsensical definitions and deals almost exclusively with imaginary problems.

Continued on page xxviii

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Continued from page xxvi

LANGUAGE. *A Linguistic Introduction to History.*
By J. Vendryes. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$6 9¼ x 6; 378 pp. *New York*

An extremely learned discussion of the fundamental problems of speech. Unluckily, most of the numerous examples are from the French language, and so the interest and usefulness of the book to English-speaking readers are somewhat diminished.

HISTORY

A KNIGHT'S LIFE IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.
By Walter Clifford Meller. *Greenberg, Inc.*
$8 10 x 6½; 300 pp. *New York*

An elaborate but by no means thorough or scientific study of the laws and practices of chivalry, mainly based upon French sources. The author is a fellow of St. John's, Oxford. There are seven full-page illustrations, chiefly illustrating points of heraldry.

HISTORY OF THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE.
By Charles Diehl. *Princeton University Press*
$2.50 9½ x 6½; 199 pp. *Princeton, N. J.*

A condensed but clear history, containing the results of the latest researches. There are three very useful appendices, including a list of the Byzantine Emperors, a chronological table of the most important events in Byzantine history and a short bibliography. The translation from the French is by George B. Ives.

TRANSLATIONS

UTOPIA.
By Thomas More.
THE NEW ATLANTIS.
By Francis Bacon. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 7½ x 5; 256 pp. *New York*

The translation of "Utopia" is that of Ralph Robinson, with the spelling modernized. It is decorated with twenty-two illustrations by S. Langford Jones and has an introduction by the editor, H. Goitein. There is a glossary appended both to "Utopia" and "The New Atlantis." The volume is one of the Broadway Translations.

THE PRINCESS OF CLÈVES.
By Mme. de La Fayette. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 7½ x 5; 287 pp. *New York*

The translation of this, one of the most popular French novels of the Seventeenth Century, is by H. Ashton, who is also the author of the introduction.

Continued on page xxx

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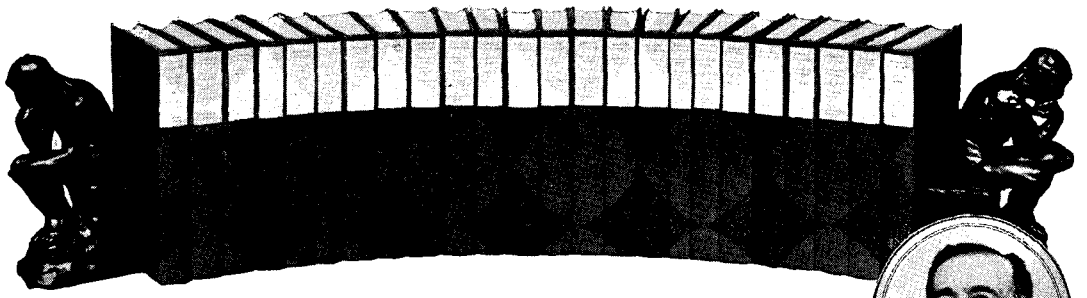

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He had met, too, these strange and ever-bewitching women who move through his pages. They were real people, all of them; he knew their lives, their "stories." And what breathless narratives they are! "Such tales as men tell under the haunting stars"—that, in a phrase, typifies them.

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Continued from page xxviii

There are a short bibliography and helpful historical notes. The volume is one of the Broadway Translations.

NIDĀNA-KATHĀ (THE STORY OF THE LINEAGE). *A Commentarial Introduction to the Jātaka Tales. Translated by T. W. Rhys Davids.* *E. P. Dutton & Co.*
$3 | 7¾ x 5; 256 pp. | *New York*

The Jātaka Tales are a collection of old Hindu stories, fables and fairy-tales, all centering about the life of the Buddha. The text of these tales, as now accepted by most Buddhists, was compiled by an unknown author who also wrote an elaborate introduction for it. This introduction, here translated, deals with the legendary life of the Buddha. A few of the tales are reproduced in the translator's introduction, which also discusses at length the relation between these tales and the fables current among the Western peoples.

ESSAYS

WHAT I BELIEVE.
By Bertrand Russell. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 | 6½ x 4¼; 87 pp. | *New York*

A brief but clear sketch of the English philosopher's outlook on life.

THE COMMON READER.
By Virginia Woolf. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 | 8¾ x 5¾; 332 pp. | *New York*

Most of these essays are on purely literary matters. They are written in a charming style, but none of them rises much above the obvious.

THE FINE ARTS

WILHELM SPEYER.
By Edward Speyer. *Drei Masken Verlag*
M. 15 | 10 x 6¾; 454 pp. | *Munich*

This is the first adequate account of Wilhelm Speyer, the composer of *Lieder* and friend to Mendelssohn, Spohr and Meyerbeer. It is by his youngest son and is based mainly on his letters. There are many reproductions of music and other illustrations, and the book is sumptuously printed.

THE MODERN TENDENCY IN AMERICAN PAINTING.
By Catherine Beach Ely. *Frederic Fairchild Sherman*
$8.65 | 8½ x 6¼; 93 pp. | *New York*

The title conceals a volume of miscellaneous essays, seldom of much critical value. Among the artists

Continued on page xxxii

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By William Beebe

THE publication, on July 10th, of a new book by the author of "Galapagos: World's End," may be justly hailed as an event of prime importance to the reading public. Now that Fabre and W. H. Hudson are gone, William Beebe assumes a preëminent place among the scientists who are also men of letters. In this latest collection of essays he returns to the same patch of jungle in British Guiana that he has already made fascinating to so many readers of his earlier volumes. In "Jungle Days" we find once more the polished, easy style, the mass of interesting, sometimes amazing, information, and the deep feeling for Nature at once scientific and poetic that have come to be associated with the name of William Beebe.

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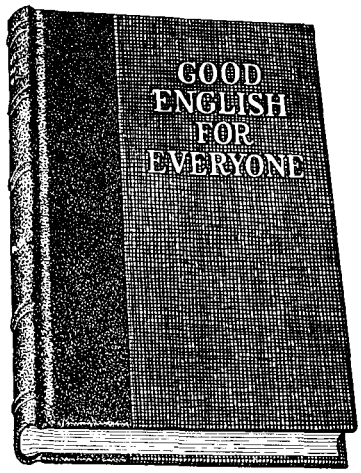

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discussed are Sargent, Mary Cassatt, Vedder, Henri, Lawson, Glackens, Brush, Weir, Thayer, Dewing, McKillop, Davies and Luks. There are 33 full-page reproductions of paintings.

OPERA AND ITS STARS.
By Mabel Wagnalls. *The Funk & Wagnalls Company*
$3 8 x 5¼; 410 pp. *New York*

Gurgling stuff—chiefly interviews with opera stars. Interspersed are some highly rhetorical accounts of favorite operas.

CHINESE ART. *An Introductory Review of Painting, Ceramics, Textiles, Bronzes, Sculpture, Jade, etc.*
By Roger Fry and others. *E. Weyhe*
$8.50 12 x 9½; 62 pp. *New York*

The first attempt, in English, to deal with the whole field of Chinese art in one volume. The contributors are all competent, and the illustrations are well chosen, but it is simply impossible to cover the ground adequately in so small a space. Useful bibliographies are appended to the various chapters.

THE THEATRE

LAUGHING ANNE. ONE DAY MORE.
By Joseph Conrad. *Doubleday, Page & Company*
$2 7⅝ x 4⅞; 124 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Conrad wrote three plays, all adapted from his own stories. "The Secret Agent" is here omitted. There is an excellent introduction by John Galsworthy.

REPRESENTATIVE PLAYS.
By John Galsworthy. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$1.60 7½ x 5; 469 pp. *New York*

The plays included are "The Silver Box," "Strife," "Justice," "The Pigeon," "A Bit o' Love" and "Loyalties." The introduction is by Prof. George P. Baker, late of Harvard and now of Yale.

ACTING AND PLAY PRODUCTION.
By Harry Lee Andrews and Bruce Weirick. *Longmans, Green & Company*
$2.25 7¾ x 5¼; 292 pp. *New York*

An attempt to write a text-book for the use of teachers of amateur dramatic companies and college classes in the drama. Most of it is devoted to the technic of acting.

PROCESSIONAL.
By John Howard Lawson. *Thomas Seltzer*
$2 7½ x 5; 218 pp. *New York*

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by many of the town critics. There is an introduction by the author, explaining his aims.

DRAMATIC VALUES.
By C. E. Montague. *Doubleday, Page & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 274 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

A reprint of a work first published by Macmillan in 1911. It consists mainly of reviews from the Manchester *Guardian*. The dramatists discussed include Synge, Ibsen, Molière, Wilde, Masefield and Shaw.

GLAMOUR. *Essays on the Art of the Theatre.*
By Stark Young. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7¾ x 5; 208 pp. *New York*

Among the subjects discussed are Eleonora Duse, Cécile Sorel and the Moscow Art Theatre. An entire section is devoted to the art of directing.

BIOGRAPHY

A PLAYER UNDER THREE REIGNS.
By Johnston Forbes-Robertson. *Little, Brown & Company*
$5 8½ x 5½; 324 pp. *Boston*

The usual actor's autobiography, with the usual anecdotes and the usual banal reflections.

THE LIFE OF CASANOVA FROM 1774 TO 1798.
By Mitchell S. Buck. *Nicholas L. Brown*
$2 8 x 5; 130 pp. *New York*

Although Casanova lived to be 73, his memoirs stop with the year 1774, when he was 49. The present book deals with the remainder of his life, to his death at Dux. It is chiefly based upon Adnesse's French work, "Casanova après ses Mémoirs." There is a brief bibliography.

VONDEL.
By A. J. Barnouw. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7½ x 5; ix+227 pp. *New York*

A detailed, yet readable, life story of one of the greatest Dutch poets, the author of "Lucifer." This volume is one of the Great Hollanders Series. There is an introduction by the editor, Edward W. Bok. A short bibliography is appended.

BYRON.
By Ethel Colburn Mayne. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$5 9 x 5¾; 474 pp. *New York*

A work first published in 1912. It now embodies all the facts about Byron unearthed since then. Miss Mayne analyzes conflicting evidence with great skill. A book of solid authority and value.

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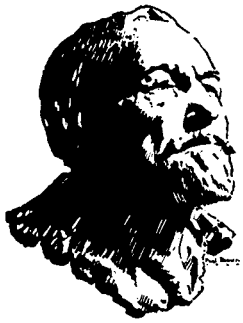

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JESUS AS OTHERS SAW HIM.
By Joseph Jacobs. *The Bernard G. Richards Company*
$2 7⅜ x 4¾; 230 pp. *New York*

A somewhat laborious effort to retell the story of Jesus from the standpoint of an enlightened Jew of His time.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

COLLEGE.
By John Palmer Gavit. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 336 pp. *New York*

A study of the problems of college education. The substance of the book first appeared in the form of newspaper articles. The book is cluttered with worthless statistics and quotations from "eminent" educators. The author is blind to many of the most glaring defects of modern education.

BOOK OF BUSINESS STANDARDS.
By J. George Frederick. *Nicholas L. Brown*
$2 7¾ x 5; 209 pp *New York*

The author discusses the efforts made in various trades to frame codes of business ethics, and reprints the codes of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the National Association of Credit Men, the Associated Retail Advertisers, the National Confectioners' Association, the National Wholesale Men's Furnishings Association, the International Association of Milk Dealers, the American Specialty Manufacturers' Association, the American Face Brick Association, the Association of Ice Cream Supply Men, the National Hardware Association, and the Electric Power Club.

VOCATIONAL SELF-GUIDANCE. *Planning Your Life Work.*
By Douglas Fryer. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$3 7½ x 5; 385 pp. *Philadelphia*

A cocksure, superficial and trashy work, full of pseudo-scientific nonsense.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

ALFONSO XIII UNMASKED. *The Military Terror in Spain.*
By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 7½ x 5¼; 121 pp. *New York*

An inflammatory tract by an obvious mountebank. Its effects must inevitably be to make every intelligent reader sympathize strongly with Alfonso.

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MANCHURIA. *A Survey.*
By Adachi Kinnosuke. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$5 9¼ x 6; 401 pp. *New York*

An imposing work, well illustrated and full of useful commercial information. Unfortunately, the author's bias in favor of Japanese enterprises in the region discussed is so sharp that what he says about political matters is worthless.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

IN AN UNKNOWN LAND.
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$3.50 9 x 5¾; 263 pp. *New York*

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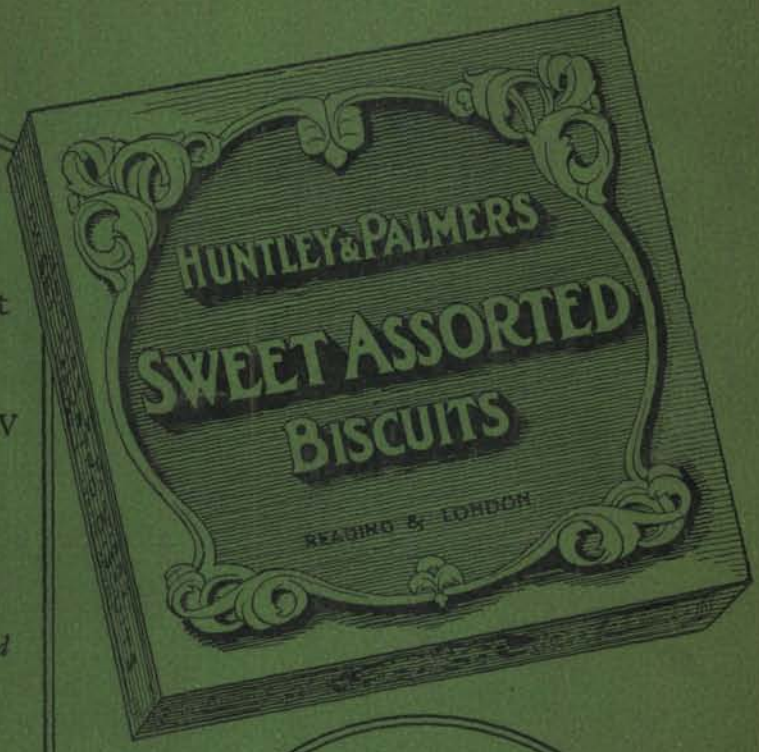

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